915.61
You/our
32836

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016

OUR CAMP IN TURKEY,

AND

THE WAY TO IT.

32836
ac

BY

MRS. YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF

'CUTCH,' 'WESTERN INDIA,' 'FACTS AND FICTION,' ETC.

A 1921

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1854.

915·61
You/Our
32836

PRINTED BY
JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

TO

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ADAMS,

H. M. 28TH FOOT,

IN FRIENDLY ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF

MUCH KINDNESS,

The following Pages

ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

With my best Compliments

I beg to place the following memoranda of my late rambles in Turkey before the Reader. The "Way" will not, I trust, seem tedious, nor the "Camp" dull. The reminiscences are necessarily egotistical, as they treat of my own personal experience; yet the encouragement which, as Mrs. Postans, in my works on India, I met with from the Public, leads me to hope that the same suffrage may be as kindly extended to the following pages on Turkey, the spirit-stirring topic of the day.

MARIANNE YOUNG.

LONDON, *November*, 1854.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

THE OCEAN BARRACK 1

CHAPTER II.

THE 'ARMY AND NAVY' 15

CHAPTER III.

CONSTANTINOPLE 35

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCHES AT SCUTARI 53

CHAPTER V.

RAMBLINGS ABOUT THERAPIA 66

CHAPTER VI.

OUR CAMP AT GALLIPOLI 80

CHAPTER VII.

STROLLINGS AND GOSSIP 94

CHAPTER VIII.

BUBBLES FROM BOULEHAR 107

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE ROMANCE AT TCHIFLECK . . . 119

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

SMYRNA 134

CHAPTER XI.

THE 'THABOR' 147

CHAPTER XII.

VARNA 161

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT PEOPLE 176

CHAPTER XIV.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES 190

CHAPTER XV.

PEASANTS AND SOLDIERS 205

CHAPTER XVI.

VARIETIES IN A VINEYARD 221

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S CAMP 237

CHAPTER XVIII.

BELGRAVE SQUARE 251

CHAPTER XIX.

THE 'CARADOC' 271

CHAPTER XX.

A TURKISH HAREM AT SEA 287

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEW WORDS ON TURKEY 302

OUR CAMP IN TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OCEAN BARRACK.

RING, ring, ring!—bang, bang, bang! "What *is* the news now, I wonder? Why is St. John's so noisy, and what is that salute for? Is it the Prince Napoleon, or Marshal St. Arnaud?—General Canrobert, Lord Raglan, or the Duke? Surely it *must* be the 'Caradoc' at *last!* When *are* we to go? and what *is* the news?"

So it was, day after day, at the once quiet, tranquil little island of Malta, in the month of March last, when I, like many other energetic, travel-loving amateurs, arrived at that shining, sunny, excavated Bath-brick sort of ocean-wonder, in the 'Valetta' steamer from Marseilles. The Strada Reale was crowded. The pavement, occupied by

riflemen and red-jackets of all sorts, looked like a double avenue of poppies, relieved here and there by their green leaves. The entrances of the hotels, the Imperial, Dunsford's, and Baker's, were assailed by weary, gasping people, earnestly desiring shelter, and generally repulsed by the answer, "No room." Then private lodgings were tried,—some of these of the most extraordinary kind, and in the most objectionable neighbourhoods. A lodging-house letter in London, during the Great Exhibition season, would, according to 'Punch,' strongly recommend an eligible chest of drawers as the sleeping-place of the "young gentlemen;" so, in Malta, a swarthy householder would usher one into the newly-swept charcoal closet, with laudatory remarks on its security from noise and cold—he might have called it, light and air; however, so it was, and people were compelled to all sorts of abodes, at all sorts of prices. The Auberges of the Knights were filled, the Forts of St. Elmo, St. Angelo, Fort Manoel, the new Lazaretto, were bursting with troops; so was it also with the new barracks at Vederla; in fact, it was only wonderful that the caverns of the rocks, the sheltering places of the milch-goats of the island, had not been also thought of, and secured for the troops.

Then the gossip! Every half-hour brought its news; the Club, of course, a principal nucleus. Greek mischief-makers, Russian spies, Turkish alarmists, were all busily engaged. At Constantinople, the Dardanelles, and Smyrna, letters were written to mercantile friends at Athens, Naples, Syra, and so on; which were not only reported and believed, but materially amplified on arriving at Malta. The waiting-rooms of Muir and Goodenough, the two librarians of the Strada Reale, were filled with inquirers all day long.

News, news, news!—no other idea seemed to find place for a moment, and the excitement became absurd in the extreme. Intelligence, on the "best authority," was contradicted almost as soon as circulated. Orders and counter-orders were "the order of the day." At the doors of the libraries and of the Post-office, papers were affixed, advertising the departure and arrival of steamers for Alexandria, England, France, and the Levant. Hour by hour these announcements were changed, till they became, by reason of contradictory interpolations, almost illegible. The "Candia" superseded the "Indus;" the "Himalaya," bound to Alexandria, sailed for Turkey; the "Ripon" took the mails of the "Euxine;" and every ship, and every body, presented the same

aspect of uncertainty and confusion. Wonderful monster vessels, that had ploughed the Atlantic, and never been heard of among us before, came proudly into the shining harbour of Valetta, and were away again ere morning light. Old, creaky, crazy steamers, patched for the time, were towed slowly out, laden with women, horses, and stores, the spectators much doubting whether any of them would reach their destination, and the destination itself involved in much obscurity. Then all Malta would be excited by the thunderings of a salute from the Fort, which, reverberating among the rocks, was re-echoed by the men-of-war in harbour. Anon we all raced up to a barracco—an elevated sort of colonnade overhanging the Mediterranean; while beneath us rushed in a little steamer, carrying English or French colours; on which we at once tore down again to the Custom-house landing, to arrive with the guard of honour and the Governor's carriage, and witness the disembarkation of a certain number of cocked hats and white feathers appertaining to the great men and staff of the Allied Armies. By this time the Square in front of Government House was covered with Maltese, in their hanging caps and sleeve-depending coats; and people happy enough to squeeze into projecting windows, or out into

the narrowest of all balconies, in time, might see a carriage full of Algerine or other heroes, Marshal St. Arnaud with his beautiful wife, honest-looking Canrobert, or Prince Napoleon, the living image of his uncle.

This excitement all over, one was rather at a loss what to do; the season was past for balls, and Malta begins to be dull enough in March. However, there was the little Italian Opera in the Strada Teatro. Here we had 'Norma' and the 'Trovatore,' and the 'Trovatore' and 'Norma.' The actors all spoke a patois that not even Italians could understand; but the scenery was pretty, and the orchestra respectable, and people went because there was indeed nowhere else to go.

One soon sees all that Malta has to show;—St. Paul's Bay; Città Vecchia, the Garden of St. Antonio, St. John's Church, and the Capuchin Morgue. After this, people declare themselves bored; and I daresay they are, for one must naturally grow tired of standing on the steps of a Club, to hear constantly contradicted news,—of eating ices from the Café del Commercio, rather thawed by their transit,—of going to the Post-office to find letters are not sorted "yet,"—and of taking refuge in listening to a badly performed opera, of which one cannot understand a word. All this monotony,

too, became more unendurable by reason of the panting anxiety there was to go forward, to mingle in great events, in new scenes, to win shining honours or glorious memories. The last, I suppose, however, were not much thought of. It is more usual, I fancy, to calculate on the good coming to *ourselves*, and the harm to our neighbours. At least, I believe so: and I think Rochefoucauld bears me out in the idea; and moreover mischievously declares that the fulfilment brings a sort of pleasure with it—perhaps at our own escape?—I do not know.

There was a great demand for horses and baggage animals at Malta; and the Maltese were wont to caper up and down the Strada Reale on horses for sale, distinguished by a little knot of coloured ribbon on their brow. The prices set upon them were of course preposterous, because the seller expected a quarter of the sum asked to be proposed, and was prepared to take half; this being habitual to Maltese trading, and not depending altogether on the army. It is very droll, in the market at Malta, to observe this system. One asks a fisherman the price of one of the radiant, rainbow-coloured finny tribe, struggling in the wet weed before him, and he names the price of an aldermanic turbot; but as you smile, he adds, "Give

me eighteenpence! give me twelvepence! give me sixpence!" and so on, till he, without interruption from the buyer, fixes on an almost nominal sum, but, in fact, the real value, where fish is so abundant, and, except on fast-days, not much used. How pretty the Malta market is, with its wonderfully coloured fish,—its marvellously sized vegetables, tropical as well as European,—its piles of purple figs, rich grapes, loquats, medlars, melons, oranges, peaches;—a massing of rich colour, delightful to the painter's eye! So with the street-stalls: I know nothing prettier, as the sun falls on it, than a street fruit-stall at Malta, resting against some portion of richly carved stonework, with its gay awning, brown and yellow baskets, throwing cast shadows on each other, and the white-teethed, bright-eyed, smiling, picturesquely-attired vendor.

Altogether, the early mornings at Malta are charming. The fresh delicious air; the blue waters, with their many-coloured passage-boats plying about the harbours from Valetta to Sliema, Sliema to Pietà; the goats in large flocks, with red necklaces and silver bells, strolling from door to door, waiting to be milked; the Maltese ladies, kind-looking and soft-eyed, passing along in their black faldettes to the morning Mass; the curious, picturesque old green calesses, on two wheels, with

sorry nags quite overpowered by heavy and antique harness,—the drivers smoking, laughing, singing along, as they go jolting on the shafts to a neighbouring *casal* (village); the little carts passing in, laden with rich red monster clover; the large, handsome, gaily-caparisoned mules; the stealthy, handsome, sandalled Capuchin, on his way to St. John's; the merry children, each a study for Murillo;—each and all are pleasant items, and form a whole most agreeable to the eye of that too rare searcher for healthful enjoyment, the early stroller about Malta.

I have said, people were generally dreadfully tired of Malta, and did not flatter the place, but very openly expressed their sense of disgust and weariness. The ladies perhaps liked it best, because it kept their sons and husbands longer by their side; and heavy were the hearts as that day approached when Malta must be left, the troop-steamer declared in readiness, and poor women, whether wives of officers or soldiers, were left with streaming eyes on the Barracco, while the fine ship glided on toward her Eastern point, and those whom God joined were put asunder—when again to meet?

I remember coming in from a country ride in a calesse, when the 'Himalaya' was going out laden

with troops: the sun was shedding its golden light over the blue water, and that deep purple tone was rising on the horizon peculiar, I think, to Malta in early spring. A crowd were scattered about the rocky hillocks at Florian, watching and wishing well to the noble ship. Among them was a pretty young Englishwoman, a soldier's wife, with two little smiling rosy children at her foot, gathering daisies. "Get up, children," said the mother, "and kiss your hands to father." "I don't want to, mother," said the elder, intent on its little pastime. "Oh, you naughty child!" answered the woman, snatching it in her arms, and hurrying to the wall, under which the ship lay; "you'll likely never see him again." I turned away,—the truth was so sorrowful, so full of pathos. How few of the brave hearts now beating with hopes of glory on the deck of that fine ship would ever feel again the loving pressure of wife or child! But such is war! 'Tis well it has its bands and colours, flags and music, to hide the tears in manly eyes, and drown the sobs of woman's voice; or, despite huzzaing crowds, it would be but on the whole, perhaps, an unpopular institution.

One of the pleasantest methods for passing a warm morning in Malta, I found, was to lounge in a comfortable chair in the quiet library of kind

Mr. Quintana, in the shaded Strada Stretta, and turn over books on Turkey,—not "Histories of the Ottoman Empire," though very valuable no doubt in their way, but rather personal experiences of the land, having authority, of course, such as we find in White's book, or Slade's; for I do hold, that the mere visitor, the mere summer tourist, however agreeable his sketches may be, is not authorized to pass strictures or advance opinions on the governments or social opinions of any people so superficially seen; and although this notion of mine has reference to the mere travellers in all lands, most especially it bears, I think, on Turkey, which, perhaps from its social casing of reserve, and its religious prejudices, is less to be known, its internal economy less easily to be judged, than that of any other nation on the globe.

From Quintana's library, I often hired a boat at the especially disagreeable landing-stairs of the Marsamuscetta, and glided away, across the Quarantine Harbour, to Misida, where my friend Mr. Quintana had lately built a house, from the angle of whose flat roof floated the Spanish flag, in compliment to his nation. Here I was able to observe the process of making a garden out of hard rock; a matter, as I pondered over the aspect of our ocean barrack, as wonderful to me as

any performance of Herr Döbler, Robin, or Anderson. Yet here and there the marvel *is* seen of a very luxuriant and well-kept garden in the rocky fastnesses of Malta; while about Misida, and the casals generally, the wild flowers are varied and abundant, springing in masses about the grey rock like a dream of the Trosachs, and reminding one of Richardson's Highland pictures in the New Water Colour. Of course Malta does not present much variety of scenery; and yet the place gains wonderfully upon the eye, and this by reason of the constant play of light and shadow; and as the hill-lines rise above each other, and the white domes of the casal churches tower above them, the view is decidedly pleasant, despite the long lines of stone boundaries,—the ugliness of these low walls being to a certain degree redeemed in early spring by the beautiful crimson clover, and the fields of bright green barley, even more wonderful than Quintana's little garden, from which I took a sketch of Bhircharcarra one afternoon.

After passing about a month in this fashion,—all racket and arrival at Valetta, all bustle and confusion in the harbours, all anxiety and distraction in the barracks,—the order came for the gallant regiment to advance. Then came a scene baffling

all description. The square within the fine new barracks of Vederla was crowded with Maltese, trying hard to dispose of baggage animals of all descriptions,—the blind, the halt, the spavined, the vicious; donkeys, mules, horses, ponies. A miserable quadruped, that would have been condemned as unfit to drag a Brighton bathing-machine, was loudly eulogized as a first-rate charger;—"Stand fire beautiful, your honour!" The impression was, that the Maltese, departing from his national habit for this time only, spoke truth: doubtless the nag *would* stand—would do anything, in short, but move on. Then ponies,—such a race!—decked with blue ribbons, and paraded up and down by owners who, the moment they discovered my presence through an open door, would add to the previous eulogy, "Carry a lady best, Sir; always used carry lady." There was no lack of light carts either,—pleasant conveyances enough, with a thin mattress laid along the seat; and some of these were bought, with the chance of taking them on, though, despite their capability of being dissected like a model toy, the general idea was against the necessary permission being ceded. Donkeys were generally unpopular, fine as they are at Malta; but these apathetic animals stood winking and blinking in the sunlight, perfectly contented with their lot, and

apparently caring very little for Turkish thistles, tall as they are, if they could but get Maltese clover.

Then the packing, the exchanging, the selling superfluous comforts; the collection of a few standard edibles; the saddles to be mended at the last moment; the tin dinner-services, of two plates, one dish, and a drinking-cup, to be made complete; the camp bedsteads and stools to be selected; the parading, the drumming, the orders, and counter-orders; the private fryings of bacon and eggs for officers' breakfasts, often by the officers themselves, on the most doubtful fires, and in the most unworthy frying-pans; and, at last, the embarkation on board the Vesuvius steamer! The crowding, the discomfort; the luxury of one officer, who was allowed to lie on the floor in the surgeon's cabin with his feet under the chest of drawers; the misery of another, taken on board so ill as to be scarcely considered out of danger for the voyage: but at last it ended, and, at sunset of the 6th of April, away steamed the Cyclops with her troublesome burden in tow, to arrive in a dreadful snow-storm in the Dardanelles, and to land at Gallipoli in as much misery as the newly-arrived on Turkish soil perhaps ever endured. Of this however I was not a personal witness, in-

tending, as I eventually did, to follow in the wake of the *grande armée* by some more tranquil and suitable means. And a little gossip about these means, in such stirring times, may perhaps amuse the reader.

CHAPTER II.

THE 'ARMY AND NAVY.'

UNCERTAIN whether or not it would be possible to dare the tented field, I was yet determined on seeing the "City of the Sultan." It had been with me, as with many, a desire of life, from the time of my first acquaintance with Hajee Baba and the Arabian Nights: I had formed a sort of determination to that effect, and, as it is sometimes said, that when an idea once enters a woman's head it becomes stereotyped there, so my wanderings in Egypt and India had in nowise weakened that intention; and the repeated occurrence of some *contretemps* when I was, as I thought, about to effect my object, did rather, as I need not assure any observer of human nature, stimulate than chill my original purpose. But how to go? If it had been possible to realize the dreams I had delighted in—if it had

only been necessary to seat myself on a carpet, and desire to find myself at Seraglio Point, and to see the Bosphorus at my feet, there were plenty of Smyrna rugs to be bought at Paolo Vella's, in the Strada San Giovanni, and the thing was simple enough. But, unfortunately for me, I was living in a mechanical, not a magical age, so that, besides what was to be done privately, the only means of going to the Golden Horn was by the French steamers from Marseilles, at this time so crowded by troops and horses, that the thing was not to be thought of, as even the obliging clerk of the Messageries Impériales told me himself. This decided, the next point was to find an English transport steamer, if possible lightly laden, and to secure a passage in her. Now, as I write it, the matter looks simple enough; but, after a week's hard work, it proved the exact reverse;—troops, troops were everywhere, and not a berth to spare.

I passed the hottest hours of every hot day in running down the Strada San Giovanni, with its steps and goldsmiths' shops, till the workers in filagree learned to smile as I, on a sort of reversed treadmill, long drawn out, made my way to the Nix Mangiare Stairs, persecuted all the distance with "Want a boat, Missus?" "Very fine boat, Lady;" "Take my boat, Mum;" "This way, Si-

gnora;" and so on, according to the varied Maltese notions of what was most inviting to woman's ears; till at length, in a clean boat, under a sufficient awning, I found my way to the office of the kind-hearted Admiral, there to be told that the steamers were all crowded, or they were going in half an hour, or they had broken down and must be towed; or, if a chance *did* occur, on my return to Valetta I was sure to hear another of the thousand reports always rife, of a catastrophe at Constantinople, a descent of the Cossacks, a horrid piracy in the Ægean, or something so very disturbing about Greeks, Turks, French, and Russians,—everything in turn, and nothing long,—that, half ill and wholly weary, my stereotyped idea seemed rather photographic, and my sun-picture likely to be erased by the friction of difficulty. For that evening, at least, I gave up the idea of Constantinople; but, my reason strengthened with rest, the next morning found me again at the Nix Mangiare, questioning the boatmen about steamers that had arrived during the night, and frequently going alongside, only to find them crowded with Sappers and Miners, or something or other which made them impossible to me. The French boats, even the regular mail-steamers, were, in this period of "*actualities*," as an Italian acquaintance

of mine called it, crowded with red trousers, casquettes, horses, and Hungarian generals. Very odd, but every Hungarian who finds business fail, commerce uncertain, and politics unsteady, dubs himself a General; and hastens, with a bit of ribbon at the button-hole of a rather questionable frock-coat, to add his weight to the collective force.

Sometimes my difficulty was increased, by not readily making a boatman understand the steamer to which he was required to row. The Maltese boatman speaks his own language only too fluently and too loudly, like his comrades of the town, but the dialect is not such as one cares to acquire; of French he is ignorant; Italian he may occasionally speak, but rarely understands, which renders a dialogue in that language unsatisfactory; moreover he prefers English, which he speaks in a manner of which the following direction may afford a tolerable idea. I was walking at Sliema one evening, searching for a friend's house,—a rather difficult employment where there are neither streets nor numbers, and where villas are not distinguished by the romantic names of "Myrtle Lodge" or "Argaum Villa," as with us; consequently I was induced to consult a Maltese calesse-driver, who was occupied in cleaning his master's car-

riage, and summoned my Italian for the purpose, —the rather perhaps to impress the knowledge of my possession of an accomplishment on the mind of a lady in mourning who was then slowly walking towards us. "Dov' è la casa di Signor S——? è la via facile a trovarsi?" inquired I. The answer was in English:—"You see Madama: bene!—follow her; and when she ketch him house, you find Signor S——." Of this construction is Maltese English.

After my vessel-hunt had continued for some days, I was at last told of a little craft, the 'Army and Navy,' about to proceed, under very agreeable circumstances, to the seat of war. Two gentlemen, late officers in the army, had built a pretty little yacht; and, in care of an experienced captain, had brought her out to combine profit with pleasure, by taking powder to the fleet at Varna. One felt disposed to look grave over the powder perhaps; but the advantages were otherwise so great, that, considering the chances of the 'Army and Navy' not worse than that of all armed steamers, and not sure that my character for courage was not in sad risk from a demur, at midday on the 4th of May, I, with one small overland trunk prepared at an hour's notice, one note, and a pair of sketch books, found myself on board the pretty

little yacht under steam for Gallipoli. The 'Army and Navy' was extremely small, and my eye had long been accustomed to the mighty craft filling in these stirring times the Malta harbour; so that, as she dashed round among the surf beating up over the rocks of Valetta on one side, and of the Fort of Ricasala on the other, I am afraid I wished myself on shore, and heard with great pleasure how gallantly the little craft had weathered heavy seas in the Bay of Biscay without a complaining groan from any of her bulkheads. Our working captain was a seaman of the best class, experienced in Eastern seas, and possessed of all the advantages of Scotch character and training. Our amateur captain we dubbed the Capitan Pasha at once, by reason of a red Guernsey and a green smoking-cap with a gold tassel, which, we fancied, gave him a most Oriental air; and so it would, had the colours been reversed. But we were too merry to care much about such facts just then.

We formed altogether a party of five;—the gentlemen owners, a young officer on leave from the Malta garrison, a very unobtrusive and amiable Swiss governess (on her way to a family in Constantinople), and myself. Our saloon was small, but partaking more of the character of an Oxonian's room at Magdalen, than that of the cuddy

of a steamer. We had books in abundance, and for decorations gloves and foils. The sea was exactly what persons who have never voyaged upon it fancy the Mediterranean to be,—a dream of sunny blue. The wind unfortunately was easterly, a prevalent one at this season. Three Turks, who had craved permission to accompany us at Malta, with their mattresses, goats'-hair cloaks, and a little caffass like a bamboo bird-cage, filled with rings of Sicilian bread, onions, dates, and radishes, found this state of things very unpleasant; and curling themselves up, with due Mohammedan submission to Allah, looked very much like a bundle of ropes coiled after the Flemish fashion.

In the evening however the patriarch of the party, which consisted of a father and his sons, proved himself of use, according to the pastoral habits of his land.

We had a goat on board, to whom general attention was directed at tea-time; for every one who has been on board ship must remember the luxury of seeing fresh milk, instead of plates of cut lemon, as in the French steamers, decorating the festive board of teacups. Our goat too had been lying very suggestively by the side of the water-cask all day, and seemed quite to understand what was expected of goats; but curiously

enough, not one of the crew could milk her. The steward, who had been in the army all his life, was in the same predicament; and a young Spanish boy,—once an assistant pirate, and useful as such people generally are,—smilingly declared his incapacity for this peaceful art of shepherd life; on which, our grave friend the ancient Moslem solemnly unrolled himself, and soon proved that he at least was worthy the patronage of that Dame Durden whom we all remember as worthily great in the history of pastorals.

At sunset,—which, by the way, was one quite worthy of the Ionian Sea,—two sailing vessels were in sight, somewhat out of the course, like ourselves. To one I shall ever feel obliged for her consideration in lying to at that particular time, as by that means her hull and sails were cast in deep shadow against one of the most glorious combinations of blue and orange I have ever seen. In a moment, every study of light and shade, whether of Turner, Harding, or old Burnet, seemed to pass in a succession of dissolving views before the eye; and never, even when under the "Line," have I seen any effect more splendid. The wind still on the following morning seemed to hold the same opinion, and to wish us back again at Malta. The sea however was without a ripple on its surface,

and our breakfast passed most merrily. None seemed to know an end to their travelling pleasantries; and the anecdotes were so fresh and clever, that a genial, good-tempered listener might have been as much amused as at a morning entertainment in the London season.

Every one who has travelled as one ought to travel, anxious to receive and create enjoyment, acquire information, and strengthen one's powers of observation, must have been struck by the fact of the additional qualities for agreeable intercourse which seem excited by the circumstances of travel. And how often it occurs that, having been charmed with a companion in a steamer or on a railroad, on the mountains of Turkey or the plains of Italy, we are surprised, on a re-union in London, to find how much less pleasant our friend then appears to be! Fresh air, change of climate, temporary absence from care, exercise, all may tend to produce this effect; but the fact will be allowed, I think, to be undeniable.

In the evening, quite a little flight of swallows, losing the natural instinct of fear in fatigue, rested about on the taffrail and lower rigging; and one of our Turks, whose radishes and onions were beginning to lose their glory under the influence of sea air and a hot sun, made a rush at the birds, and

succeeded in pushing one poor little victim into his embroidered vest; but I insisted on its restoration, much, I suspect, to the annoyance of the Islamite, who was doubtless prepared to sacrifice the whole flight of wanderers in the name of the Prophet, and, with a deep-drawn "Bismillah," make a savoury kabob forthwith.

How pleasant it is to feel that tomorrow will be another fine day! and so it was with us. Our folks began however to get the rifles and Colt's revolvers in order, lest we should have a little dash made at us by Greek pirates; our last news at Malta having borne a very unpleasant complexion in connection with the 'Harriet,' a tale full of old horrors, such as we had almost forgotten, except when recreating in those dread-inspiring, hair-stand-on-end sort of stories, much desiderated over the Christmas fires of Merrie Englande. This morning a story was told of the boatswain of the Victoria, who, landing at Malta, inquired the charge for a boat to the ship. He was told, a shilling. "Then I'll have fifteen," quoth he; and tying them all together, went himself in the last.

Before we arrived at Tenedos, a spot productive of classical memories and bad wine, the little craft began to roll terribly; and sundry cannon-balls, that obstinately refused to be kept in check by

grass or blankets, rolled too,—a most sleep-destroying uproar indeed. I was strongly reminded of the effect once produced, among the experiences of barrack life, by a Captain of the —— foot, who, having been severely wounded in the head, was wont, after a couple of glasses of wine, to accumulate all the heavy iron barrack coal-scuttles, and throw them playfully down the wide stone staircase of the Malta Auberge.

On the 9th we came on the entrance of the Dardanelles. How pretty it was, under that lovely sunlight, with the curious Fort of Seddul Bahr on our left, the fine four-masted steamer across our bows, and a fleet of beautiful vessels crowded with canvas entering the Straits, like a flock of sea-birds! I at once attempted a very hurried sketch; but I believe that a very spirited engraving now published, renders my sketch only of interest to myself. Still, I am glad to have it; for I am sure a few colour and pencil lines recall a scene of this kind, when years have passed away, better than a hundred pages of the best written journal. The town at the entrance of the Dardanelles is remarkable and interesting: we must stop and look at it a moment. The houses we see have overhanging eaves, which give them a very chalet-like appearance; and being covered with tiles of a very pure

bright red, and surrounded by cypress foliage, the power of contrasting colour, in this clear atmosphere, adds materially to the sunny effect. Within the Straits, under some very beautifully coloured hills, we saw a succession of singular erections of white stone: their graduated size and form negatived the idea of their being old windmills: I fancied them the piles of a viaduct, but afterwards heard that a line of telegraphic communication had existed in this place. This appears very unlikely; but I made a sketch of the erections. Off the shore was the wreck of a caique: it looked quite new and bright, with a gaily painted green cabin. On the sand were a row of casks, probably of Tenedos wine, saved from her cargo; and near them, a little tent. This was of the form so common to the English eye at Chobham, when we all played at what has now become a stern but glorious reality.

The Straits were crowded with boats and transports, with the French and English colours flying: during the morning we counted some sixty sail, all bound for the East. One or two barques only were beating down; and, from time to time, a Turkish boat, with the crimson flag of the Sultan flying from her mast, would cross our stern, with all sail set, and a speed that was the admiration of

our blue-jackets. Beautiful too were the smaller Greek craft, flying along on a side-wind, lying fearfully over, and the white foam dashing from the bows. It was a lovely sight, the Hellespont, that sunny day! and one scarcely knew which most to admire,—the varied, numerous, and beautiful craft on the smooth waters, or the picturesque beauty of the shore, with its bold, rugged masses of grey rock, interspersed with little plains of intensely brilliant verdure, studded with patches of dark underwood. Some little openings of this sort were peculiarly lovely, and came on the eye so unexpectedly, surprising one with a sense of sweet repose, that the effect on the feelings was as agreeable as turning to the melodious verse of Scott after a page of the rugged force of Carlyle, or floating into a calm sun-lit harbour after near escape from ocean's turbulence. I have a little sketch of one of these sweet spots, these "happy valleys," now before me. We had just passed some gigantic boulders of dark rock,—over which, at times, pent in this narrow channel, the angry sea beats furiously,—and came on a lovely lawn, as it were, of green sward, dotted with trees resembling delicate young ash; some half-mile up the gorge stood one of the pretty chalet-like houses the Turks so much admire; and, running up on either

side, woods of bright oak, whose rounded form and bright colour were admirably relieved by the presence of tall dark cypresses, not too numerous, but breaking simply the monotony of the general foliage. There was little appearance of animal life: here and there were a few shepherds tending their flocks, usually with a small tent, attesting the nomade habits of the people; but, altogether, the absence of villages and their inhabitants was, I thought, remarkable.

About midday, on this 9th May, our attention was attracted by a large steamer,—large at least in proportion to ours,—rapidly gaining on us; and, despite the volumes of smoke from her funnel, we soon distinguished the royal flag, and hurried to drop ours in all courtesy. We were near the shore, but the 'Caradoc' passed inside, having the Duke of Cambridge and Staff on board; and his Royal Highness, standing on the paddle-box, acknowledged the prolonged cheering of our crew with his usual urbanity. Soon after this pleasant little excitement had passed, we arrived at the entrance of the Straits, which is five miles broad, and opens into the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, guarded by the castle "Chanuk Kalessi" (or Asia), on one side, and Castle Europe on the other. The date of these celebrated castles is, I believe,

1659. They are extremely strong, and very picturesque. A few small tents were pitched on the slope below the fortifications of Castle Europe, on a bright bit of sward; and a few English soldiers from the Gallipoli force were employed in throwing up an embankment.

In the afternoon we came in sight of the French camp at Gallipoli, spread out on one of the sloping hills of this classic land—the ancient Chersonesus. At the distance at which we saw this encampment it looked like a field of Brobdignagian daisies; but caused great interest and excitement, as a glimpse of things as they were, connected with the army of the Allies. From our bows Gallipoli itself soon appeared, having the effect of two promontories, with a range of low purple hills in the background,—the harbour crowded with shipping. Steamers of all nations; huge, dirty transports, with their numbers in large white figures on the bows, crowded with soldiers; and magnificent three-deckers, with all colours flying, in honour of the Caradoc, which, having beaten us, was lying quietly at anchor under the odd, staring, yellow house of the French Consul. Gallipoli, which crowns the first of the two promontories, looked of some size from the shore; and on the hills inland the camps were visible, studding the slopes.

Their position seemed healthful and pleasant enough. Our captain, who had never been in Turkish waters before, did not like to risk the little "Army and Navy," by going far into the harbour; consequently all communication, except by our own boats, was impossible; and as we were supremely ignorant of Gallipoli, and much advance had not been made in the study of the Turkish vocabulary by the possessors of that inestimable manual, it was some time before any one could decide on going on shore,—the rather that the crowds we could discern through the dust did not promise much attention to anything or anybody less interesting than an English duke. I sat on the edge of the carpet of patience therefore, and took, as usual, a little sketch, resting in hope that we should, sooner or later, be discovered, and our friends come off. I forgot that it was much easier to see Gallipoli from the 'Army and Navy,' than the 'Army and Navy' from Gallipoli. And so boats popped in and out; men-of-war's boats, laden with shore-going officers, crossed our bows; shore-craft, laden with redcoats, destined for huge steamers, getting up their steam for Constantinople, passed on the right and left; Turks by the score, dirty themselves, went by in still dirtier caiques; and yet I gazed and gazed, until, giving the matter up

at last, I simply watched the horsemen galloping on the shore, and found the time as long, and the position as dreary, as time and position usually are when one does nothing, and is simply wishing for what is not. At length the Capitan Pasha had his boat let down, and, with the Turkish trio as his guides, departed, promising to take my letters, and endeavour to get satisfactory replies; after which the steward and the mates made themselves at home, looked at the passengers' sketch-books, and read the passengers' manuals. The great red sun sank behind the low line of deep blue hills; the great four-masted ship, the Victoria, towing a lesser steamer, took a great sweep round the harbour, and glided forth for Stamboul; the men of the three-deckers burst patriotically forth with the National Anthem as the Caradoc went out; the moon rose, the little boats passed less frequently, the cold was distressing, and I, left alone on the deck, with the goat, the water-cask, and the caffass, humbly went down to tea. There was not much to do that evening, unless to listen to the Frenchmen's chant—"Vive l'amour, et le bon vin!"—that sounded till a late hour through the open ports; and, in the meanwhile, the Turks had returned, carefully attended by some ten other Turks, in remarkably dingy sheepskin jackets;

who, having set parent and sons quite up again in radishes and onions, gave them the "Salaam aleikoum," and departed.

About midnight our friends came on board, with a dismal account of having rowed along every ship in the harbour in search of us, and having been nearly fired on by some Turkish crews in consequence;—*would* have been, indeed, but for shouting "God save the Queen!" to show themselves English—a watchword the Turk now knows right well. However, midnight is an admirable time for gossip, and so, pleasantly enough, we heard all about it. All agreed that Gallipoli was a most filthy place,—filthy beyond the usual filth that we consider characteristic of towns Turkish; that the English were more popular than the French, because we committed oppressive acts more politely; that our poor women suffered dreadfully on landing, lying about in ditches, with a soldier's blanket over them, houseless, starving; that the greatest unanimity existed between the services, French soldiers wearing the caps of the English, and a Highlander being occasionally brought in a state of inebriation before his commanding officer, attired as a Zouave. So lasted the pleasant chat till morning, when our friends left us, and the little "Army

and Navy" steamed out into the beautiful sea of the Marble Isles, bright, smooth, as the calmest lake. The impression those lovely waters made on me I shall never forget, as we glided over their silvery blue and most tranquil surface, with the great dolphins, so reverenced by the Turks, rolling in playful mood on every side. To describe the sea as being smooth as a mirror, was no longer a phrase of hyperbole, as descriptive of this ripppleless surface. Not a vapour floated on the sky, and a peculiar atmosphere softened the scene,—just as one might view bright colours shaded by the most transparent gauze;—a woman's comparison, but it best expresses the tone, certainly not a haze, that was so exquisitely lovely there. The island of Marmora, with all its forms, shades, and cast shadows, was perfectly reflected from base to summit; and the only effect I ever remember to have seen of a similar kind, though for atmospheric effect far inferior in beauty, was the inverted portrait of Mont Blanc in the Lake of Geneva, on a still, warm summer evening. I have passed over the Sea of Marmora under other circumstances, and at other seasons; but were I a poet, and desirous of feeling all the exquisite beauty of which an Eastern sea is capable, I could desire no more than the power to

recall at will, with the full force of the original impression, the aspect of that most lovely sea, when, in its placid hour, I passed over its surface on my first visit to the "City of the Sultan." At midnight the charm was broken; the moon, which had so gloriously risen, was obscured by dense vapour; and when at early dawn I hurried on deck, to catch the first long-wished-for view of the glories of Stamboul, I saw but the tips of minars above the rolling mists, the heights of Scutari in deep shadow, and the Maiden Tower lying like a dark blot before us upon the waters.

CHAPTER III.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

About seven o'clock on the morning of my arrival at the shining city of minarets, the mists had cleared away, and Seraglio Point was seen in all its glory. The little Therapia and Scutari steamers were rushing across the harbour, their decks covered with Turkish ladies in their many-coloured cloaks and yashmaks, so that each craft looked like a floating garden; and large gilded caiques, rowed by fine-looking Greeks in loose-sleeved muslin garments, were pulled stoutly by, crowded with fezzes, till they looked like a bed of poppies, or with the fair Zulcikas and Fatimas of the land, under a perfect cloud of Parisian parasols. I am perfectly aware that at this point I ought to fall into a perfect rapture of enthusiasm about Constantinople,—its shining domes, dark cypresses,

the surpassing loveliness of the Golden Horn, and so on. But, whether it was that my expectations of beauty had been too highly raised, or that my eye, so accustomed to Moslem cities, saw less to admire than one would have done trained only to the West, I cannot decide, but I felt no inclination to rhapsodize on my first view of this Eastern City of the Seven Hills; and whilst allowing that Seraglio Point, by reason of its dark foliage and shining edifices, is very striking, the reader will excuse any attempt at being poetical, and suffer me to pass on to what certainly is *not* so,—the streets and landing-place of Galata and Pera. Our caique backed in among fifty other caiques, at the little filthy, rotten landing-place of planks, at the end of the Tophana bridge; and once clear of the dirty, vociferous boatmen of that locality, thankful for not having fallen into the Bosphorus, and hustled right and left by lusty porters of Stamboul, we made our way over rugged stones, through dirty pools, and between filthy shops swarming with flies, to the office of Mr. Hanson, the great banker and merchant of Constantinople. Here I stood on the steps, while my friends were arranging their affairs in the office, and thus saw a good deal of the out-door duenna life of the city—Greek, Armenian, and Turkish. The ladies bar-

gained immensely with the venders of Manchester cottons; and the fair-faced, short, and, I am afraid, rather too stout ladies, shuffled along in their yellow boots and supernumerary slippers in a wonderful way. No one seemed to purchase anything; but this did not appear to be expected; and I fancy the recreation of buying a yard of chintz for a harem, is a pleasure which is made to extend over a very considerable portion of Turkish life. The usual acquaintance with the harmony of colours seemed to prevail here, as in the East generally; and the little Greek turban handkerchiefs, made expressly for this and the Smyrna market, were floating in the sunlight in the most artistic juxtaposition possible. I really wish however that the Greek ladies would not wear French flounced muslin dresses; despite the pretty turban, they do spoil them so entirely! A door or two from Hanson's we found respectable "Stampa," surrounded by Adrianople hams and bottles of attar; for Stampa deals in everything, from coal-scuttles to kalydor. His shop was crowded by officers of the force, purchasing for themselves and for their friends at Gallipoli,—the report being that everybody was starving there; so, when I went to his store, Stampa had not a cheese left, while bacon and raspberry jam was at a premium.

The bustle in this quarter was immense;—Turks and Greeks, travellers and dragomen, ladies in blue "uglies," officers in uniform, travelling gentlemen in "wide-awakes";—everybody pushed hither and thither, now shouted at by porters carrying bales on long poles, and anon hustled aside to make way for a solemn-looking pasha, mounted on a fine steed, with marvellous velvet trappings! Nothing surprised me more than the *sang-froid* with which these same pashas allowed themselves to be carried down the broken stair-like ways of Pera, on their high-bred steeds. The etiquette of Turkish apathy never forsook them; even in slippery paths that might have affected the nervous system of a chamois, on they went, as calmly and as apparently immersed in thought as they might have been upon the Syrian sands.

As to dragomen, to show you the wonders of this city of his Imperial Majesty, nothing of the sort was to be had. Not only were all the professional gentlemen of this honest class "used up" by the Scutari force, but almost all the servants and clerks of merchants and families had deserted to the same well-paid calling. One merchant, well known in Constantinople, regretting that it was not in his power to show me any attention, told me that all his domestic servants had left him, to

take employment as guides and interpreters, at the rate of thirty pounds a month; and a little dirty Greek boy of ten years old, his sole attendant, daily threatened a similar escapade.

The only creatures who appeared to me indifferent to the existing state of things were the notable dogs, asleep in all directions; and I think it due to the canine character to observe, that of those who were awake, I saw evidence only of difference of opinion in two, although sundry tails, ends of ears, and bits of fur, strewing the streets, forced upon one some very unwelcome truths.

The French shops of Pera were very gay in bonnets and millinery; and evidences of supply accompanying demand were to be found in all the French and German upholsterers' shops, where innumerable iron bedsteads might be seen in process of padding (thus to supersede the necessity of mattresses and pillows on foreign service), with camp-stools and tables in abundance; although I am sorry to be obliged to record that the latter, after their first trial at Scutari, had very seldom any longer a leg to stand on, but were reduced to the support of stones.

Like all other people, I went first to Misseri's Hotel;—of course, no room. Two hundred people were sitting down to dinner there every day, and

general officers sleeping in bathing-tubs, or rooms very like them. The same condition of things at the Hôtel d'Europe, at the Bellevue, everywhere; enormous prices paid for dirty rooms, at yet dirtier Belgian bakers' shops; filthy apartments in Italian drinking-houses occupied by officers of the Staff; not only enormous rents asked and paid, but no longer any places left to pay for; so that, wearied out by a vain attempt to find rest in Pera, I gratefully accepted an offer to return on board the "Army and Navy," there to remain until she went on to Varna.

The ascent to Pera, over rough stones, and through pools of inodorous mud, is bad enough, but the slippery return back again is infinitely worse; and I know nothing half so terrible as the arrival at that little, rotten-plank landing-place, under a burning sun, surrounded by caiques, and nearly torn to pieces by screaming caique-men. The dreadful effluvia of half-dried sheep-skins in the boats, the heat, the noise, the dirt, the flies, the quarrelling, the shouting, baffles all description. Unsteady little marine vehicles these caiques are, too, sadly in want of outriggers. The Sultan threatened all sorts of horrible penalty to whoever should insult one of his Allies. Yet an officer of the Guards, crossing to Scutari late one night,

when half-way over, the boatmen rose, and coming forward, demanded a sovereign each. The officer met the demand by producing a double-barrelled pistol, on which the men retreated to their oars. The Sultan had placed at the disposal of the army a pretty little steamer, cushioned with scarlet cloth, shaded by an awning, and having refreshments on board; this left Constantinople every even hour, and returned from Scutari every uneven one, taking passengers free of expense,—an immense convenience to the military.

On the evening of the 11th the minarets of the mosques were illuminated; and the effect of these rings of light, rising above the dark cypress-trees of Seraglio Point, was excessively beautiful. The Turkish vessels in harbour had also each a lamp at the mast-head; a three-decker had wreathed all her masts with lamps; and the result told so well in the darkness of night on the broad waters, that it was proposed to row about among the Turkish craft, fully to enjoy the illumination. But the men on watch challenged so angrily, and it was so very troublesome to be constantly repeating verses of the National Anthem, to persuade the Moslems that we were "Englese," that we gave up our marine stroll by mutual consent; and were content to observe from our own deck how beau-

tifully these lines and circles of light marked all the leading features of the Moslem city. On the following morning (Friday), the Sultan went to the mosque in his gilded caique with the crimson awning, three other caiques following; but this is a religious pageant which has been described so often, that I feel it would be mere impertinence to say another word about it. The reader may be disposed however to accompany me to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," which has ever been a favourite resort of the Turks on this their holiday; and though also often described, will now be seen under a different aspect. Objecting very much to mingling with a crowd, to be jostled about on the waters of the Golden Horn in these canoe-like caiques,—which draw only about two inches of water, and that little more than in the centre,—we consented to the bathos of the washerman's boat,—a broad, slow, ugly tub of an affair, promising great safety and immense delay. We had sofa-cushions and coverlets laid in the bottom of it; and hanging a few shawls over the stern, to look as festal as we could, reposed ourselves therein after the Turkish fashion. Having passed the two bridges over the Golden Horn, we soon found ourselves among a fleet of gay caiques, and were continually passing little garden cafés, where on high stools were seated

lines of solemn, smoking Turks, apart from the ladies, who, clustered together, with their children, were—Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Jewish—all laughing and gossiping gaily, under the shade of innumerable blue and pink parasols.

Our friend the washerman seemed desirous of persuading us that one of these was the spot we were in search of; but seeing caiques, not only with fezzes and parasols still passing us, but with the shakos of field officers, we insisted on proceeding, and were eventually floated through a swampy creek, and landed at a cool, shaded nook, which we, with much simplicity, believed to be the celebrated "Sweet Waters." Under a fine group of trees were a few gilded arabas,—the large white bullocks, in all their glory of crimson housings and innumerable tassels, quietly chewing the cud by the side of them, and looking, with their wise eyes, as if they thought the rural pleasure of the scene by no means increased by that party of noisy fiddlers, or by the shrieking *sacki* (water-carrier), who appeared to consider it everybody's duty to be thirsty. We strolled up a stony, winding road, not very unlike the high street of Pera, as affected its convenience for traffic, and met several very fine gilded arabas, bumping and jolting over the stones, to the intense amusement and refreshment, as it

seemed, of the veiled ladies within, who, half smothered in piles of soft cushions, shrieked with laughter at every new jolt. Our presence appeared not by any means to be a restraint to the ladies, for they clambered in and out of their carriages, with their slippers in their hands, displayed their yellow boots, chatted with their slaves, played with their children, and were in no way disconcerted by our presence in their suburban retreat. It was quite evident however that this was not the spot we were in search of; and, walking round the creek, we were soon repaid, by the most beautiful and attractive scene imaginable. It was like a dream from Boccaccio, and one that Finden would have gloried to depict. How then can I describe it? The reader must be good enough to assist me; and, with the full force of poetic fancy, fill up the very cold, bald outline that I am capable of tracing.

The sun was shining most brilliantly; and the air, soft and delicious, was fragrant with sweet odours, and vocal with the notes of larks innumerable. The narrow waters of the Golden Horn, here a mere streamlet, flowing gently between flowery meadows, were covered with caiques, filled with festive groups, mummers, and musicians. On the banks, under fine trees, were spread carpets and cushions of every hue, on which reposed groups

of Turkish ladies, surrounded by their slaves and children; while beyond them passed trains of splendid arabas, and parties of Turkish nobles, their spirited steeds trapped with the most gorgeous Mameluke array.

It will readily be supposed, that to the officers of the Allied force this was a scene full of attraction, and I fancy there were few who were not present. The Duke of Cambridge, with Lady Errol and his Staff, passed on in the Austrian ambassador's boat; and then taking horse, rode back to Stamboul. White plumes were gleaming, staff uniforms flashing, in all directions; and knots of young officers waited impatiently for a glimpse of the Sultan's harem. Many soon had that gratification. I was standing on a little grassy knoll by the wayside, when the araba containing the sister and two of the wives of his Imperial Majesty Sultan Medjid, followed by five carriages filled with the ladies of the harem, stopped, for their fair occupants to admire the varied scene. Some of the ladies wore the yashmak of material so slight that it only served to give additional delicacy to their semi-Circassian complexions. Evidently, the Stamboul ladies have great recourse to art for the supposed improvement of the charms by which they seek to retain position. The eyebrows, carefully arched, were some-

times united in the centre, and a slight dark line pencilled within them; the large almond-shaped eyes owed an expression of additional softness to the darkening of the lashes with soormai; and the rouge of the cheek, sometimes rather too strong, gave to many complexions the effect of what has been described as like a bunch of fresh roses dipped in cream.

The general impression however I believe was, that the beauty of the Turkish women has been exaggerated very much, and that the mystery of their position has tended to give them an undue interest. The lack of exercise and fresh air, the abundant use of sweetmeats, and the habit of perpetual smoking must tend to injure beauty, even the mere beauty of form and colour; and where intellect is dormant, and the feelings rendered passive by the influences of Moslem tyranny, fine as the almond-shaped eyes of the fair daughters of the Prophet usually are, they would be found deficient in attraction, I think, if compared with those of an educated, kind-hearted, sensitive Englishwoman, whose blush mounts from her heart, and whose eyes sparkle with the love of purity, and the hope of conferring happiness on all around her.

It was remarkable, in this scene, to observe how completely Mohammedan etiquette had power to

prevent any vulgar expression of natural curiosity or surprise on the part of these fair dames. They sat like veiled statues, these ladies of high degree; and even when the Duke with his brilliant *cortége* passed their carriages, the eyes of the ladies remained fixed on the perspective of the distance. Their horses walked or stopped; red coats or white plumes dashed by; English ladies in strange Parisian fashions pressed near, yet the ladies of the Sultan and the pashas noted nothing of all this, but preserved the same unchanging aspect, which I had always considered a sort of trick peculiar to Indian fakirs, to aid in the persuasion of a crowd of noisy worshipers that their power of religious abstraction was complete. Such however is the result of Turkish etiquette; and I have heard it said of the Sultan, that were a pistol fired at his ear, this "cousin of the sun and moon" would not appear conscious of the sound.

I am sorry however to say, that this self-restraint was not effectually imitated by ourselves. We all certainly suffered curiosity to overcome courtesy, and gazed upon the ladies and their attendants with much ill-bred pertinacity. One officer indeed, after looking long into the carriage of the Sultan's sister, at length took off his cap, next bowed, then smiled, and gradually commenced a respectful ad-

vance, still smiling and bowing; on which a particularly unprepossessing-looking African gentleman opened the carriage-door, took a jewelled knife from beneath the seat, flourished it in the face of our somewhat alarmed courtier, directed the coachman to proceed, and, with a most terrific scowl adding clouds to his anything but sunny countenance, took his place in front of the araba.

Of course it was necessary to see the Mosque of St. Sophia. And here it is not the least my intention to be tedious, or to describe the building, desecrations, and changes, which have marked the history of this wonderful temple of Constantine; because all this, with a full account of its dome, marble columns, porphyry, jasper, *verd antique*, carvings, and gates, is to be found in Murray's 'Guide,' which I read duly,—I hope, to my advantage.

All I mean to describe is the very absurd way in which we nearly all failed in our purpose of seeing the mosque at all, for it was quite characteristic of the time. The principal priest of the Osmanlis, the Grand Moolah, had a perquisite of office. He was allowed to give an order, or firman, for seeing the mosques, the price of which was eight pounds sterling; and as this seemed a great deal to pay for an excursion among the Moslem temples, it was

usual for Mr. Misseri to announce the possibility of obtaining the order for a particular day, when people formed themselves into a party and shared expenses. Of course there was not much difficulty in introducing oneself as a stranger, inasmuch as every enlarger of the group, by reducing individual expense, became a public benefactor.

Two parties had been formed on the same day, —one, of the Guards from Scutari; and the other, composed of gleanings from other regiments. I was attached to the latter; but we all started together, with a little bunch of dragomen and two firmans, from Misseri's Hotel, at ten o'clock. We were all, I believe, quite ignorant of the road to St. Sophia's; none knew a word of Turkish, or had any idea of where the guides were going first. Constantinople is not an easy place for a party to remain united in. The winding streets, the porters, or *hamâls*, the dogs, the curiosity of a dervish, or the attraction of a Turkish lady, all increase the difficulty. Then one meets friends just landed from Scutari, full of unkind speeches about Galata, through which they have passed, and inquiries about the place to which you are going. By reason of some or other of these matters, we all were broken into parties of twos and threes before we had passed the Tophana bridge. None

about us could find either dragomen or firmans; and, after holding a council of war at the toll-gate of the bridge, we decided on trying to find our way to St. Sophia. This we effected after going through scores of streets, which were quite out of the way, and then, with infinite trouble, getting back again from where we started. However, after being half-lost in pools of mud,—squeezed against pipe-shops, by roaring hamâls with their loads,—nearly eaten by a camel or two, or trampled to death by Koordish horses;—after causing all sorts of offence to the numerous dogs, who were sleeping off the effect of their brawls of the night before;—after all these frights, dangers, and escapes, we did at length arrive in the courts of the great mosque, there to purchase amulets and scented beads at our leisure, or wonder at the amazing ugliness of the poor, crippled, dwarf beggar, cowering near its steps. None of our party were there,—no dragomen, no firmans. We went round the courts again; we bought more amulets and beads; we looked in through a grating, and saw tombs and ostrich eggs hanging over them, old embroidery, and very tarnished lamps; then we sat calmly on the steps, scratched the gravel with the points of our umbrellas, and looked out. "Oh, here they are!" and we sprang gladly forwards. "I beg

your pardon," quoth a man in a wide-awake, with a coil of goat's hair round the crown, speaking of Syrian and Bedouin life,—"I beg your pardon, but *have* you seen a dragoman and a firman?" It was needless to say we had not; so the party seated themselves by our side, and we were producing quite a pretty Saracenic pattern on the gravel, when a second party appeared, this time with Murray's 'Guides' and parasols. The same question was put with the same courtesy, and met the same reply; so the owners of the 'Guides' and parasols subsided with ourselves. It was really like the children's game of "oranges and lemons" at last; and, as either side was chosen, the steps became crowded; until after about four hours' waiting, all strolled off, some one way, some another, to find something, but certainly to lose themselves. And as the sun set over the Sea of Marmora, and the shadows gradually crept up the shining minars, my patience was rewarded by meeting a portion of the Guards party with their firman; by admiring the beautiful proportions of the lovely mosque; by seeing a most amusing collection of "high-lows," "Clarences," "ankle-jacks," and so on, borne about by aristocratic hands in submission to Moslem prejudice; by being led to suppose, from the presence of sackis

with cold water and brazen saucers, that reading the Koran all day, in a sort of low, grumbling, tenor voice, must be husky work; and to discover that, of all the ways of earning a night's rest, an excursion among the mosques of Stamboul is perhaps most deserving of its end.

CHAPTER IV.

SKETCHES AT SCUTARI.

It is perhaps impossible for the eye to fall upon a more perfectly lovely view than that commanded by the upper rooms of the Hôtel d'Europe at Constantinople. Immediately below are clusters of the Pera houses, interspersed with foliage, and rich with every variety of warm colouring,—in some cases the effect of age, in others, of the pink or orange tints of the original stucco. On the right are the beautiful mosques of Stamboul, rising among the dark cypress-trees, and seeming to form a shining barrier between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, whose islands stretch away, far as the eye can reach, in a mystery of soft blue haze; while, immediately opposite the eye, is the great barrack of Scutari, backed by the hills of Asia, and looking like a marvellous erection made with a penknife out of white cardboard.

At the time of which I write, there were twelve regiments encamped here, in addition to three battalions of the Guards and some Horse Artillery. At one of the even hours destined for the departure of the little military steamer, we made our way to the Tophana bridge, and took our places for Scutari. A wonderful matter is that Tophana bridge! Uniting Galata to Stamboul, it is constantly traversed by the population of the Old and New City; while, on the side next Scutari, all the steamers for Buyukdere, Therapia, and all points of the Bosphorus, receive and leave their passengers. Now it might reasonably be supposed, that where wealthy merchants daily arrive from their country-houses, where veiled ladies are constantly shuffling to and fro in very unsafe *chaussure*, and where strangers of all nations resort, some attention would be paid to public safety and accommodation. But we are in the capital of the Turkish dominions; and here public safety, like everything else, is left to *kismut*, or fate. Consequently, when embarking or disembarking from a steamer, one must walk half along the planks outside the general platform, before a rail can be found to pass under; or else one is kept in continual terror, by the great holes and mighty fissures in the rotten boards, that threaten a constant descent into the

Bosphorus, without the ceremony of a sack or the interesting mystery of midnight. Really it is quite a matter of adventure,—what with the ladies, and the porters, and the Greek priests, and the caique men,—to get from among the perforations of the Tophana bridge on board a steamer; and, once there, the relief and self-gratulation are immense.

The little Scutari steamer was quite characteristic of the times,—crowded with uniforms of all sorts, and odd wide-awakes, with Constantinople scarves of many colours wound round them. A Turkish sort of restaurateur occupied the centre of the vessel, displaying on a little table before him varied temptations of sherbet, rahhuklakoom, and so on; while the absence of veiled ladies, whose parasols are a distinctive feature on board the Bosphorus steamers, marked us as a peculiar race. A few minutes sufficed to land among the carts, baggage animals, dust, and confusion of Scutari. Caiques crushing one against the other, piles of wood in every direction, Turks screaming and vociferating, soldiers, and Englishwomen—these last with straw bonnets and baskets, a fowl perhaps resting on one arm, and a heap of potatoes twisted in their shawls on the other,—were most characteristic of the scene. And here, one cannot help

remarking on the unchangeableness of the soldier's wife. See her in Turkey, in India, in an English garrison town, or an Oriental bazaar, her manners, dress, and habits seem incapable of alteration: however long she may be in these lands, she never acquires a phrase of their language; however burning the sun, she exposes herself equally to its influence; however filthy the bazaar, there the English soldier's wife is still to be seen, scolding, and bargaining for whatever it produces. That they make themselves understood, is marvellous. One tries, oneself, by means of dictionaries, manuals, and vocabularies, to reprimand backsliding washerwomen, and command the cook to the observance of his duty; and after six months' labour, with rather a good capacity, the washerwoman and cook shake their heads at us, and rush out to seek an interpreter. The first creature that attracts our attention in the bazaar, after this humiliation, is the soldier's wife, chatting away to the vendor of vegetables, facetiously, if in Turkey, addressing the grave Osmanli as "Johnny," and making her way as if Turkish had been her mother tongue. We wonder how it is, but our wonder does not make us a whit readier colloquialists; and then, when we linger, hoping to catch the secret, we find the woman does not speak one word of Turkish all the

time. And yet the buyer and seller not only have transacted their business, but are excellent friends.

It is with astonishment one learns, that beautiful and brilliant as the Scutari barracks are to the eye, occupation of them, except by Turkish troops, is impossible: whitewash, corrosive sublimate, zinc, Italian powder, all that cleanliness and chemistry could suggest, cannot correct their irritating qualities; consequently the troops are under canvas in their rear, lying between the barracks and the great cemetery. To arrive at this point we passed the General Hospital,—a large, well-built brick building, said to be one of the finest in Europe; but I imagine that, when completed, l'Hôpital des Français at Pera will alone deserve to hold that rank. On the grass-plot in front of the hospital were pitched the tents of Lady Errol, with one or two others, occupied by the Staff surgeons; and passing on, we came upon one of the finest scenes Turkey has ever boasted,—the great encampment of the British forces. The Highlanders happened to be on parade, and made the scene perhaps more effective. Its great charm however, apart from patriotic feeling, arose from the extreme beauty of the position, which had been chosen for this great array of the national power and purpose. Before us lay the beautiful Bosphorus, with the

Shining City of the Osmanli; to the rear, the fine mountains of Asia, and the dark cypress woods of the Champs des Morts; around, on the undulating plain, stretched lines of the British tents,—the promise of freedom to the darkened people of this most lovely land. Parties of men in varied uniforms, under process of drill, were gazed at by Greeks and Turks with intense interest; horsemen galloped about in the picturesque costumes of Oriental cavalry; and even Turkish ladies in their arabas,—ostensibly on their way to some tomb sacred to the memories of their friends in the neighbouring cemetery,—could not resist the temptation of stopping for a time to see the "Englese."

A very pretty *maison de campagne*, belonging to the Sultan, was to be seen among rich foliage at the rear of the encampment of the Guards. We were told that it had been offered for the occupation of the Duke, who declined it; and when it was suggested that the same offer should be made to Lord Raglan, the Sultan's reply had been to the effect, that none but one of England's royal blood should sit in the saloons of the Brother of the Sun. This story arose probably, like many others, from the inventive genius of the times, which fructified most wonderfully in the

genial warmth of Turkey. Passing round the wall of the Scutari barracks, we came upon the most wretched mud-huts imaginable, which had been erected for the soldiers' wives. These edifices, more resembling the plasterings of mason-wasps than anything intended for habitation, were so low as to prevent the possibility of any one standing in them; and were simply patched against the wall, with a bit of matting over the doorway, and a small hole to admit air and light. It was of course impossible that women could wash in such places as these; consequently the poor creatures, with blistered arms and faces, and often bare-headed, were standing exposed to the burning sun outside the tents of the men.

I know nothing, whether at home or abroad—whether in the lanes and alleys that spread infection, moral and physical, over London, or in the distant heathen lands where slavery prevails, and of which religious philanthropists consider it their duty to preach,—that so loudly and so justly appeals to the sympathies of the men and women of England, as the condition of the soldier's wife. I saw many of the women of this great army half-dead with grief, when regiment after regiment marched on board their ships from the shores of our island, with bands playing and handkerchiefs

waving from fair hands, to cheer on these gallant bands. I heard their entreaties to be allowed to follow. I saw their tears and despair when, with helpless little ones in their hands, they went their way, almost penniless, to proceed by a railway to some imaginary home,—where want was to add its crushing power on the mother, as anxiety and grief had already done upon the wife. I was associated with many of the poor creatures who, unhappily, as the most respectable and unburdened, were allowed to accompany the army to Turkey; and they were suffering, uncared for, and in some cases dissolute. Self-respect was lost; and the women were a burden, a disgrace to the army, instead of being, as they should have been, useful items in their camp machinery. At home, we know how it is. Who would take a soldier's wife as an assistant in any domestic duties? Who does not dread her habits? To whom is not her very name a word of fear? And why is this?—why should such a stain remain to be mixed up with the gratitude due to the brave men who shed lustre upon England's glory? Why should the honest farmer's daughter, or the well-principled servant-girl,—who, like her superiors in rank, is won by the glitter, gaiety, and charm thrown over a dull provincial town by the presence of the military,—be doomed, as the result of her

becoming a soldier's wife, to lose character, self-respect, and all that renders woman the safeguard of society, in whatever grade of it her lot may fall? Why cannot the original feelings of modesty in the soldier's wife be protected even in a barrack? and if suffered to accompany the army at all, why should she remain exposed to miseries that men would shrink from, while vilified for vices, the certain, the inevitable result of that utter carelessness of her condition, which, in those who are responsible for such things, forms indeed a blurr upon the fair page of their humanity?

The reader would not have thought these remarks out of place, while attempting to afford a glance at our great camp of Scutari, if he had seen these poor creatures as I did;—if he had seen them, fevered under a burning sun at Constantinople, left at Gallipoli under promise of a speedy return to their native land, and remaining for months in Turkish houses, swarming with rats and vermin;—if he had seen them as they fell with sickness at Varna, terror-stricken and helpless;—if he had known how much of their vices abroad had been the result of cruel carelessness at home, and remembered how the barrack-system *must* either wholly demoralize the purest-minded wo-

man, or crush her beneath a fearful sense of its shame and horror.* The appearance of the groups of soldiers' wives at Scutari first attracted my sympathy, and therefore I introduce them at this point; but matters grew worse as we advanced, and, with misery, vice, as its too frequent companion, in all times and places.

It was odd enough, in connection with mosques, turbaned tombs, veiled ladies, and fezzes, to see English booths, with canvas representations of dwarfs, giantesses, serpents, and all the wonderful impossibilities dear to all that class of society who think simple nature not a matter to be wondered at at all, and can only admire, as it were, a breach in her laws, an extravagance, or deformity. However, so it was; and the Turks are the dullest people in the world, and seem to consider virtue and stupidity synonymous; yet, these wonderful paint-

* I can hardly believe that the fact is generally known, that on the marriage of a soldier, his wife is introduced into a barrack-room occupied by several persons of both sexes, and so lives, without privacy of any kind. Beds are placed in rows, without partitions: the ear is profaned, and the practice of pious or virtuous habits rendered impossible. Even at our public school at Rossal, near Preston, in Lancashire, canvas partitions have been considered necessary, to secure self-respect, and permit freedom in the exercise of religious habits; and thus even the school-boy enjoys a protection not provided, or deemed, it would appear, requisite, for the young and perhaps originally pure-minded and virtuous wife of the British soldier.

ings appeared to possess as much attraction for the fezzes as for the soldiers, and I cannot be certain that more than one pair of eyes did not look very indulgently at the wooden shed, acting as a regimental canteen, whereon shone sundry bottles of that most terrible compound, to judge by its flavour, of blacking, vinegar, and treacle, yclept "vin de Tenedos."

The Turks, I am afraid, are not much better than their neighbours; for I have seen pashas take very kindly to orange curaçoa and maraschino, without making the slightest grimace of compunction thereat. I have dined at table with a Turkish General, on his way to Silistria, who selected *vieux Cognac* for his table beverage; and I am not at all sure that a houri of Stamboul would refuse Paris bonbons, because they contained a little exhilarating liqueur.

The Broussa wine is better than the Tenedos, but not so generally used. One is interested about Broussa, however, as being now the place of exile of the great Arab chief Abd-el-Khader, so long the "philosopher's stone," as some one said, of the French nation. A little steamer runs over to the Asiatic side, then a ride over the wooded slopes of steep hills takes one to Broussa; and there is a tolerable French hotel there, and the Consul will

introduce people to the Chief; and he receives them gravely, with solemn Oriental courtesy: and so the caged lion of the burning deserts of Africa, is rendered yet sadder by being stared at by civilized men, in the retreat that his great nature, perhaps, hoped would be a solitude.

The Chrysopolis, or Golden City, as Scutari was once called, by reason of its being opposed to the setting sun, certainly requires splendour to be shed upon it from some extraneous source, for it possesses little enough of its own. It is a most wretched suburb indeed; and those who, to avoid the transit over the Bosphorus, the landing at Galata, and the rocky ascent to Pera, sojourned there, found that Turkish houses, however clean to the eye, are haunted by fearful beings during the night-watches,—that rats have no respect of persons, or courtesy towards the great Allies,—and that dogs are far noisier than the Muezzins, as evil is ever apt to prevail over good.

However, the dogs should have justice done to them as a canine body. They only seem to be awake when their services are necessary: they respect small paper lanterns, and abstain, generally speaking, from tearing the people to pieces who carry them: they are an independent race, owing nothing for food or lodging: they defend, if not

their domestic hearths, the quarter where they domicile, with admirable courage: they give their tails and ears, with a mouthful of their hair, in manner the most prodigal, to line the jackets of caiquejies. And when the men of the Guards went forth and slew hundreds of the growling sentinels of the Golden City, they learnt to repent them heartily of their error, and in time to stay the slaughter. Scutari, depending on her dogs, had no municipal authorities to ensure street cleanliness; the perfumed censers of the mosques shed but little fragrance; and, fearing pestilence worse than canine disputation,—often loud as it was over the division of spoil,—our troops at Scutari learnt to respect the national scavengers, and to treat with a certain pleasing consideration all specimens of that round-headed, blind, and somewhat weak progeny, whom, before, they cruelly massacred, in all the trusting innocence of puphood.

The caravans of travellers who assemble here, "bag and baggage,"—and none who has not seen Oriental merchants or pilgrims set forth, can have any idea of the force of that expression,—are immense. This perhaps adds to the canine population, on the principle, admitted by all political economists, of the supply speedily balancing the demand.

CHAPTER V.

RAMBLINGS ABOUT THERAPIA.

FINDING accommodation impossible at Constantinople, and the little 'Army and Navy' being ordered to Varna, I determined to go down to Therapia, the Richmond, as it were, of Stamboul. In a caique, one may go down to Therapia in about two hours, if the weather is fine, the water smooth, and the rowers good in arm and good in humour too, which does not always happen; and then it is delightful to glide down the Bosphorus, defended on either side by its steep wooded hills, and studded by charming villages, containing handsome villas of the rich Greek, Turkish, and Armenian merchants, surrounded by beautiful gardens, rich in fruit and flowers. If the weather is bad however, the wind cold, the sky stormy, and the water rough, as it often is,—from the violence with which

the Black Sea rushes through this water gorge, as it were, to the Sea of Marmora,—a caique is dangerous or impossible; and then the little steamers demand our lively gratitude.

As soon as I arrived at Therapia, and had taken possession of the one vacant room that had been secured for me,—looked at Beicos Bay, admired the Giant's Mountain, and wondered at the intense ugliness of the Kiosk that the Pasha of Egypt was building for the Sultan, I walked down to Buyukdere, to get, if possible, a glimpse of the Black Sea. The footpath was very narrow and rugged, and here and there the water dashed over the rocks in a most unpleasant manner; but though the wind was high, the climate was most invigorating; and the pretty pink toy-like look of the defences here and there, gave me a strong wish to see these much-vaunted Turkish batteries, which the people considered quite enough to defend the Bosphorus from the passage of an offensive squadron. The village of Buyukdere was situated like a spider "at home;" fishing-nets being suspended within and without in a most intricate manner, and strings of a sort of sardine displayed with a profusion which proved that fishing was a profitable occupation. From hence I only just caught a glimpse of the Castles of Fanar, which

defend the entrance to the Black Sea; and as the Bishop of Gibraltar was about to preach in the afternoon, in the house of Lady Emily Dundas, I thought it more becoming to return. The Bosphorus was too rough for a caique, but the Bishop arrived in exact time in an araba, which, in the capacity for shaking priest or layman, is, I fancy, infinitely worse than any Maltese calesse.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre at Therapia is a charming little auberge, and has the sociality of a boarding-house without its monotony. The little steamers, of which there are three a day, enable visitors to go early to Constantinople, returning in time for dinner; and the beauty of the surrounding scenery will very agreeably occupy any days not required for the bazaars, mosques, and dervishes of the old city of Constantine.

As I had not seen half I wanted to see of Stamboul, I availed myself of the nine o'clock boat for going up, the morning after I had arrived. The steamer was crowded with fezzes. On deck is a saloon, protected by glass windows, and furnished with horse-hair sofas. There a goodly array of Turks sat smoking their long pipes, the bowl of each resting in its brazen saucer; these last luxuries being provided, as well as the sofas and queer little straw stools for the seats of the ladies, at the

very low price of two piastres and a half, which it is as well to provide oneself with in paper money, as I am afraid—I am *very* much afraid—that correct change is not a matter of conscience with the worthy gentleman who, with a very large fez and a very long pipe, administers the cheques with a solemnity that is quite affecting. I should think Charon, before he became hardened to his work, must have had much such an aspect as he took the tickets (not return ones, unfortunately) for the Styx. Thinking of the Styx reminds me of the quantities of little birds who, fluttering over the surface of the Bosphorus, never appear to alight. The Turks declare them to be the souls of departed dragomen, who, for their sins of extortion, cannot rest. And, as one looks at the Turks in the saloon of the Therapia steamer, noting their stolid, apathetic looks, nothing seems easier to imagine than that the extreme of torment to their minds must take the aspect of physical exertion. Even pleasure, if it involves movement, becomes to the Turk a form of suffering. He considers all amusements as mere frivolities,—perhaps because his religion lays an embargo on so many. And certainly, if he judges of recreation by that dreary evening promenade in the burial-ground of Pera, with its few glimmering lights, wretched ices, and

ghostlike band, the temptation is not greater than Osmanli strength of principle may easily stand, and that with credit and success.

On landing at Galata, and making my way to old Stampa's, I found a sort of porter, who, having the gift of Italian, and no love for heavy loads, had become a kind of amateur dragoman. This honest creature agreed to go with me, for ten piastres, to the Bazaar; but, before we started, had to suffer many hard words from an officer of Fusilcers, with whom he had previously arranged for five. On our road we bought, for eight shillings, a Turkish coverlet, for which the worthy Armenian originally asked a pound; but my friend Ahmet did not interfere in this transaction,—his great powers, I fancy, being studiously kept in reserve for the Bazaar. Poor fellow! his disappointment must have been immense, to find that I only bought a fez and a pair of slippers for three shillings. I feel sure of this; because when bargaining for the service, and I proposed giving eight piastres, he said, "No; give me ten, and then I will be honest." The fact was, in this case he determined, for conscience' sake, not to take more than cent. per cent. in buksheesh from the different merchants at whose shops I made purchases. And with the slippers and the fez, I observed that

my friend, in making his adieus, added something in Turkish, which, being translated, would look, I fancy, very much like "I'll step back tomorrow, and fetch the difference."

The Therapia boat was to return (the white boat, for which hungry people look longingly from the balcony of the Hôtel d'Angleterre) at four o'clock, and I tried to find it. But if the reader knows what it is to inquire for boats, and be answered by Turkish time, he will understand the difficulty; as, where time is calculated from the period of dawn, —when the head Moolah can distinguish between a black, white, and grey thread,—and sunrise is called twelve o'clock, the matter to a neophyte is troublesome enough. But everything is troublesome in Turkey: how can it be otherwise, when streets have no names, houses no numbers, and everybody that is not Abdallah, is Hassan?—where streets are burnt down every week, or tumble down in detail every day?—where hotel bills are made out in French money, are paid in English, and change given in piastres?—where half the streets are *cul-de-sacs*, and highways lie either through labyrinths of tombstones or the gardens of private houses? Certainly, a most ridiculous place is the City of the Sultan; and one would expire with anger, did one not possess the alternative

of "dying with laughter," when confusion is at its worst.

For the first few days I was at Therapia, we had constant mists from the Black Sea. It was very difficult to occupy oneself too, for scarcely ten minutes passed without the excitement of a great steamer passing in from the Black Sea; or the 'Banshee' or 'Caradoc' stopping with her despatches from the fleet for the Ambassador, or letters for Lady Dundas, the Naval Hospital, and so on. The Caradoc was in waiting to carry up the Duke of Cambridge, who, with the Prince Napoleon, were still at Constantinople. Her kind and gallant commander sometimes dined at the hotel, and told me, that when he asked permission to give a friend accommodation on board the Caradoc, his Royal Highness said, in his usual urbane and popular style, "Oh! by all means, if they are ladies." General Canrobert, too, declared that, as soon as he arrived at Varna, he would give balls, and make all the Greek ladies as gay as Parisians.

The first clear day, that looked as if the surface of the Black Sea was breaking into smiles again, I took a caique, and a heavy-looking Greek boy as a guide from the hotel, and crossed to the foot of the Giant's Mountain. In about half an hour we arrived at a little Turkish hamlet. Leaving cloaks

and the Turkish coverlet in care of a worthy old gentleman, who dispensed dates and coffee to such as paid for them, and then we, by a rugged path, commenced the ascent.

The mountain was thickly covered with young hawthorn in full bloom, daisies, buttercups, white heath, laurustina, rhododendron, with nut-trees in abundance, and every description of wild-flower known in our woods. From time to time we met mules laden with green wood, their bells tinkling most musically,—a sound which seemed to encourage the larks and nightingales to a greater display of their powers.

After a most charming walk round the mountain-side we gained the plateau, on which are built two or three houses, with a shed over an old well, and a little Turkish café, before the door of which a goat and baggage pony grazed sociably together, on the verdant sward, spangled with daisies. At this coffee-shop was a grave and picturesque old Turk, assisted by his little son, who, it would seem, was already rather precocious in his acquirements; for, on the cup of coffee being finished, whose worth on the Giant's Mountain is some half-penny, this little rogue whispered, "Ask them six piastres a cup, father; you see they are English.'

The view from this Giant's Mountain is pe-

culiarly fine. On one side we have the Black Sea, with the entrance to the Bosphorus, and the old Fort of Asia; on the other, a panoramic view of the windings of the river, beginning with the Kiosk of the Sultan, Beicos Bay, and Therapia, and leading the eye onwards to the heights of Scutari and the Sea of Marmora. Here I made a sketch in my rough way, while the Turk and the Greek took a little rest and a great deal of chat; and then we descended by another road, nearer the Black Sea, which winds among Turkish villages and country-houses. Several little mud forts were perched above the barracks near the shore, with green tents, and some little military array. The mud forts might hold perhaps twenty men, intended, as the old Turk said, pointing to the Black Sea, "when the Russians come from there, to kill them all." The Greeks and Turks generally do not pull well together at all, but in my case they fraternized admirably; and the Greek, after continuing some political observations, the result of the assertion of the Turk, remarked concisely, "Greek good, Turk good, English good; Russian, no good."

The villages through which we passed owned plenty of dogs, but these demeaned themselves as sensible of the advantages of English countenance; and one cur, of a more progressive character than

the rest, actually wagged his tail at my approach, as if his puppy brains had connected with my presence the ideas of himself, piastres, and the kabob shop at the corner. No tails were strewed about here, not an ear to be seen, nor a morsel of fur large enough to trim even a collar; so that I conclude the country curs live a more simple, tranquil life than those of the capital, and perhaps cool their systems and tempers by a fish diet. The captain of my caique, however, wore a jacket whose lining was painfully suggestive of the envelope of a canine form in the past tense.

Close to the edge of the Bosphorus we came upon a line of little graves, on which the Greek put his hand under his head, and said "Turco," signifying that here "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." One of the mounds had a few sticks round it, with a nut-tree at its head, at which he of the furry garment jumped and laughed in intense ridicule—a pleasantry in which the Greek forthwith joined, evidently feeling immense contempt for what both deemed the coxcombry of the thing. Returning, it blew very fresh, the waves rushing in from the Black Sea with more force than is at all agreeable to the passenger in a caique. When half-across, we heard the booming of the artillery practice at Scutari; and the Turk said,

"Big Prince!" and began to count them,—looking not a little disappointed when he found them continue so long beyond the regulation for great men's compliment.

Mr. Albert Smith, in his clever 'Month at Constantinople,' speaks of the number of people who mistake Belgrade, the great head of the Constantinople waterworks, for Belgrade on the Danube. However, the visit is a pleasant one to make; and I would recommend every traveller to go, and not lose a vast deal of healthful enjoyment because the heroic is not mixed up with the useful. We got three village-horses, rough and humble-looking enough, for seven shillings each. Two of them were equipped with Turkish saddles, or palanas; and one had a pack, which, with quilted coverlet, makes a very good lady's seat. The road, as far as Buyukdere, is rough enough, and would be unsafe to an English horse; but the little country half-bred Koordish nags are quite used to the matter; and the light round shoe, which, though forged cold, lasts well for six weeks, is a great protection, while the severe bit, which tends to injure the horse's paces by the sudden check it gives in a canter, yet keeps them alive to their work in a quiet walk over loose stones.

We ambled along safely and pleasantly enough;

passed Buyukdere, rounded the first headland, and away through the forest. How pretty it is! The trees are not high, and many of the noblest growth are blasted, but the variety of underwood is charming; and as the little copse, cool and shaded, opens on pleasant glades and flower-spangled meadows, one is reminded of some of the loveliest scenes of Old England, when people believed in fairy rings and dances, and iron roads traversed by the Fire King had not destroyed her sylvan loveliness.

As for the village in the centre of the forest, which Lady Montague describes as her residence, it is simply a collection of miserable Turkish huts; and its present character must be materially altered from the festal one described by that fascinating and graphic writer.

Lady Wortley's letters are always charming; and as Oriental life for ages knows no progression, her pictures are as true to reality now as when she sketched them. How long they may retain this value, or exchange it for that of a curious record of the past, is doubtful; forasmuch as having seen one Turkish lady in a pair of Paris boots, another evidently proud of Maltese mittens, and all with the yashmak perilously thin, I am constrained to believe that innovation may make its way even into the harems of pashas; and they themselves admit

as a truth that which now appears to them but as a monstrous absurdity,—to wit, that intelligence and occupation may lead to fewer evil results than ignorance and indolence. Even Therapia may become dull after a time; and having discovered this at the end of a week's sojourn, and moreover finding that the continual arrival of caique-loads of the Scutari military, to make sketches, eat luncheons, and smoke cigars, rather interfered with the character for retirement once enjoyed by the Hôtel d'Angleterre, I determined to return to Constantinople, and make my way by the next French steamer to Gallipoli: inasmuch as any other mode of transport seemed hopeless, and the more so now that Admiral Boxer had passed with Lord Raglan in the 'Caradoc' on his way to a council of war. It was that "unlucky day," Friday, that I selected for my departure; and as the white boat went all other days at ten, I was prepared to take mine ease at mine inn till that hour; but was pleasantly aroused at six, to be told that, as it was Friday, no white boat went, and the one at seven was my sole chance. Of course, as it was a Turkish boat, no notice was given of this in time to prevent annoyance; still I managed to get on board, and soon found myself seated on a quadrangular stool, surrounded by Greek and Turkish ladies we had col-

lected from many villages, who wiled away the time with attempts to chat with me in Turkish, insinuated nuts under their yashmaks, with an action very suggestive of the baby elephant at the Zoological Gardens, smoked a terrific number of pipes, and prosecuted an investigation into the items of my toilet that became rather urgent and troublesome; so that I was not sorry to escape from my gazelle-eyed companions, just as the gay caique of the Sultan was rushing by, bearing his Imperial Majesty to the Mosque of St. Sophia.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR CAMP AT GALLIPOLI.

It was my lot to make the passage from Constantinople in the 'Euphrate,' French steamer, with a very distinguished personage, General Baraguay d'Hilliers, French Ambassador at the court of Turkey; the Attachés and myself forming the rést of the party. I had the pleasure of being the *vis-à-vis* of the General at dinner, and of admiring the gentlemanly, kindly, quiet deportment of the gallant officer, of whose brusqueries I had heard so much at Constantinople. Whether it was in compliment to the General, or simply was a peculiar characteristic of the 'Euphrate,'—a perfect "idiosyncrasy," as far as French steamers are concerned,—I really do not know, but the servants were clean; they all wore a sort of livery; they did not smoke cigars at every possible opportu-

nity, nor read novels in the saloon, nor arrange their accounts at the table after breakfast, nor help themselves out of the preserve-dishes without the useless etiquette of spoons, nor do a thousand other things, which are quite traits in the ordinary bearing of a floating *garçon*. The bouquets on the table were fragrant and lovely, the plate superb, and the whole arrangements so agreeable, that I was almost sorry, at six the next morning, to find our steam rushing off, and to see the curious old Castle of Gallipoli filling up the port-hole. The donjon of the ancient fortification yet remains, but the rest is a mere mass of ruined wall, not even picturesque in its decay.

Everything was miserably wet with the dew that had fallen during the night, and my single portmanteau, that I had begged, and prayed, and scolded, and remonstrated about so much the night before, was, as I fully expected, buried below a mass of luggage of every size and form in the hold, all of which required to be moved, because the second officer had been pertinacious in holding to his rule; which is, not to permit anything larger than a *sac-de-nuit* to find its way into a passengers' cabin.

Fortunately for me, at this early hour, with the 'Euphrate' only waiting for her despatches to

depart, and our camp pitched at a distance of eight miles from the town, an orderly of the 4th Regiment, with his letter-bag, came on board, and I proposed to land under his escort. This landing at Gallipoli was effected by clambering up to a few old planks, set very wide apart, in front of a very dirty house, devoted to some public purpose or other; but fortunately the town, at that early hour, had the advantage of being quiet. On the wooden, gate-like doors of the houses selected for the occupation of our Staff, were nailed visiting-cards, or sometimes scrawlings in chalk, signifying that here dwelt the Quartermaster-General, or the Inspector-General, or some great official personage; and on turning the corner of one very narrow, dusty street, my guide suggested, that as I was to rest in a friend's house until the news of my advent could reach camp, he had "better prepare the gentleman." The orderly knew more than I did at that time, of the crowding and miserable experiences we all had to bear, when entering a Turkish house; however, I soon met the kind welcome I expected, and, before breakfast could be prepared, had time to survey what was considered as one of the best of the furnished houses in Gallipoli. The lower room was filled with baggage of every kind,—packs for mules, old

saddles, trunks, bundles of forage, soldiers' accoutrements, and old cooking-pots, that would only have suited a gipsy's store. From this sort of Panopticon the stairs rose; these were of planks sloping considerably on the side next the wall, and only occasionally boarded up on the back. The rats had been at work too, so that in all ways pleasant openings gave frequent glimpses of what was going on below, and prevented any secret mischief. But, as if this publicity was not sufficient, the drawing-room had no doorway, but the stairs entered at once upon it, without further ceremony. This reception-room could only boast, in the form of furniture, a very hard sofa or divan, which filled up one side of the saloon under the three latticed windows; these commanded views of a great many other latticed windows, some very small plots of ground, scattered with poppies, and the harbour, crowded with shipping. The table was a long plank, on supporters such as we use for a dinner-tray; and a barrel of porter on tap in one corner, with a pack-saddle as an acting arm-chair in another, completed the drawing-room furniture. From this apartment two coarse wooden doors opened into a pair of sleeping-rooms, which possessed a little camp-bed each; and, like all Turkish rooms, were not very conducive to the objects of repose.

While looking from the windows on the scene around, the neighbours caught glimpses of my broad straw hat,—a covering I found most agreeable under the Turkish sun; and soon the latticed windows were crowded by pretty, blooming, smiling Greek faces, that it was quite refreshing to see. Then some of the younger girls came out among the poppies, shaming the flowers with their brightness; and they looked up gaily, and returned my salutations as pleasantly as possible, their long waving hair falling over their shoulders, a crimson or yellow handkerchief protecting it from dust, and a rosebud coquettishly pinned over the left temple. I took off my hat, and waved it to my new friends, on which they laughed merrily; and we became on the best possible terms, as far as signs could go, before I was obliged to leave the window. Our breakfast service was characteristic of time and place. We had tin plates, tin cups, and a tin teapot; very brown, coarse, half-baked bread; no butter, small eggs, and a wooden box of rahhuklakoom, the celebrated sweetmeat of Constantinople, a confection of rice-flour, honey, sugar, and perfume. All this was served without any attempt at a tablecloth; and was assisted by some of the most impracticable knives that ever refused to cut bread.

I was told rather an amusing circumstance that had just occurred. An old Turkish General, who had arrived, desired to see the camps. He visited the French first, was shown all their arrangements, and expressed his great delight at the clever management of everything. He next visited the English. "Excellent!" said he; "and do the men like all this?" "Very much." "Ah, yes! I suppose so; and all this time the Turks are fighting the Russians." Truly, the apparent tardiness of our movements justified this satire; and it was scarcely to be wondered at, while our troops were sauntering for weeks and months about Malta, and now resting here at Gallipoli, without the material to enable them to move forward, either towards Adrianople or Silistria, that the poor beleaguered Turks should be inclined to cry in piteous tones, "Call you *this* backing your friends?" The poor women are already found to be in their wrong places; and while authorities are anxious to send those from Constantinople here, such as are already here appear heartily to desire themselves safe at home again. At this time there were twenty-six of these poor creatures earnestly praying to be allowed to return to their native land, and the transports of course all employed in conveying troops onward. At this time of year (about the 20th of May) the

climate of Turkey is very agreeable, and that of Gallipoli particularly so, the air about these hills being considered especially salubrious. A pretty little pony, of Koordish ancestry, had been purchased for me, who, doubtless to his great astonishment, carried an English side-saddle that had come from Smyrna. The little animal was shod in the usual way, with flat iron plates covering the whole of the frog, and extending up the back of the hoof. These shoes are put on cold, and protect the foot much against the small sharp stones of the hill-sides, although, over the large shapeless rocks of the city highways, they seem rather to increase the danger of falling; however, as during my experiences in Turkey I never saw a native horse fall, this notion may be simple prejudice, and probably is so, for whenever a Turkish horse was shod in the English manner, the animal always became lame, as the result of the experiment.

Early in the afternoon we commenced our ride to the English camp of Boulchar, where were pitched the Twenty-eighth and Forty-fourth Regiments. The road was tolerably good, and the country richly wooded, with here and there a well-built farm-house, prettily situated among the hills. It happened to be watering time for the troop horses, and for the first three miles of our road

we were sadly impeded by French cavalry; and the confusion caused by all these capering led horses was increased by our coming, at a turn of the lane, upon a body of Spahis, fully attired in the gay, picturesque dress of the Algerine horsemen,—their white tasselled cloaks flying in the breeze, their crimson and gold dresses flashing in the sun, and their handsome steeds, urged by every cruelty of bit and spur, caracoling and bounding in all directions. These splendid riders had scarcely passed when we were again surrounded by the French, laughing, singing, and jesting most merrily. At this point, the way was so very narrow, the dust so blinding, and my acquaintance with my little horse so recent, that, fearing the danger of being dragged from my saddle in the confusion, I tried the expedient of crying "Place aux dames!" "Oui, oui," was the answer, "place aux dames toujours;" and, wheeling back their horses, the men made way for me, smiling and lifting their casquettes as I passed. This troop passed, the country road became pleasant enough,—although rugged and worn by the wheels of the native carts, which resemble in all respects the common *hackery* of India. These vehicles groan and squeak too on their progress precisely in the same manner,—a species of pastoral melody that, I am disposed to think, during

the solitude of a long journey, soothes and cheers the peasant charioteer more than a stranger can believe possible; the dry wheel grating on its axle-tree to his ear is poetry and music both, and supplies the want of thought and conversation, making loneliness less dreary. The bullocks too have the true Oriental bearing, compounded of real obstinacy and apparent humility; so that, after passing one or two of these creaking vehicles, a few donkeys laden with earthen water-bottles, a turbaned follower of the Prophet, smoking as he went, and a baggage pony or two, it was difficult to imagine that I was not again on the march in India, wending my way to our evening resting-place.

Soon after sunset we arrived at the camp of Boulchar, most beautifully situated upon the Gulf of Xeros. The ground on which the camp was pitched was covered with soft turf, intersected by little winding paths, leading either to the French camps, or to favourite bathing-places on the various bays. The fine headlands rustled with crops of young barley; and among all this vivid green, the eye was relieved by patches of purple blossoms, the marsh-mallow, and many flowering weeds. Below us lay the smooth, blue, lovely waters of the Gulf, tranquil as an inland lake; and three

miles across it stretches the high land of Roumelia, dotted with Greek villages, and dark with fine woods.

The camp consisted of streets of bell tents, our own being pitched on the other side of a high bank, over which appeared the poles of the hospital marquee, the officers' tents generally being clustered in its rear. Three French camps were disposed near us, and the men were constantly interchanging visits. Nothing could exceed the acknowledgment of fraternity that appeared to exist between the French and English soldiery: as my servant, Corporal Riley, expressed it, "They seem never easy but when they are giving us something, or fetching things from their tents for us." And here I cannot resist copying the admirable Order that, a few days after our arrival at the camp of Boulchar, appeared in the Regimental Book, published for the information of our troops:—

"The Queen having been graciously pleased to appoint General Lord Raglan, G.C.B., General Commander of the Forces to be employed in Turkey in support of her Ally his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, all reports are to be made to him, through the channels prescribed by her Majesty's regulations.

"The Commander of the Forces avails himself

of the earliest opportunity to impress upon the Army the necessity of maintaining the strictest discipline; of respecting persons and property, and the laws and usages of the country they have been sent to aid and defend, particularly avoiding to enter mosques, churches, and the private dwellings of a people whose habits are peculiar and unlike those of other nations of Europe. Lord Raglan fully relies on the Generals and other officers of the Army to afford him their support in suppression of disorders; and he confidently hopes that the troops themselves, anxious to support the character they have acquired elsewhere, will endeavour to become the examples of obedience to order and of attention to discipline, without which success is impossible, and there would be evil instead of advantage to those whose cause their Sovereign has deemed it proper to espouse. The Army will, for the first time, be associated with an Ally to whom it has been the lot of the British nation to be opposed in the field for many centuries. The gallantry and high military qualities of the French army are matters of history; and the alliance which has now been formed will, the Commander of the Forces trusts, be of long duration, as well as productive of the most important and the happiest results. Lord Raglan is aware, from personal

communication with the distinguished General who is appointed to command the French army, Marshal St. Arnaud, and many of the superior officers, that every disposition exists through their ranks to cultivate the best understanding with the British army, and to co-operate most warmly with it. He entertains no doubt that her Majesty's troops are animated with the same spirit, and that the just ambition of each Army will be to acquire the confidence and good opinion of each other."

The date of this Order was the 30th of April, 1854.

The items in this admirable Order concerning mosques and private houses, was proved especially necessary, from two facts which had occurred. It happened, on one occasion, at Scutari, that a most mirthful and unusual sound being heard, public attention was directed to its origin; and there, fringing the galleries of each minar of the great mosque, forming an animated balustrade to the dome, and perched in all possible places, were a chosen band of the privates of our regiments encamped at Scutari, waving caps and handkerchiefs, and shouting the National Anthem, as a variety to the chant of the Muezzins. Again, at Gallipoli, a party of Zouaves, with, I am afraid, the countenance of some of our people, curious in ascertaining the

resemblances between Turkish and Algerine manners, found their way into a harem, for which the Zouaves suffered a dreadful penalty at the hands of their commanders. Generally, however, I believe an army was never seen, whose conduct, as affected the people of a country, was so free from offence.

The culinary talents of the French soldiers astonished our people. The English soldier was half-starved upon his rations, because he could not, with three stones and a tin pot, convert them into palatable food. The pork and beef were often cast aside for this reason, and the man ate only his bread, or he was compelled to pay a woman of the regiment to cook for him. The Frenchman, on the contrary, caught tortoises, and hunted for their eggs; gathered herbs of all kinds; made, in addition to the soup prepared with his ration meat, ragoûts and "omelettes aux fines herbes;" and so dined well on dishes seasoned and delicate. The French and English women did not seem to associate at all. The wives of our soldiers wondered at the manly costume of the useful cantinières, who have their horse and tent, and are treated with equal courtesy by officers and men; and they no doubt were astonished by the want of gallantry in a people who bring women to the wars in a

foreign land, suffer them to stand unsheltered to wash the clothes of the men in a burning sun with a thermometer at 110° of Fahrenheit, leave them unprovided with carriage when the regiment moves, and oblige each woman to sleep with nine other persons of both sexes in a circular tent some twelve feet in diameter.

CHAPTER VII.

STROLLINGS AND GOSSIP.

EVERYTHING that was done well at Boulehar was done by the French. The trenches had been commenced by French engineers; the French soldiers had no sooner pitched their camps, than they made convenient roads to them, dug wells, and set up sign-posts. The reporter of the port of Gallipoli is French; if one desires to know what vessels are in harbour, one must go to the French officer—the English know nothing about it. The French soldier has a Post-office especially devoted to his service, at which his letters are received at a reduced rate. Our poor men complained heavily of the return or loss of letters sent to their wives, and the postal charges on them, levied without any proportion to the soldiers' pay. In riding through the French camps, which I was in the

habit of doing nearly every evening, I saw stacks of hay, grain of all sorts, and every evidence of an abundant commissariat; while the men were all employed in some handicraft,—table making, chair repairing, or in one way or other adding to the general good. They have athletic games, too, of all sorts; and are often to be seen seated in circles listening to one of their party, who, with an admirable voice, may be singing a national, military, or patriotic song.

The French tents also are very far superior to ours, being often well lined, as a security against the burning sun; and, besides doors on either side, having little windows, like the hill-tents of Bengal, which admit air and yet ensure privacy. Our circular tents do, it is true, protect from rain; but the heat in them, from a want of proper ventilation and the small diameter of the upper part, is terrible, more particularly when the canvas is wet, and the ground steaming from heat and damp. The strain, too, upon the pole of the bell tent is excessive in these countries; and after the dew fell, and the canvas tightened as the result, the servants were obliged to loosen the ropes frequently during the night, to avoid the snapping of the pole.

The reader, if seated in a well-appointed Eng-

lish room, with the usual complement of upholsterer's luxuries around, may reasonably wonder how people exist in bell tents on Turkish hills, and live to come home, moreover, and find fault with them. I shall be charmed, from the results of my own experience, to satisfy any such curiosity. At Boulchar, I had the immense luxury of two tents,—a drawing-room and sleeping apartment; both had mats and blankets slung over the side on which the sun struck during the day, but neither possessed the elegant addition of a carpet, not even a Smyrna rug. Centipedes abounded with us; and as one was generally found under the cover of the Dutch cheese at dinner, we thought the less shelter we provided for them the better. The drawing-room furniture consisted of an inverted six-dozen chest, having sundry large rat-holes in its sides, which both permitted circulation of air and afforded pleasant glimpses of scenery, as admitted through the open doorway; moreover, the lidless top being turned on one side, a charming pantry was secured, in which we kept our ration mutton and bread, with the Dutch cheese, and a little basket containing eggs, onions, and lemons, pleasantly rolling together, which, with some canteen sugar, wherein pipeclay frequently predominated, and the tin service, constituted the "luxuries of the East."

For sofas, we had a pair of wicker baskets covered with skins, of which the parchment portion was distressingly visible; and for *bergère*, a Maltese manufactured camp-stool, which either turned over or broke down whenever any one sat upon it.

The sleeping-room was much more elaborately fitted. In addition to camp-beds, was a smaller inverted chest as a toilet-table, three boxes, and a gutta-percha basin and jug,—odd little things, that writhed about into all sorts of shapes as soon as warm water was put into them. Then round the tent-pole were tied curiously-shaped twigs, the cuttings from strong trees: these served for hooks; and on them, in addition to the looking-glass, we suspended various useful articles—sponge bags, riding whips, foraging caps, and so on. The glass did tolerably well on a very still morning, but was hardly satisfactory under a high wind; for, as the pole vibrated, one's face was perpetually represented at all sorts of angles. "And for your dinner?" inquires the reader. Our kitchen was erected modestly in the rear: the "range" consisted of three stones placed under an embankment of mud in the open air; and as our wood was green, the blue smoke curled up from it in the most graceful manner. Our cook was a private of the regiment, and a very bad cook he was,—any-

thing but a "*cordon bleu.*" At Boulchar however the young lamb was excellent, and we enjoyed it, cruel as it seemed thus to denude the land of its prospective mutton. As to our bill of fare, that never varied:—a bit of lamb in a little water, with salt, rice, and an onion, boiled under the influences of green-wood smoke, and eaten with half-baked bread, composed of wheat and earth. This was produced in the tin saucepan, wherein it had been prepared, and was then served on tin plates by means of a cracked teacup.

Yet this was a pleasant life! The climate was healthful and agreeable; the scenery exquisitely beautiful. At this early period of preparation for the campaign, all was energy and hope; the men were not wearied by delays, nor the officers harassed by their natural results. In the morning, awakened by the larks, we rose surrounded by a fresh breeze and the perfume of flowers, to find the hills covered by troops, manœuvring in all directions. Then the various bands began to practise, French and English, continuing till midday. After this, the attention was continually excited by the groups of French soldiery, strolling about in all sorts of picturesque costumes;—the Zouaves with their full Oriental trousers, embroidered jackets, yellow gaiters, and muslin turbans;

the Algerine mercenaries, with an occasional Spahi; troopers, all red, blue, and embroidered, with the red-trousered men of the Line, who, wearing their jaunty casquettes braided according to rank, and loose blue neckerchiefs, formed of themselves admirable groups upon the green hills. In the evenings we rode, and found abundance to admire in the varied landscape, and ever-changing atmospheric effects, to which it must be allowed Turkey owes much of its scenic beauty. Nature however is, here, everywhere prodigal of her gifts; man alone is parsimonious in his improvement of that so abundantly given.

It was the first Sunday after Ascension Day, and Divine service was performed on the ground above the camp. The hour fixed was half-past eight, in consequence of the increasing heat of the weather. The day was lovely; and the choirs of larks singing loudly over our heads, the green flowery hills, the bright sky, the blue Gulf of Xeros, the distant mountains of Roumelia, the calm waters of the Propontis, and the impressive effect of some two thousand five hundred British soldiers, met, in the land of the Moslem, to praise their Maker under the canopy of heaven, formed a scene not easily forgotten.

This was the first time I had witnessed camp

worship, and the fine description of Mr. Carlyle was constantly present to me:—"Its cathedral, the dome of immensity — hast thou seen it? coped with the star galaxies, paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, the star throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody, the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the valiant of the sons of men. Its choir music, the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of destiny and history—supernal as of old."

"Stars, silent, rest over us;
Graves under us—silent."

Before the service had commenced, the band of the 44th gave full effect to the "Jubilate," and our chaplain preached a very suitable sermon on the ordinary temptations and vices of the soldier; and the service was reverent and uninterrupted, except by the presence of a very little Zouave, accompanied by a very little dog, who strolled into the square, as a matter of course, and looked round or moved about as best suited him.

In the evening, quite a large boat came over from Roumelia, laden with wood, supplied to the engineer department, for preparing to hut in such troops as might be left here; and the engineer

officer amused me with the description of an official interview he had had in Gallipoli anent this very wood. It appears he was ushered into a room, where sat the Pasha, and all sorts of great people on a small scale,—the *teskeredgi*, or crier; the *cadi*, or judge; the *mideris*, or doctor of law. These functionaries were all engaged in drinking coffee and smoking chibouks, while administering such justice as Gallipoli enjoys. The process for obtaining it was somewhat lengthy however,—much as Sir Alexander Stevenson, in his amusing 'Lecture on Heads' described English law in those times, comparing it to a country dance, in which one goes up and down till one is tired. So, in Gallipoli, as every fresh case came in, the old one was left until the new one was partially understood; then the first was returned to, till a third demanded attention; after which, the second advanced a little more, and so on, until the Court broke up,—the Turkish magistrates shuffled off the divans into their slippers, and the whole legal proceedings were left in the utmost confusion, to be rendered more perplexing at the next sitting. This is quite characteristic of the Turkish method of despatching business; but, if the political world of Gallipoli is droll, cumbrous, and ineffective in its operations, what shall we say of the agricultural?

32836

I saw a Turkish plough lying on a field one day, a sort of type of all pastoral sluggishness and mismanagement. It was very small, with one tooth, that seldom found its way into the ground, and a handle not large enough for the churn of an amateur dairy. Nevertheless, this machine requires six pair of bullocks to lift it over the soil; the yokes are each like the trunk of a tree, and they are connected by wooden leaders, that turn on huge hinges, each formed of the branch of a goodly oak; so that, altogether, the machinery itself contains timber enough to build a respectably-sized corvette: and all this is to drag an implement, itself having scarcely more power than would be required to run furrows for sowing mignonette in the parterre of a child's flower-garden. So much for the blight of despotism! This plough reminded us how often we had been attracted by the very pretty *pose* of a large Turkish farm, which, though situated on the side of a wooded slope, near a pleasant road through the barley-fields, we had never succeeded in reaching; but, in all attempts to do so, had ever come upon a deep gorge, or a rocky stream, or a few Turkish tents guarded by fierce dogs, or some difficulty or other. However, the plough stimulated us to another essay: leaving therefore the road, we wound over

the brow of a flowery hill, and by a rough foot-path descended to the object of our interest. We found it thoroughly Turkish. All the wood-work was rotten; the principal dwelling, two stories in height, threatened to fall in as we looked at it; immediately within the great gates was a huge slough of black mud and stagnant water, and from its rear rushed forth a family of barking pups, the progeny of some wild Turkish dogs within, who, with a few ducks, appeared the only occupants of a place that would perfectly delight the eye of a Yorkshire farmer, for its surrounding capabilities. A day or two before, we had been terrified by a report of the certain failure of mutton; but were comforted, as we returned, by meeting flocks of sheep, in pretty equal numbers of black and white, with numerous bells round their necks, which led to the selfish hope that the failure would not be in our time.

By the way, the French officers have a very clever knack of making dining-tables. Certainly they cannot ask a friend to put his legs under their mahogany, but are able very easily to add a leaf on the increase of guests. The plan is, to level an oblong piece of ground and dig a trench all round it, in which the diners sit, leaving the table in *alto-relievo*,—a system far superior to ours,

of filling up the centre of a curiously small tent with an inverted wooden box, studded with rusty nails, and dangerous with splinters; while, by reason of its sides, one is obliged to represent the two sides of a right-angled triangle before it is possible to taste the soup. The French method too is rather classical.

About the end of May our troops began to grumble about not going on; and one evil of delay was to make people wish and aim at comfort, —not an idea that at all tends to strengthen the sinews of war. Soups, entrées, and puddings with sweet sauce, were spoken of as ordinary things; and dinners were given in exchange with the French officers that would, if a man were *very* hungry, be considered satisfactory at the "Sablonnière." One day an officer of our regiment gave a wonderful dinner-party. I do not like to risk an assertion, which fact may possibly contradict, but I am pretty certain that the bill of fare included a batter-pudding! I know there was a goose, and champagne corks flying in all directions. Moreover, I am certain on the point of there being an expenditure of nine yards of white calico, to add a reception room, in the form of a verandah, to the bell tent. We were all overwhelmed with envy; and a French officer, who was one of the

guests, was so charmed that he made a sketch forthwith, which, I believe, has appeared in the 'Journal d'Illustration', at Paris. The poor young officer who gave this party a few days afterwards met with a sad accident, in the harbour at Gallipoli. He climbed the mast of a small vessel, and, in swinging down, the heat caused by the friction compelled him to loose his hold of the rope, and he fell, enduring severe injury. The idea was that his leg was broken; and yet, such was the state of things *then* with our part of the force, that, although the officer was carried into Gallipoli, the medical men there were obliged to send a horseman out to our brigade, to borrow all the means and appliances—first from one hospital, and then from another—for affording the necessary relief to the suffering patient.

One of the great difficulties felt by commanding officers in camp was, what punishment could be found for the backslidings of the men. There were no cells, as in station barracks, and so perhaps flogging was resorted to more frequently than it would otherwise have been. The men also treated the matter too lightly for its moral influence to have much effect. I heard a soldier, while carrying water from the well, grumbling about the frequent punishment for what were called "crimes."

"I got punished," said he, "for singing: I should not have minded, but for the way the sergeant put it—'for *being* singing;' if it had been for singing, well and good, but for *being* singing!" It seemed an odd idea; but the man appeared more annoyed at the construction of the regimental order than at the punishment itself. It was a great trial for the men—the heat, the inaction; and as to the women,—huddled together in the tents at night, like sheep in a pen, and exposed to the burning heat by day; either cooking for the men, or washing on the hill-sides, with the skin peeling from their poor arms and faces,—it seemed wonderful that they could exist at all. And yet hard things are said of the soldier's wife; and people, themselves cared for in mind and body, throw stones, and complain that the miserable creature is not so sober or so virtuous as themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUBBLES FROM BOULEHAR.

BETWEEN the tents of our brigade and the town of Boulehar was a world of French camps. Every day steamers coming up the Sea of Marmora seemed to land fresh troops; every day a new position was taken up by French engineers; the best sites were occupied, and little tricolour flags floated in all directions round us. Ambulances for the sick, artillery carts, canteens, appeared to occupy every slope; and the roads were crowded with French, regulars, Zouaves, cavalry, and Algerines. It was said, after a time, that the French learnt habits of intoxication from their fraternization in the English camps; therefore they were not permitted to visit us. The result was, that our people went over more frequently to their brethren, the French, and returned, unusually "how came you so in-

deed!" In every way but this however the French were infinitely our superiors. From time to time our men fell seriously ill, or accidents occurred, but we had no carriage for the sick. A commissariat cart was the best resource; and so, jarred, and jolted, and bumped about in a way to make any healthy man ill, the sufferer was conveyed to the general hospital at Gallipoli. If a French soldier failed, a litter was ready, covered with a canvas awning, and borne on the shoulders of his comrades, while his officer in the rear saw that all his comforts were attended to. I no longer wondered at the remark I had heard used from one Frenchman to another, on board a Marseilles steamer,—"Comme vous êtes heureux, d'être un soldat Français!" Truly he was so, comparatively speaking.

Boulehar itself was a prettily-situated town, being built on the slope of a hill overlooking the Gulf of Xeros, with richly wooded hills rising above each other in the distance, fading away in their neutral-tint hue, till they mingled with the pale blue of the clear sky. A few paces outside Boulehar was a cemetery, very remarkable in its way. Some of the tombs were evidently parts of the columns of temples, being of pure white marble, beautifully fluted; others were extremely

ancient; and the more modern, those that did not bear turbans, had little cups on their summits to receive water, the object being to encourage birds to rest and build there,—trees and birds to the Moslem depriving the idea of death of half its terrors, and seeming to them a foretaste of the Eternal Gardens. The interior of Boulehar has nothing to recommend it—I never heard of a Turkish town that had. Perhaps I am ungrateful however; for I recollect being charmed on a visit there, when an old gentleman, the proprietor of a donkey with panniers, disclosed some apples and lemons to my delighted eyes. We learnt to be very unsentimental in these lands, and to value places a good deal on what edibles they produced,—a deterioration of character which may be forgiven, considering the very imminent danger we all ran of being starved to death every day. Our condition in the camp of Boulehar was such, that the possession of a Dutch cheese was quite reason enough for asking friends to dinner; and there was such a cackling about a goose that some one had brought home from a village at his saddle-bow, and had been tied to a tent-pole ever since, that those who were not invited to eat him will, I am persuaded, never forgive those who were. The matter will, very reasonably, become an heirloom grievance, and be handed down as an hereditary family feud.

From Boulchar however was attained a most glorious view of Xeros, the Sea of Marmora, and the mountains of Asia Minor; and though some folks talked with rapture of that view just entering the town, with the white mosque and the dark cypress background, I still say, the view from the cemetery, with the head of the Gulf, the purple mountains contrasting with the deep orange tints of the setting sun, the water-wheel with its shed crowded with gay costumes, and the chalet-like houses lighted-up all red and yellow, was worth a hundred of them; though, when I drew it, I was not prepared for the clouds of dust which enveloped me, and the herds of sheep and buffaloes, which, crowding past, carried me in idea at once to the stifling sunset hours in the neighbourhood of a native town in India.

Some five miles beyond Boulchar was the most charming sylvan retreat imaginable;—a garden, or wood it might be, with forest-trees and vines intermingled,—the first apparently of great age; where, amidst the loveliest flowers and shrubs, redolent of fragrance, and vocal with the sweet voices of innumerable birds, was an old palace or temple, with marble columns, and the remains of its "sheshmehs," or fountains. An old vineyard, too, near the Sea of Marmora, with its corn-fields and wells, was a favourite resort; and it was plea-

sant to see the men, French and English, half-buried in the ripe corn, lounging about in friendly chat, learning to forget old prejudices, and to wonder at, and admire, what good they found in one another. The courtesy of the French was delightful everywhere; and the frankness with which it was mingled in the common soldier made it still more agreeable, because it seemed so natural and untaught.

Our officers were constantly meeting with adventures at Boulchar,—that is, if losing their way could be called adventure. One party, coming home from an expedition round the head of the Gulf, were so confused by ridges, valleys, and so on, as to be constrained, in fear of wells and precipices, to dismount, and lie by the side of their horses until dawn,—not daring to risk the hills during the darkness of night. Another party found their way to a barn at Boulchar; and there, being sheltered by a set of Turkish footpads, as it would seem, in the morning rose from what they felt a very insecure retreat, to miss both horses and entertainers. Bathing was a favourite amusement, and strolling about the headlands of the Bay, which were excessively picturesque and beautiful; in some cases, besides, the fields of green barley, and the turf, gemmed with flowers, having

woods of young oak, producing in abundance the vallonia, so much prized in these lands, and abounding with birds of the sweetest song and most brilliant plumage,—what they were I have no idea, but the greens, black, and orange of their plumage reminded me of the "mangoe" and "love-birds" of India. Here and there, too, on a turn of the road, one came upon a well, shaded by trees, sculptured handsomely, and adorned with verses from the Koran. A pleasant sight this, in all lands, where Nature affords the gift in her free beneficence, and man gratefully and religiously acknowledges the blessing.

The road past one of these wells formed our usual evening ride: it commanded a distant, but rather pleasing view of Gallipoli; and one evening, when it was too warm to ride far, I endeavoured, seated among the corn-fields, to make a little sketch of it before the sun set.

The climate during the first week in June was very agreeable; but after that the days became hot, and we were obliged to sit on the ground in our tents, with the "fly" up all round it, before any degree of endurable coolness could be obtained. The rations too became worse in quality; and occasionally, hard, coarse beef and cask-pork were substituted for fresh lamb, and this meat was fre-

quently thrown away by the men. Every morning a few Turks came to the camp, with eggs, lemons perhaps, or some coarse bread; onions occasionally, and sugar. A woman of the regiment, too (whom I shall call Mrs. O'Flanagan), possessed herself of a few fowls, which went well enough with a chance Adrianople tongue, brought from Constantinople, or a bit of bacon obtained *en cadeau* from the captain of a transport. Now it was seen that the *cantinières* of the French army were not only exceedingly useful as suttlers to the camps, but looked amazingly well in their picturesque costume, as they rode behind the colonels of their several regiments on field days. The women of our force suffered, and were comparatively useless. An idea was therefore set on foot, of converting them into *cantinières;* and though the difficulty of costume—the waistcoat, and "that idea continued downwards"—first presented itself, it was not considered insurmountable. Mrs. O'Flanagan, then, —a strong, active, clever woman in her way, and possessed of a complexion likely to wear well, and a tolerable foot and ankle,—was selected for the experiment. She was provided with a donkey and a tent, commanded to forage about the villages for supplies, and permitted to sell them, at a reasonable profit, in camp.

For a few days nothing could present a more hopeful appearance. Young geese, juvenile ducks, green apples,—suggestive of innumerable dumplings,—with a variety of fresh luxuries, threatened to make our six-dozen-chest dining-tables groan with plenty. The flounced mousseline-de-laine dress of the energetic donkey-rider rose two or three inches; and the regimental tailor, in his mind's eye, already saw the grey trousers, red jacket with a charming little tail to it, and excessively short jupe, in which our suttler was not alone to rival the French *cantinière* in costume, but was to be the bright leader of a band, prepared to surround the colonel on all state occasions, like the shining satellites of a superior planet. Alas, for human hopes founded on the stability of woman's will! Mrs. O'Flanagan wearied of donkey-riding. The profit on her foragings rose to cent. per cent., and she was duly expostulated with. In a day or two more the mousseline-de-laine descended again, and not a goose or duck cheered us with its pleasant cacklings. The eggs remained; and Vin de Tenedos—the juice of the vine—did duty for the juice of the apples. While the regiments were on parade, Mrs. O'Flanagan was wont to divest the itinerant merchants of their supplies, and send them home rejoicing; so

that on the men's return not the vestige of a Turk was to be seen; and all eggs, milk, onions, and etceteras, were only to be had at the store of the wily suttler. Then came a tug of war. Mrs. O'Flanagan was commanded to leave her tent, and yield up her donkey. She defied. The order was repeated, but she received it with smiles of derision, firmly seated among her eggs. This was too much. As a camp-follower she was amenable to camp authority; and the matter ended by an officer being directed to burn her tent over her head. Mrs. O'Flanagan became a sort of Suttee to her principles; though, unlike the Hindoo widow, she yielded her confidence under the influence of green wood, and was very soon smoked out like a noisome insect, and remained seated under a neighbouring bush, leaning her arm on a barrel of Vin de Tenedos, and lamenting her destiny in a pathetic Irish howl.

The high land of Roumelia, which bounded our view, is full of interest. Eight miles up the hills from the landing-place opposite Boulehar, is the spot tradition assigns as the residence of St. John, when he first commenced his ministry in these lands. There is a little excavated rock to be seen there, with a fine spring, or "sheshmeh" (fountain); the water is deliciously pure; and on St.

John's Day the Greeks from all the villages round, and even from Constantinople, make a pilgrimage to what is deemed the old habitation of the Saint. The country is very lovely, abounding with oak, and all the beautiful foliage peculiar to rich forest scenery; with an undergrowth of yellow-jessamine, roses, woodbine, and wild mignonette. Near the fountain of the Saint are the remains of a wretched village; and the basin into which the sparkling water flows is surrounded by enormous stones.

The Greek villages on this shore are particularly interesting. Each is governed by a sort of "head-man," or patriarchal governor, inferior however to the Papa, or Priest. The people possess copies of the Greek Bible, and instruct their children with considerable care, in various excellent religious and moral books. The Greeks of this part of Roumelia, though very simple in their habits, possess considerable capabilities for instruction, and seem interested in any little anecdotes, heroic or otherwise, of their ancient race.

Nothing can be more charming than the manner in which, with untutored courtesy, the Greeks of these villages endeavour to honour and show hospitality to the stranger; and when any of us went over, either in the wood-boat or round the head of

the Gulf on horseback, the villagers struggled in kindly rivalry, who should make us the most welcome to all the place produced. A clean room was immediately found, and then food in abundance produced, for which no payment would be taken; and guides were ready, and ponies brought down from the hill-side, and everything they had was at our service the moment the hint was given. The Priest, by means of an interpreter, chatted about all that interested him, expressed a wish for schools and enlightenment, and showed that he considered knowledge a good thing. Of all art and science however, even in the simplest rudiments, the Greeks, priests and laymen, seemed equally and profoundly ignorant; their agricultural implements are of the rudest construction; and, possessing little money, they barter by exchange. I found the same system to a certain extent obtained in these villages as that common in the plains of the Deccan in Western India,—the repair of the ploughs, water-wheels, leather-work, and other necessary mechanical labour of this kind, being contracted for by village carpenters and shoemakers; who, in return for keeping farm implements in working order, receive annually a percentage on the field produce. This satisfies the farmer and the workman; but, as will easily be

seen, the system tends to retard improvement, and oppose the introduction of new and superior mechanical power.

The language spoken in these interesting villages is Romaika, a rude patois of ancient Greek. Some tolerable classical scholars who went over from our camp, told me they succeeded easily in tracing the roots of almost all the words in common use, and, after a little practice, seemed to get on very tolerably without an interpreter; which was as well, as our interpreter was an exceedingly ignorant youth of Smyrna, educated as a linguist, at the St. Julian's College, Malta, and not likely to make any subject clearer by his manner of putting it,—his intelligence being especially dormant.

Just before we left Boulchar, a Greek priest came over, in very bad health, soliciting medical aid. His case, I fear, was incurable, and our means, where medicine was concerned, of the most inefficient nature; but he had faith in our treatment, and this being an important point in aid of the art of healing, it is pleasant to suppose that the good old man still teaches the rosy-checked urchins in his little village of Roumelia.

CHAPTER IX.

A LITTLE ROMANCE AT TCHIFLECK.

On the 9th of June we changed our camp, and left the high ground of Boulchar and the Gulf of Xeros, for Tchifleck and the Sea of Marmora. Our move had all the characteristics of a march in India. Our sitting tent was struck late in the evening; and everything that *could* be squeezed, *was* squeezed, into something else. Then, beginning to swarm among the fields of barley round about us were the baggage ponies, and only twenty instead of forty carts were to be got by the commissariat,—and such carts they were! We were glad enough to get them however, and not perhaps very courteous in their appropriation. Then the packing began, and lasted nearly all night. Blacking brushes were pressed in with the French rusks; the cork of the lamp-oil bottle, that never *did* fit,

came out, and the oil oozed in everywhere; and as soon as a box was lifted into a cart, the cart groaned in every joint, apparently as sensible to the dread of an overload as that idle grumbler, a camel. And then sleep was declared a sweet restorer, and restoration necessary. So we tried hard, and had just succeeded in forgetting that we must march at three o'clock, when the bugle sounded,—the mallets struck upon the tent-pegs, —those who were obliged to get up did so, cold and grumbling, while others turned round again, pretending there was "plenty of time," though when they did so they knew perfectly well what miserable self-deception they were trying to practise. Then the same cruel bugle sounded "Strike the tents;" and down went the canvas homes of the whole brigade! Anon, old Turks were pushed and scolded; tried to do right, and invariably did wrong, for which they were pushed and scolded again. And the women of the regiments loitered about, watching for the unlikely chance of a lightly laden cart to gain permission to ride; and baggage ponies shook off their loads, galloping far away through the barley, and neighing merrily as they went, as if to excite all others to the same idea of blessed liberty. And the regiments fell in, and the bands played, and we all rode off, leaving the

sick men and baggage to follow; and so made our way over pleasant park-like slopes, past bright Turkish farms, and among perfect shrubberies of wild roses, the air vocal with the sweet carols of the newly-risen larks. Here and there some regiment of our brigade would be lost to the eye by the turn of a wooded knoll; then again, marching steadily along the footpath, it would reappear like a waving crimson line among the green barley, steadily, steadily moving without an apparent break,—the distant melody of the band coming fitfully towards us on the pleasant morning breeze. Sometimes we came up with baggage-cattle, giving terrible trouble to their English drivers, who reasoned with them, and apostrophized them by supposed baptismal names,—a system of cajolery that had but little effect; and from time to time we overtook groups of weary women, one of whom excited great sympathy, as she carried in her arms a pretty, smiling infant, that had only entered upon the Turkish world a month before.

It made one's heart ache, to look on its rosy cheeks and eyes, closed in the sweet sleep of unconscious infancy,—to see it nestling in its mother's bosom, her eyes fixed in intense love upon her baby's face,—and to know what would probably be too soon the fate of mother and child. The

green fields, the white roses, the song of birds, seemed to protect them yet; but those soldiers—those glittering arms,—to what horrors might *they* not lead, to scare and crush that little one,—to break the heart of that fond, weary woman!

We arrived at our ground about seven o'clock; and a charming spot it was. On every side rose hills thickly wooded, their slopes waving with green barley, and dotted with park-like trees. In the distance were the purple mountains of Asia; and, washing their shores, shone the bright waters of the Propontis, covered with quite a fleet of the Turkish sail. As the carts and baggage came up by a broad and much longer road, skirting Gallipoli, trees were our only shelter, and breakfast not to be thought of, if tents, servants, kitchens, and tin-services were required for that refection. Indian experience however had taught me, that a breakfast could be very easily improvised under the green-wood shade, sufficient for all the rational wants of man. So we gathered a few dry sticks,—procured a lucifer-match from the Colonel's orderly, who just happened to stroll up with his firelock,—deprived a baggage-pony of part of his load, in the shape of an old kettle,—filled it with water from a soldier's can,—stewed some tea, found in a twist of paper at the bottom of a haversack,—stopped a

Turk, gravely driving a donkey laden with graceful jars, their mouths plugged with fresh grass,—constrained him to admit that they contained milk, and to sell us two measures, for which we paid half a piastre. And while we proceeded, with ration bread, to enjoy the idea of our repast, the Turk was so struck by the proceeding, that, in a spirit of hospitality, as if lord of the manor on his native hills, he insisted on our drinking a measure each of the milk without payment, and we parted excellent friends; he of the fez moving slowly on, and turning his head from time to time to look how we proceeded, nodding, smiling, and crying out, "Buono!" as he did so.

Some two hours after breakfast the carts came up; and after considerable question about choice of position, ours was unloaded upon a pleasant slope, some little distance from where fluttered the small red flag denoting the Colonel's tent. The character of the ground, however, rendered it somewhat difficult to pitch the tents, by reason of a high wind blowing in great force from the Sea of Marmora,—these storms being very common, and having for the last fortnight annoyed us exceedingly, though their duration was happily short.

The old Turkish carter, when his work was done, calmly sat down; and excavating, from some ruinous

looking objects, a huge bag of the same material as his trousers, pulled out two, from among some hundreds, of thin brown cakes, and ate them with quiet resignation. He then rose, yoked his oxen, and asked for buksheesh; when, a trifle being given, he took the hand of the donor, shook it warmly, and ended by pressing it to his lips and forehead. All this was pleasant enough; but I was grieved to hear, that a sad outrage had been committed by a soldier seizing a plough for firewood, and breaking the yokes from the necks of the bullocks for the same purpose. The owner was a man who had most especially served us, by taking out his own horses from a stable in Gallipoli, when a heavy storm harassed the brigade on their first arrival, and sheltering therein our own more delicate English chargers. The man bore the outrage most patiently, merely shaking his head as he looked at the wreck of his property, and with much gravity remarking, "No buono!" "Buono!" and "no buono" are the phrases in general use by the Turks since our arrival; and by the use of these, they seem to believe that they shall be perfectly understood. I was glad to hear several of our soldiers express their strong disgust at the wanton outrage that had been committed, and the ill requital made to the hospitable man,

who had shown us so much valuable kindness. One great advantage of our long peace has certainly been to humanize the soldier; and I cannot now imagine an army guilty of those horrible outrages, which make humanity shudder, in the records of the past.

A little shepherd who passed our tent today in charge of his flock, was eminently diverted with me; it was a new idea altogether. He could hardly tear himself away from the strange sight of an unveiled woman, writing and drawing with implements as unknown to him as the character of the occupation. He was very fair, as Turkish children generally are, with rosy cheeks; a pink cotton quilted cap on his little shaven crown, white body-coat, light blue sack trousers, and the Bulgarian brown blanket-like leggings, girt below the knees with black cord: he was altogether, as he leant upon his shepherd's pole and gazed earnestly into the tent, a most picturesque little being, and reminded me of the Usbek Tartars I had seen travelling through Cutch upon their pilgrimages.

On the first Sunday of our being at Tchifleck, divine service was performed at five in the morning to the brigade generally, at a distance of some three miles from our camp; and this being a church parade far too fatiguing for women to be expected

to attend, who would be constrained to stand in the square, and then walk back in the heat of the morning, I proposed to read the Evening Service to as many wives of soldiers as chose to attend in my tent. I had pack-saddles, pillows, mats, and every available item we could collect arranged as seats; and twelve women attended, behaving with reverence and decorum, and gratefully thanking me at the conclusion.

I cannot help thinking that the English soldier's wife is one of those miserable mistakes in our social system, by which we are apt to make people bad, and then severely punish them for being so, by measures only calculated to make them worse. We have found out, in part, one of these mistakes, as affected juvenile offenders against the laws, and perhaps may act more wisely for the future; and it were well could we discover another mistake, which perhaps this war may throw some light upon, and lead us to more judicious, Christian, and merciful treatment of the wives of our soldiers. The time may come when a woman's modesty may be considered worthy of protection,—when she is not driven to intemperance, to render her insensible to the shame of a new, and, to some, terrible position, —when the religious education of this class of society may be considered as necessary as that of

the heathen native of Africa or India, and when, as a woman, her influence for good or evil may be recognized, and even the soldier's wife,—degraded as she now is in the social scale, too often deeply sunk in habits of vice, drunkenness, and depravity, —may yet find true sympathy—a sympathy which may protect original goodness,—may raise the sinner from the slough of despond,—may train, educate, counsel, and forgive; ultimately rendering the soldier's wife not only a respectable and useful member of society, but improving the tone of our army by her example and influence.

I have an amusing little romance to tell, however, and must not lose my way in the dream of a platform at Exeter Hall.

Mrs. O'Flanagan, our *cantinière* "with a difference," came into camp one evening in a state of immense excitement; and being speedily surrounded by gossips, stated that, when washing at the river, she saw a number of female slaves at work in a vineyard, under the control of an ancient Turk, who was keeping the veiled helps to their duty, after a manner so pathetically described by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Mistress O'Flanagan stated, that upon strolling up to the scene of action under the influence of her usually inquiring mind, one of the flock addressed her in an intelligible way, stating

herself to be an Irish girl, who as an infant had arrived in the port of Gallipoli with her parents, the father having commanded a small Liverpool trader. The father having died and been hospitably interred, the Turks had seized the wife and child as slaves; and on the death of her mother, the girl had become the property of this terrible old vine-dresser. She was now eighteen, and had made several vain efforts to escape; for which independence, as Mrs. O'Flanagan averred, "she had been whipped horrible!" Our informant added, that the white slave was "a sweet creature, with sich a hinnocent young face!" and had besought her, Mistress O'Flanagan, to make her condition known and procure her rescue. The tale spread—chivalry was in a blaze! At dawn the following morning the whole brigade, officers and men, on horse and foot, was scouring the hills. The quiet old vine-dresser came forth to his field as usual, but, alarmed by the hubbub, sought to retire and carry off his slaves. Our men were too fast for him. The women were surrounded. The soldiers, uncertain of the object of their adventure, pulled first at one veiled lady's garment and then at another's, to ascertain which had the advantage of a Tipperary brogue. One replied in a series of little kicks, another struck out most vigorously, a third howled

fearfully, but the fascinating voice of Erin's fair daughter was nowhere to be heard; and after venting all the abuse permitted by the Koran to be heaped upon the heads of unbelievers, these soulless culturers of the old Turk's fields shook off their yellow boots, and scrambled up among the cherry-trees, out of the reach of their chivalrous knights. This was vexatious. The exciting and mysterious seemed likely to be a complete failure; and of course the injury done to the crops, and the insults offered in the cause of supposed innocence, reached the ears of the authorities at Gallipoli.

The English Consul became fearfully irate; the General of the Division demanded explanations; the Pasha was taken from his calumet of peace, and asked with angry threats the meaning of it all. Evidences were called,—the gossips of our camp, who went, and returned much the worse for Vin de Tenedos, after having given very confused statements in a very contradictory manner; and the romance ended in a belief, that the whole was a cunningly-devised scheme of Mistress O'Flanagan's to get those into trouble who had smoked her out at Boulchar, and also to enable her to see Gallipoli without fatigue, as she indeed eventually did, in a prison there.

For myself, I confess to an original belief in the

story, and had arranged that its heroine should have comfortable accommodation in our camp, by which means I had hoped to have amused any one who might be kind enough to read these very hastily written Turkish sketches, with some truthful and interesting characteristics of Gallipolitan rustic life. However, "this was only *another* instance," as a gallant and distinguished officer told me on the evening of the last judicial examination anent the matter, of "woman being the origin of all mischief."

Poor Mistress O'Flanagan! we saw the direction in the Order-book, that the officer on guard was to visit her three times during the day, and twice during the night, to assure himself of her safe custody; and after due punishment, the lady was to be shipped for England, to make the best use she could of her natural genius for romance.

The vineyards of these hills are planted as fields, with hedges between them; and the grapes produced are large and delicious, though the vines do not seem to attain greater height than those of France. The largest and finest grapes do not however produce the best wine, and this may in some measure explain the inferiority of the "Tenedos." The supplies to Gallipoli from Smyrna were now tolerably constant, and French shops sprang up in

all directions. Banners were flying across the narrow streets, announcing comestibles of all kinds; and before we left Gallipoli at the end of June, brandy, French fruits, hams, tongues, and general supplies, of a fair quality and price, could be obtained. There was a café or two, but very bad, and a restaurant still worse. Yet all the improvements were French; and in riding along the shore, it was impossible to avoid an expression of admiration at the arrangement of the French stores, their completeness and abundance. At one point there was a huge coffee-mill, that ground the coffee after it had been fresh-roasted in a monstrous roller, for all the camps, at stated times. This caused the most enthusiastic admiration among our soldiers, who, when in possession of their ration-coffee, could make no use of the raw berry without either proper means for roasting and grinding it, or sufficient ingenuity to devise others. And so it was with everything: we were never tired of admiring the mechanism of the French army.

We found our camp life at Tchifleck very delightful. The troops were healthy, and the country fine and interesting. Under such favourable circumstances, a sort of nomade life has certainly charms peculiar to itself. Nothing could be pleasanter, strange as it may read, than our existence,

passed, as it was here, in bell tents pitched on the slope of a Turkish hill, looking over the Sea of Marmora.

Our carpet was the flower-enamelled grass, a thousand times more brilliant than any design in Marlborough House. A magnificently towering purple-blossomed thistle, that I would not have changed for the tallest figure footman in Grosvenor Place, stood sentry at my door. A thousand larks were my vocalists; and, for sunsets and moonlights, what charm could all the Claudes and Titians of the Academy possess, when compared to these glorious originals shining on the Eastern wave?

The teeming life around too, how beautiful and curious it was!—the butterflies, the beetles,—their green and golden, crimson and orange tints, flashing in the sunlight from every weed and flower! The primitive character of our daily life too, how pleasant even that became from habit, and the freedom that it gave! How, even now, I remember with cheerful thoughts all that happened to us there! The three stones of our kitchen-range,—the blue smoke, and gipsy meal,—the rocky well, down among the barley, with our servant climbing the hill with the oriental-looking water-vessel,—our ponies feeding in quiet pasture round us,—the tinkling of the bell, which announces that now we may

have tea, for the sheep and goats have returned from feeding,—our rides, our sketches, our gossips, strollings, merriment,—how pleasant it all was! And really I do believe, that a nomade life—the original condition of our race—is more healthful, more fascinating, and perhaps even better for the moral condition of man, than the feverish excitements of the political, and the often deteriorating frivolities of the social, life of cities;—though, as with us, one's seat may be the hill-side, and one's table a pack-saddle.

CHAPTER X.

SMYRNA.

The Gallipoli brigades being under orders for Varna, and having occasion to visit Malta before I joined them there,—being provided moreover with a return ticket,—I determined to start in the French steamer Sinai, one of the most splendid vessels of the company. Before we got under weigh, the Himalaya sped past us like an arrow on her way to England; and from the Dardanelles came up a Turkish steamer, with the unlucky transports in tow which had gone on shore with the 11th Hussars, and we all amused ourselves with telescopic inquiries into their numbers and condition.

Our captain was deeply engaged in paying all sorts of polite attentions to the sister-in-law of the Gallipoli postmaster and her daughter, a vivacious little brunette of sixteen summers. Notwithstand-

ing this, however, the French boat did not fail to observe the usual etiquette of running her head into the rigging of one boat before she started, and then, by backing, jarred her stern against another; but this over, she got fairly round, and made a charming run to the Dardanelles, where we stopped off the town, and had plenty of time to admire the palace-like house building for Mr. Calvert, the English Consul. At this place, as usual, some ugly Turks brought off the curious pottery, so amusingly mentioned by Mr. Albert Smith. Among it were some gracefully moulded Etrurian-looking water-vessels, which, being glazed and unporous, did not promise to keep the water very cool; but we got a sort of hippogriff, with glass feet and gilt mustachios,—a most delightful monster, that would have made the fortune of half Wardour-street.

The Dardanelles pottery is, however, not ruinously expensive. Four large water-jars, and this most exquisite monster, were purchased for fifteenpence; and besides the crockery curiosities, we saw a greater one than any,—that in the human shape of a Negro, squatting in the stern of a shore-boat. He was the largest and most horrible-looking being I ever saw: nothing human can be imagined more disgusting in form than this ebony-

coloured monster, this enormous half-melted-looking mass of caoutchouc. About sunset we made the picturesque Bay of Mitylene, just in time to catch sight of the fine fort, cast out in strong relief against the bright yellow light, and be shown the one minar within it, to enter which, by the Christian, is said to be dangerous, even unto death. We were anchored close in shore, and a sort of Consul came on board, to tell us that a Dutch frigate was on shore at the Castle of Smyrna, and we were to help her off. This personage was accompanied by two children,—one, a particularly pert little individual, who spoke Greek, French, Turkish, and Italian, looking like a polyglot cricket, in his brown hat and bright green coat; and the other, a funny little creature too in his way, clad in the Greek costume, and called by the cricket, "*Bem.*" We found, in fact, that the parents of the little hero in sash, fez, and bag-trousers, had absolutely christened the child "Bem," from their admiration of the Hungarian General.

In the evening we left Mitylene, with the Dutch frigate dreadfully upon the minds of most of us. Several suggested sitting up, to be ready to jump upon the rocks when we also either went ashore in the darkness or ran foul of the Dutch frigate. We agreed to rest however till midnight; and

our romance ended by sleeping most comfortably, without even a dream of shipwreck, and waking the next morning in the harbour of "Infidel Smyrna," to find our *bête noire*, the Dutchman, floating alongside us, in all the tranquillity of deep water.

As the Sinai "coaled" here,—that is, took in a large quantity of dirt, mixed with a proportion of something of the carboniferous nature (the Smyrniotes being remarkable for their talent of adulteration in this particular),—we went at once on shore, agreeing to breakfast at the hotel, which we did, much to the purpose. Our host provided the most exquisite soles, as small in their way as the prawns were monstrous,—quite curiosities are the giant prawns of Smyrna. And in addition to these last not particularly wholesome articles in the dietetic formula, appeared plates of hard apricots, called "Kill-Johns" by Eastern travellers, the "Bull" being, I presume, understood, and the plural letter playfully substituted. However, lest it should be thought that Smyrna coal is more wholesome than Smyrna breakfasts, it is only just to add, that ours was stated to be excellent, and to eclipse many respectable attempts made in our favour by the hosts of various nations.

The bazaars of Smyrna are not worth seeing

after those of Stamboul; we miss the Turkish arabas, and the black horse-hair veils of the women are especially ugly. Of course we bought some velvet jackets, embroidered with gold; purses and Greek handkerchiefs; inquired for Broussa silk dresses, without much success; met a great many camels, who did not seem to recognize us as Allies at all. And then we were most unpleasantly persecuted by a somewhat inebriated Smyrniote, very dirty, very noisy, and very determined to be promoted, "*vice* Abdallah Dragoman suspended;" and, when told to be gone, and threatened with the police, with a sort of humorous obstinacy insisted on himself finding a policeman to take him into custody, constantly saying, "Come here! come here! this way—police in this street:" truly, a most unpleasant person.

Everybody knows all about a Turkish bath,—how wearying the process, how refreshing the result; and as, the oftener it is used, the more desirable it seems, I tried to put myself under the charge of a Smyrna bath-lady, for the purpose of enjoying again this characteristic form of most satisfactory ablution. I say *tried*, inasmuch as the matter was unsuccessful, for the good woman would not undertake me unless I had three hours' leisure,—an abandonment of time to her uses I

could not agree to. The woman was a character in her way, born in Smyrna of French antecedents. She was a dwarf in stature, and certainly not young; a chiropodist, and dealer in cosmetics; her complexion singularly fresh, and her hair almost white: she talked a great deal of some berries peculiar to Smyrna, which, being prepared in a certain way, produced a hair-dye, the secret of which she said would make the fortune of a coiffeur in London or Paris. I asked her, why, with the knowledge of such a specific, she did not herself employ it; but she said, she was "afraid of getting the character of a coquette, having been already three times married, and many gentlemen in Smyrna being known as her admirers." Poor little creature! how happy she was in her self-esteem!

Smyrna was the hot-bed of military gossip. Russian spies had been hard at work; and, as nothing was known, everything was believed. I saw a paper published in the town, with a very creditable map of the Crimea by a Smyrniote draftsman and a French lady resident there had written, as a supplement to the same paper, a war song that in length rivalled the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,'—a very tedious affair indeed, recording in much detail the exploits of Napoleon the Great, each of

the some thousand verses ending with the not very original "Vive la gloire!"

At Syra we were in quarantine; but some passengers came off, as well as numbers of oval red boxes filled with rahhuklekoom ('sweet soother of the throat'), for which preparation of honey, attar, rice-flour, and sugar, the capital of the Cyclades is celebrated.

It was much better than that we had purchased at Constantinople, and cost three francs each box, the usual price being one franc and a half per pound. There was some disappointment felt by those who had made considerable outlay, when they were told, that rahhuklekoom was to be had at Fortnum and Mason's. But that we considered a cunningly devised fable; forgetting that we had inquired in vain for figs at Smyrna, and *pâté de foie gras* at Strasburg; and that, to have both in perfection, one must go to London, the general mart of all good things.

The heat was intense in the bay of this ridiculous-looking place. There was the rock rising, as it were, a hat in a basin of water, crowned with the glaring white convent, and the houses like dominoes piled over its sides. There were the windmills, that one never forgets who has once had the misfortune to look at them for a whole day, as we

did,—and the arid rocks, and the stone walls, and the miserable custom-house,—all glaring in their arid wretchedness under a burning sun. Never, except at Aden, in the Red Sea, did I experience anything like the heat of Syra; and pretty as they were, the shore-boats, with pink silk curtains, shading parties of red-costumed French officers, did not reduce in idea the probable height of the thermometer.

A French steamer was lying here, crowded with troops; and about noon we were all thrown into a state of delightful excitement, by seeing the 'Wasp,' commanded by Lord John Hay, steam into harbour, towing a Greek prize. We all earnestly hoped that the prisoner was a horrible pirate; piracy being a new idea among us, and one that, for its usual dramatic and mysterious incidents, had a peculiar charm. It would be so spirit-stirring to see a real live pirate captain, all chains and moustache, refusing pipes and coffee in his despair, and glaring fiercely on us through the port of the state cabin! To see scores of these marine highwaymen (for truly the Mediterranean is a highway nowadays), shrinking away from the sunlight, and longing for freedom and the darkness which might give us over to their hands;—to think of the Medoras of the islands, who, with

dark eyes and gracefully kerchiefed brows, were anxiously awaiting the return of those who, with their unfortunate prejudices, they had been led to consider brave and heroic men;—we liked the ideas much, and became exceedingly romantic and Byronish thereon. So that when the Wasp fairly dropped anchor, and we spoke her, I am afraid the general feeling was disappointment, on finding that the prize was a simple smuggler,—her sin, the very unsentimental one of contraband goods.

There had been a great many contradictory statements made here and at Smyrna, in connection with the supposed change of religious opinions among the Turks, several of whom, it had been said, had brought their families to Smyrna to avoid persecution on their abandonment of the Koran. The subject was a very interesting one; and after hearing a great number of these stories, which had always something touching about their details, and seeking to prove their truth, I was confirmed in the opinion I had already begun to form,—which was, that there were as many people as willing to mislead on religious as on political matters, and as much erroneous gossip set afloat on the former, as on the latter subject; that converted Jews, wily Greeks, simple-minded missionaries, and people of strange races and condi-

tions,—some from the Danubian provinces even, who had "all to gain and nothing to lose" by a change in their religious opinions,—set these stories going; and that, as far as Turkish conversion went,—though it was very possible that present events might tend to remove some prejudices, and to shake belief in old traditions—to make many of their religious services wearisome, and to bring doubt on much that they had once revered,—still, that the Turk was very far from Christianity, and, before he arrived at it, would most probably pass through the earlier stages common to the sceptic and the Deist.

Our society was of a rather varied complexion. At Smyrna we had taken on board, as third-class passengers, two Turkish harems: the poor women remained on deck all day, sitting under the shade of pink cotton umbrellas; and at night curled themselves up in the empty horse-boxes, at the doors of which some very dark-coloured gentlemen mounted guard, smoking and scolding all night.

Then we had a trio of ladies from the convent of St. Lazare, one of whom, a young girl of eighteen summers, was exceedingly pretty and engaging. What a contrast she presented to a daughter of the Prophet, veiling good and evil under the folds of

her yashmak!—the first, gentle, intelligent, self-dependent, and fearless; the other, ignorant, apathetic, sensual, and abased.

There was also, as an increase to our dinner-party in the first class, a particularly stout Greek merchant, with his two sons. The father, with fez, skull-cap, and immense blue bag-trousers, looked incongruous enough; but he seemed intelligent, and both to respect himself and the society into which his lot had thrown him. Not so the sons, one of whom, who, with his intensely black eyes, scanned us most attentively, ended by quietly showing us, by his deportment during the rest of the voyage, that of all the very absurd, contemptible persons he, as a Greek, had ever seen, we, in especial, were the most so. His own talents however, criticism excepted, were not, I suspect, of a very high order; for though at an age when a young Englishman would have nearly finished his education, the dark-eyed Greek spelt a parchment-bound volume that he perpetually introduced with considerable difficulty, and made but very little progress in the composition of a letter intended for despatch at Malta.

On leaving Syra we had a little rolling; and the leeches, who had kept quietly enough in the great deal-boxes in which they had been put on

board at Smyrna, began to be disquieted, and now and then rambled forth in quest of calmer residences, more like the pleasant stagnant pools from whose verdant recesses they had been so cruelly tempted. The French steamers always take a return-load of these useful annelids, unpleasant as their society may prove on the road. From Smyrna they are packed in wet mud, and easily carried along by sea, which is said not to irritate the evil in their natures, but only cause a wandering disposition to exhibit itself. From the mouths of the Danube, which are also very productive in the leech way, they are packed in wet moss, and transported in carriages, which travel at *malle-poste* speed, in charge of a conductor, who always speaks of these creatures as "my merchandise." The merchandise, it would seem, abhor fast travelling as much as Dr. Samuel Johnson delighted therein; and prove the antipathy by becoming fearfully excited, and fighting so desperately among themselves as to cause a loss of about two-thirds on every journey. The persons who are brave enough to tempt them from the water receive some five sous a dozen, and a percentage on the whole results. One is often surprised at the devices and labours by which men and women gain their daily bread; but to allow leeches to become one's "hangers-on" seems about

the most unpleasant that could be selected, or rather forced upon the peasant by the necessities of his poverty.

One does not half so much pity the acorn-gatherer, the result of whose labours, as vallonia, we see piled about the Symrna streets. This is a healthy and agreeable occupation enough; and had the Bulgarian peasant poetry in his composition, few things could be perhaps more agreeable than his wanderings, so employed, over the beautiful Turkish hills, with their ever-varying shadows and most rare and lovely Flora.

A couple of days more took us into the Quarantine Harbour at Malta, and very hot indeed proved that little, shining, perforated mass of stone and prickly pear; still, the streets are so clean, the people so civil, and the kind of home-feeling one has there so agreeable, that, under any circumstances, I think one never revisits Malta without a lively sensation of pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

THE 'THABOR.'

A GREAT deal may be compassed very quickly at Malta in a very short time. Every one is ready to aid,—whether it be Mr. Muir, the obliging librarian; Grant, the vendor of supplies; or the secretary of the Messageries Impériales. To say one wishes a thing done, is to imply that all Malta sets itself to work to do it.

Wonderfully however, even in one month, had the aspect of the ocean barrack changed. Comparatively speaking, excitement had passed away, the streets were again tranquil, and the few troops that were to be met about appeared to be solely French; and so anxious was I to return to Turkey, that, having hurried over my work, hot as it was to work in, I left again on the 25th of June, in the French steamer 'Thabor.' Scarcely was I on

board, than I found they had just landed two men of the Fifth "Léger" French Regiment in the last stages of cholera. This had been the first appearance of the scourge on the island during the present year; and nothing, in the existing state of things, seemed likely to be done, as far as quarantine was concerned. To introduce a vexatious impediment of this kind, where every facility of transit was required, seemed ridiculous; and as the band of Guardiamos had found other occupation, and the restaurateur of Fort Manoel become the keeper of an hotel, self-interest had not much to say in the matter; and so little Malta went quietly on, hoping the best, and not seeking to allay fear by rushing to the irrational and irksome imposition of quarantine. And here I may remark, that the most silly, among *all* the silly things I have seen done in this matter of quarantine, I saw at Constantinople. Fears, not only of the cholera, but of the "vraie peste"—the plague—were entertained there, and for a few days quarantine attempted. A number of cavalry horses arrived, in charge of French soldiers, and a Turk or two. The soldiers and Turks could not be landed, but the horses and their saddlery were; added to which, just as they were ready to go on shore, a man pulled a dirty handkerchief out of his pocket and

tied it over the horses' eyes to protect them from the flies; and so the good people carried out, with much satisfaction to themselves, the protective system!

The 'Thabor' was crowded with French troops; but fortunately they *were* French, so that less annoyance was to be expected; and moreover I looked to have a very interesting opportunity of observing a good deal of their system of military discipline. It was possible to enjoy fresh air too, which would not have been the case on board an English transport; but here, on each side of the deck, was stretched a rope, behind which the men being ranged, room in the centre was secured for the accommodation of the passengers. On the left hand were grouped the "Administration," as they are called, composed of a certain number of men employed as attendants on the sick, with tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, and artisans of all sorts. The attendants on the sick, as it may be supposed, are an eminently valuable class; they are carefully selected for the work, and regularly trained in their responsible and important duties. All these soldiers composing the "Administration," appeared full of intelligence; during the day, they employed themselves in reading, working, and writing,—one or two among them even

drew with considerable skill and taste; while, in the evening, they formed into little circles, and amused themselves by singing. It is notable however with what decorum this matter was conducted; there was no uproar, riot, or impropriety of any kind. A sort of leader mounted a little way up the rigging of the vessel, to direct the proceedings; each circle followed in order, with their glees and choruses: the songs were usually selected from 'Guillaume Tell' or the 'Sonnambula;' occasionally we had a solo from Béranger, or glees in honour of Napoleon. It was observable in these last, that the enthusiasm expressed towards the great leader did not appear so much to arise from his exploits, as from his fraternization with the French army, as every verse ended with the chorus "He ate with his soldiers;"—"Il mangeait avec ses soldats." One man, of extremely delicate appearance, was very popular, from his talent for singing French romances, which he did with a charming voice and exquisite taste. The part of the matter the most remarkable, however, was the perfect propriety observed, the good taste shown in the selection of the music, the order in succession observed by the singers, and the courtesy and good-feeling, which were never violated. This last characteristic was also very remarkable at Smyrna.

The French soldiers all went on shore,—a certain tariff having been fixed for the boats employed,—and I looked with terror for their reappearance, expecting scenes of intoxication and punishment. I had no cause for alarm however; my friends all returned sober, polite, and in the best possible humour with each other and their boatmen.

The great secret of the order which pervades the French army, and its general freedom from offence, despite the absence of the degrading system of flogging, seems to be,—first, the much better *matériel* of which the army is composed, and the self-respect which is always supported by the character of discipline. Where *we* degrade, the French endeavour to elevate. A French soldier is usually a man of some education; he has a character to support or lose. He is not recruited, as with us, from among either agricultural boors, or men whose vices render civil life uneasy to them; on the contrary, the French soldier constantly looks hopefully to the time when he may retire to the honours of citizenship, with the *prestige* of having been a brave man. Now, with us, such is the origin and training, the habits and vices of our ordinary soldiers, that, so far from the fact of a man's having served in the ranks being an advantage to him, should he desire employment, if obliged to leave

the service, it is the greatest difficulty he would have to overcome. To have been a soldier, or a soldier's wife, is tacitly to introduce the idea, that an individual has contracted such a mass of disreputable habits, that to place him or her in positions where sobriety, honesty, or respectability is concerned, is quite out of the question. The English soldier fights, while in the army, with all the bravery of the Briton, but it is as a machine. He is governed by force, and in habits and feelings is often little better than a mere animal. The French soldier is intelligent; he has also great nationality; and, as the Colonel of the Fifth "Léger" told me, who had himself risen from the ranks, "I can generally manage a man with the two words, 'La France, et la gloire.'" If however these two talismanic words fail in their power, and the soldier commits a great breach of discipline, such as striking his commanding officer (a circumstance that occurred during my stay at Gallipoli), or any gross disobedience of orders, he is either shot, or, for offences of a character not so calculated to introduce disorganization, he is sent to Algiers. Here, at a very considerable distance inland, the French have established a sort of Sanatorium for the recovery of debilitated military morals; and the offender is condemned to work either in chains on

the highway, or in prison, according to his own character and that of his offences. The period required for his recovery may be shortened by good conduct; and when at length he is morally convalescent, the soldier is not sent back to the sneers of his comrades, or the scene of his temptations and offences, but disposed of in a regiment serving in France, so to be brought under the good influences of family and social feeling, there to regain his own *amour-propre* by cultivating the respect of others. The system is found to work well. Punishment in the French army is rare; but when used, severe and prompt. Men are not hardened by punishments they learn to become indifferent to. Punishments that often depend on the humour of commanding officers, and being dealt forth capriciously, and sometimes in a manner incommensurate with the offence, tend only to irritate without reforming, and to increase rather than subdue insubordination. Neither are men degraded to a condition of despair among their comrades; but every means is taken to encourage them to good, to hold up a high standard of military emulation, and to stimulate them to imitation of glorious exploits. Again, they are not treated as mere machines by their superiors. The French soldiers learn to feel that their health, their com-

fort, even their daily recreations, are subjects of interest to their officers; this fact originates a strong degree of personal attachment, and the men feel elevated by their knowledge of the existence of this sympathy. My voyage in the 'Thabor' afforded me great opportunities for observing these facts, and the Staff officers on board were good enough to afford me many interesting proofs connected with such matters.

The wives of French soldiers generally are never permitted to accompany their husbands on service, unless in the case of the one or two *cantinières*, whose services to each regiment were likely to be useful. We had only one Frenchwoman among the troops on board the 'Thabor;' and she was a middle-aged Norman, who, in a somewhat dirty cap, orange neckerchief, draggled chintz dress and sabots, was anything but an attractive object. Having seen no other woman however, except our pleasant little Marseilles stewardess, and a *femme de chambre* on her way to Constantinople, I was somewhat startled, the morning we anchored off Smyrna, at the sudden apparition of a brilliant *cantinière*, who, in red trousers, short skirt, and tight jacket, came clanking her spurs down the companion ladder at breakfast, and, strutting with a most self-possessed air into the saloon, touched

her casquette to the Colonel, and stated her intention of passing the day at Smyrna. Monsieur le Commandant smiled, bowed, addressed the individual as "Madame," and requested she would have the goodness to be on board again at four. On this, she touched her cap a second time, wheeled round, and re-ascended the "companion" in most military style. Truly dress *is* a great improver of persons, for this dashing *cantinière* was no other than the lady of the sabots, whose chance of creating an impression was entirely the result of this *grande tenue.*

Notwithstanding the very gallant and respectful manner in which our cantinière's announcement of intended absence had been received by the Colonel, I yet found that she also was withheld from feminine folly by a system of excellent discipline. The original selection of a cantinière is a matter of considerable care: she is neither required to be very young nor very pretty, but of a carriage, figure, and constitution suitable both for the due effect of her costume, and the due performance of her required duties.

Her husband must be a man in the same company, in which she takes rank as a corporal, and he becomes responsible for the conduct of his wife. Should she commit acts worthy of Algiers, the

husband suffers with her. The soldier must accompany his wife to the scene of her punishment, and be identified with her. So that, on one hand, the man has an object in maintaining a sense of duty and propriety in his wife; and the wife, on the other hand, may be withheld from evil, by the knowledge that its punishment will involve her husband.

The French officers treat the cantinières of their regiments with marked respect and consideration. Their value is understood, not only, as I was told, as sutlers, but as nurses to the sick, and assistants to the surgeons, in case of accidents to the soldiers. Women of the regiment without such specific duties would however, they consider, simply encumber the army; consequently the French soldiers do for themselves all that the wives of the English are supposed to be required for, as washerwomen and cooks.

The arrangement is doubtless a merciful one. Few French soldiers marry, because, being seldom in garrison, they feel indisposed for a condition which will only bring with it expenditure and anxiety. The few women who are married are well cared for in France, when the regiment marches; and, like the husband, enjoy a reputation which is rather a security to their employers, than

a difficulty in the possibility of employment. The cantinières enjoy the greatest possible respect and protection in the discharge of their duties. They become the care of the whole regiment; exposure and fatigue are spared them in every possible way, and their health and privacy thoroughly regarded.

It will be allowed by every one conversant with our present war, how cruelly the protection of our women has been neglected. Many—a vast deal too many (since they went with undefined duties)—were permitted to encumber the army; the rest, married, some with, some without leave, were condemned to risk the very probable chances of starvation at home. Those who went had neither carriage nor shelter provided for their wants: those who staid had the public opinion entirely against them, as far as affected their chances for honest employment.

The reader will have seen with me what the poor women suffered at Scutari and Gallipoli, and will believe how much more judicious the French are in keeping the wives of their soldiers at home, unless they could give them decided duties, under proper protection, with the force. Nothing seemed more to amaze the French soldiers than to see transports crowded with women;—women and horses!—for truly this was the arrangement, as we

on board the 'Thabor' saw the 'Georgiana' transport pass us, laden in this incongruous manner. I was asked a hundred questions at dinner about the matter; and in good truth, the answers must have been most unsatisfactory. The fact was, that I had seldom felt more ashamed of any chance association than I was at the dinner-table of the 'Thabor,' when, as an English soldier's wife, I became identified with this subject, and was expected to explain, to French officers, our military system of protection and employment to the wives of our soldiers. Of course they could not understand me. "Were they going out to the seat of war, instead of Sisters of Charity, to minister to the comfort of the sick or wounded?" "Oh no!" "As cooks?" "Certainly not." "Where were they to live? what carriage had we for them? who was responsible for their conduct? what pay had they for their duties?" What *could* I say? Could I lower the opinion held by the French of our army, our discipline, our religious estimate of ourselves as a moral and benevolent people, by telling the Colonel of the Fifth, and my friend the Staff officer of the Prince Napoleon, that our women were perfectly untrained in all habits of usefulness; that they were allowed to crowd out, to live like sheep upon the Turkish hills; that there was neither

carriage nor shelter provided for them; and that, should their conduct be bad, they would be turned out of the tents they shared with the men, to sit in the burning sun, or lie in ditches outside our camps? Could I say that these poor creatures might be cast into Turkish prisons, or left in Turkish houses, under promise of passages to their native land, half-starved, unpitied, and nearly killed, or frenzied, by rats and vermin? And yet the history would have been too true, saddening as it is to remember or to record.

We stopped a day at Gallipoli to disembark the Fifth Regiment, and a great deal of troublesome formula was observed before this was effected: not in the regiment itself, for the soldiers, fully accoutred, with their packs neatly strapped, were ready to land early in the morning; but the orders did not appear very distinct, and till late in the afternoon, boats, filled with the most gorgeous-looking French officers, brilliant to excess with scarlet and gold, plumes and orders, were flashing backwards and forwards, in a perfect agony of those red-tape difficulties which I had before imagined to be eminently English.

However, when definite orders at last came, no time was lost; and all was conducted so quietly, that I was absolutely ignorant of the fact that the Fifth had left the steamer, till, on going on deck,

I saw only about half of the "Administration" left, as a party required in advance by Marshal St. Arnaud. I was sorry to have lost so many of our choral singers that evening; but still, the party in the saloon was too agreeable to leave one without resource.

We had still a *chef d'escadron d'état major*, who had passed his service between Rome and Algiers,—bitter enough against the former; a Queen's messenger, one of the most gentlemanly and agreeable of that intelligent band, stored with information and ready in anecdote; a *payeur du régiment*, who had married the daughter of the English Consul at Algiers, and, in compliment to his *cara sposa*, had acquired a thorough knowledge of English; a gentleman connected with the telegraph; and a romantic-looking, artistic sort of amateur from Rome, who, with a month's leisure, had determined on a run over the Turkish hills.

Thus time passed pleasantly till the 2nd of July, when I again saw the glittering domes of Stamboul, and learnt, as the first news, that the day of firmans and dragomen was at an end, and that the Mosque of St. Sophia was as free to the foot of the Christian as of the Turk; a marvellous innovation, and one that points to yet greater changes in the history of the Crescent, its influences and power.

CHAPTER XII.

VARNA.

I WAS as anxious to leave Constantinople as I had been to arrive there. It rained heavily; and Stamboul, romantic as it may be in story, is not the pleasantest place in the world in wet weather. Imagine streets paved with rocks set the wrong side upwards, with gutters in the centre, and pools of mud between each; porters and horsemen, pushing right and left, and making room for none; tumble-down houses, with projecting eaves, pouring showers from every gable; dirt, insolence, decay, everywhere: and then there cannot be two opinions on the—I should fancy—decided advantage of leaving Constantinople without delay. At any rate, I did so, on board the fast, beautiful, charmingly-fitted 'Caradoc,' and soon found myself steaming away down the Bosphorus and out

to the Black Sea, at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

At dinner, besides the gallant commander, whose guest I was, we had two Turkish Generals and an interpreter, on his way to Silistria. The interpreter made great parade of his religious opinions, and declined everything at table but a little fish. The Turks were solemn and silent, apparently finding themselves quite incapable of making anything of our roast goose and beef. The knives and forks were evidently *de trop;* and the Generals no doubt felt the want of their usual basin of perfumed water, wherewith to render themselves fit for the ceremonies of dinner. When asked what beverage they would take, one of the gentlemen declined fluids altogether, but his companion, with a little diffident hesitation, decided in favour of Cognac, and, half filling a tumbler with the same, drank it off with more complacency than ostensible respect for the Koran.

The 'Caradoc' arrived at Varna about five in the morning, having made a run of twelve hours from the Bosphorus. The appearance of the town is not very attractive. It is built on a flat between two promontories, where the river Devna and its great lake empty themselves into the sea. The few public buildings facing the shore gave the town

however a more substantial, though less picturesque, effect than that of the tumble-down, many-coloured, vine-trellised Gallipoli. Along the shore appear orchards and vineyards, in which the Turks have little pleasure-houses, to which they retire in the great heats. It is surrounded by a wall, carrying one hundred and sixty-two guns, the embrasures of which are lined with wicker-work.

On landing, I at once got a horse and a Turkish guide, and made my way through the town to the English camp. Varna seemed much less marked at that time by French occupation than Gallipoli had become. The restaurant was French, certainly; several of the shops also. There was Rue d'Ibrahim, Rue de l'Hôpital, and so on; but there were also banners flying, with "Beer, brandy, all sorts of supplies," inscribed thereon, stretching across the streets. Everything in Gallipoli and Varna was effected in the most impromptu style: there was no time for painting shop-fronts and sign-boards,—two or three yards of blue or white calico were easily procured, covered with odd sorts of somewhat hieroglyphical notices, fastened to bits of string, and suspended from broken lattices; so that, on entering the Bazaar of Varna, one might have fancied oneself at a French town on a *fête*, when everybody hung anything they had,

without much attention to its beauty or suitability for decoration, out of window.

The horse lent me by the English Consul was one of those humble-spirited animals that have learnt by long oppression to put up with anything. He had moreover a very rusty bit, which had no influence on his will whatever; and a bridle, that no rational person would have thought of tightening, so certain were its elements to become disconnected under the process. I had a bit of stick, given me by my friend the Turk, for the purposes of coercion; but its application only seemed to make the animal move slower. Under these circumstances I found myself in a street which the French, as I learnt from a board at the corner, designated as "Il Corso." This pleasant avenue was not easy to thread; forasmuch as, to say nothing of the *débris* of rock, which, after the manner of Turkish towns, paved the road,—not to allude to the side-pavements, a conglomerate of every shaped stone that a geologist ever met with,—to make no ill-natured remark on the short stone pillars, standing erect, or intended to be so, in the middle of the street,—it was, as its name to a certain degree implies, the horse-market; in which, even at this early hour, was assembled every quadruped of the equine species that could be

produced between Shumla and Varna, by Turk, Greek, or Bulgarian. Then, again, my difficulty was increased by the originality of manner peculiar to Turkish dealers, who come rushing round a corner, each man mounted on the first of a string of horses, tied together as they tie camels; and who yet manage to turn, curvet, caper, plunge, and kick, in all directions,—manœuvres which tend to complicate the business excessively. When I, in a perfect panic on these occasions, knowing myself to be mounted on a horse who would neither obey rein nor whip, but amiably preferred being the recipient of any insult, with beseeching gestures appealed to the owner of these distracting animals, the most extreme degree of courtesy I could obtain from the gentleman in the fez was, simply to point to the rugged stones of a considerable ascent, pleasantly considered a footpath; hinting that, though I should be squeezed close to a high wall, flanked by barking dogs, apparently very anxious for breakfast, yet it was an eligible position, and one worthy my attention. However, one gets used to discourteous Turks, capering horses, and furious dogs, in time; and having passed the Corso without accident, escaped from the poles of porters without being knocked from my saddle, and having recovered my breath after

twenty minutes' detention in a cloud of fine dust, behind a string of creaking Turkish commissariat bullock-carts, I at last passed the General Hospital, and made my way through the sally-port. Here I began to get a better notion of Varna. It is situated on a dead flat; and between the lake and the sea the ground is all marsh, giving out the most dreadful effluvia. Immediately beyond the town, winding roads intersected the fields, which were generally planted with low vines; and on various mounds were the remains of bastions, part of the fortifications of 1829. I found myself surrounded by French camps—artillery and cavalry. Here and there were finger-posts erected by the French; directing to the First, to the Second, and the Third Divisions of their army. This was all very well, and eminently useful to them; but what was to become of *me?* Once outside Varna, my Turkish guide gave me to understand, by sitting down and shaking his head, that he knew no more about the matter; and then, waving his arm in the direction of a sea of camps, conveyed the notion that his duties ended there, that it was all the same, and that I could take my choice.

Truly my confusion was oppressive; but seeing a brilliant-looking Frenchman, all red, sky-blue, and embroidery, who was returning from watering

his horse at the well I had just passed, I thought it right to inquire my way. He was all courtesy, but knew nothing of English camps. He believed they were in advance,—he belonged to the Third French Division upon the hill, and there were no English there,—he was "*désolé,*" but could say no more. I turned to the Turk; he was now smoking, and looked more stolid than ever. However, I signed that he should follow, if he could not lead; on which, influenced by some mixed motive,—fear of the Consul's anger, and hope of eventual "buksheesh,"—he rose, and I and my humble-minded steed moved on.

At length, after passing numerous parties of French and English, cavalry, Algerines, Zouaves, and every variety of the motley mercenaries who swell the French army, at a pleasant well by the road-side,—doubly pleasant for the clouds of dust raised by the native carts,—I saw a soldier with the number of our regiment upon his cap, and in five minutes found myself at home. There was our little tent, half covered with the well-known mat; our servant, revelling in green-wood smoke, as usual, in the rear; there were the ponies, and the charger, and the mule; the pack-saddles and the towels drying on the bushes; the red flag of the Colonel's tent; and the band playing plea-

santly, as the men wound back by the side of the lake after their morning's parade.

One feature however was quite new, and a very pretty one it was. The tents were everywhere interspersed with bowers of green leaves. The soldiers had been employed in cutting branches from the trees that clothed the hill-sides; and long poles, borrowed from the Commissariat stores, being forced into the ground, light boughs were arched over them, secured with strong twine; and on these all the leafy twigs that could be found were heaped in abundance. Nearly every officer had a "bower;" and, while kept green, by continual relays of leaves, nothing could be more agreeable than these retreats; their fresh coolness, and the admission of air they permitted, forming such a delicious relief to the heat and want of circulation of air, from which, after seven in the morning, we suffered so terribly in the bell tents.

My first demand was for a "bower;" and in about three hours, with the aid of a strong "fatigue" party, I had one that was quite the pride of the camp. Then, a charming little oval deal-table, the top of which closed like a draft-board, was set therein; a bullock-trunk and a hamper, for chairs; and in this "green drawing-room" we breakfasted, wrote, and received our visitors.

Being in the East, we felt little hesitation in asking our friends to subside on what formed our "Turkey carpet." In such a situation, who could be so *exigeant* as to require a chair? The idea was absurd. Sometimes the corner of a coverlet might be offered, or a bit of coarse matting, but they were very uncertain luxuries; the coverlet and the mat, together with a railway-wrapper, being commonly required over our heads, instead of under our feet, more particularly as the green leaves drying left great interstices, through which rays of the noontide sun would come streaming down to interfere with our pleasant chat. People differed about bowers. Some insisted, that, as shade gave coolness, it was right to close themselves in, till they were like so many "Jacks-in-the green," with only two little windows left, and a door only suited for the exits and entrances of a Laplander. Others, like myself, stoutly defended the advantages of a bower open at either end. And certainly here, on this pretty green knoll, covered with waving shrubs,—commanding on one side the large, calm, beautifully blue lake; and on the other, the range of hills dotted by French camps, and rich in fine foliage,—to close out the landscape, so long as mats, quilts, and railway-wrappers would exclude the sun, was a decided mistake.

We were about two miles from Varna at this spot, and rode into the town every evening. Perhaps it was not the best choice of a ride; but the fact of the sun being behind us when we started in this direction, induced us to give it the preference,—although we had to encounter the sally-port, the Commissariat carts, baggage-cattle in hundreds, and even the Corso itself.

Next to the General Hospital, and the great tree planted in the middle of the street with a seat round it,—such as we see in some of our old English villages,—one's attention was attracted by the temple of the Turning Dervishes, a race who flourish here in a branch community from the great stock at Constantinople, just as they do at Gallipoli.

If it had not been for this place, I should never have found my way day after day, as I did, on my little pony, accompanied by my servant with his haversack, into the Bazaar of Varna; and even then it was difficult enough. Still, in a few days I learnt to recollect that I must turn to the left after passing the first pond of black mud, and keep straight on after the second. Then I was to turn to the right at the ruins of the house that had tumbled down; and, passing by the pile of stones in the middle of the narrow street by the

bakery, would soon arrive in the emporium of all Varna's luxury.

Oh, what crowding and jostling there was there! All the shops had open fronts, with the goods ranged on shelves at the back. In front of these, Algerines, French soldiers, women, interpreters, Zouaves, English military servants, were all scolding, laughing, bargaining together,—most of the groups by no means sober; and if they were, finding it difficult to make themselves intelligible to the French, Smyrniote, Italian, Greek, and Turkish merchants, who condescended, in most polyglot fashion, to minister to our wants at Varna.

Gallipoli having to a certain degree been evacuated by the French and English force, several of the shopkeepers, who had found trade flourish there, came on to Varna; and speculation was so much encouraged by the experience of those energetic individuals who had ventured to commence trade at Gallipoli, that we soon had not only hams, pickles, tongues, brandy, and such vulgar necessaries, at command in the Varna Bazaar, but Marseilles biscuits, eau de fleur d'orange, ladies' French boots, side-saddles, and bonbons,—generally sold in the same shop too, which, though not in accordance with our prejudices of usage in the West, decidedly economizes time and trouble

to those who desire to be the possessors of a variety of supplies. The shops every day became more brilliant; the calico banners were alternated with those of red and blue silk, with gold letters; champagne and burgundy were advertised on every side; preserved soups and vegetables tempted the appetite; crates of crockery—the "willow pattern" predominating—tended to seduce many from their original tin services; and really, considering we were on the Black Sea, grumbling at not having the luxuries of Regent-street, the prices were not very exorbitant after all.

Perhaps the costumes of the buyers were as amusing an item as any in the Varna Bazaar. Officers, with haversacks over one shoulder, would ride in from their camps, to collect every little novelty which struck their fancy, and this in the most motley attire: odd caps, marvellous wide-awakes, jackets of every material that could well be imagined, were to be seen on every side. Tall Highlanders riding little Turkish ponies, equipped with cavalry-saddles, and Mameluke head-gear of crimson tassels and white cowries, were not at all uncommon; one extraordinary-looking German individual I encountered had a brown wide-awake surmounting a strange fancy dress, over which lay a flat white ostrich-feather. Red Guernseys and

dark-green wide-awakes were also a favourite costume; and certainly one great advantage of Varna was, that people did exactly what they liked. And as the good shopkeepers who did so much in our service, yet stopped short at the point of "sending home" the articles purchased, it was not uncommon to see a captain in a crack regiment riding through the sally-port at Varna with a bottle protruding from his pocket, a haversack containing tea and sugar over his shoulder, and a large mat rolled up behind his saddle.

All this sort of thing astonished the French officers, who never by any chance wear "mufti," or make themselves the carriers of their own provisions. I have heard them say, they consider plain clothes so much more expensive than regimentals, —a dress they affect with as much tenacity, under all circumstances, as the officers of the English army endeavour to escape the necessity of wearing it. In a little while, beside the French restaurant, a "cercle des officiers" was started; but though some *outré*-looking persons, lounging at the door, were occasionally amusing enough, the club itself, I found, was a bad sort of café,—dull as possible, and presenting no advantages of a nature at all calculated to win a man from his domestic rug, supposing him to have one. The club had neither

cooks, billiards, magazines, nor papers. There was no page, in an eruption of bright buttons, to minister notes on a silver salver; but simply a very dirty Turk, who might occasionally bring a morsel of lighted wood between a pair of tongs for the cherishment of a dying cigar. No bow-window attracted gossiping loungers, but, on the contrary, the club-room of the "cercle" was so dark, that a candle usually burned on the table; and had it been otherwise, it is doubtful whether the duennas in yellow boots, with the street-groups generally of Varna, would have proved very attractive, unless to an artist studying "effects," to whom the mixture of light and shade, strong colour and "mummy brown," would have charms unspeakable.

After awhile however, a Madame —— "*telle*," as the French say, to express a blank, commenced business as a restaurateur in earnest. This energetic lady came, urged by her benevolence, from Bordeaux, to which place of wines she had *pro tem.* retired, after making a large fortune at Algiers by ministering in the deserts of Africa the luxuries of Paris to grateful French officers. There was no harm in having two fortunes, Madame thought; so here she was, settled in a good house, surrounded by the wonders of tablecloths, napkins,

silver forks, white bread, and a "carte," on which appeared such wonderful varieties of possible dishes, that we were almost disposed to fear her, and doubt the safety of having dealings with a person who seemed to possess such supernatural powers of temptation. Her energy was certainly past all praise; and perhaps before next summer we may hear of Madame "*telle*" as presiding over marble tables and a splendid *buffet* in the "Trois Frères Provençaux" at Sebastopol.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREAT PEOPLE.

OMAR PASHA, who had discovered that the French and English were not mere myths, but had really come *at last* in the flesh, was minded to see the character of his supporters, and came down from Silistria to be present at a review of the French troops.

The three French Divisions were encamped in large force on the plateau of one of the promontories which flank the town of Varna; and on this the review was held.

The position itself was magnificent, commanding a superb view of the Black Sea and harbour, now crowded with vessels of war, and allowing a bird's-eye view of the town and fortifications of Varna, with its great lake, and groupings of French and English camps scattered over the plain.

The review was for the French troops only, but the great Commanders of our army and fleet were of course present, in compliment to the Hero of Silistria; as well as a great concourse of smaller folk, in compliment to their own laudable curiosity. It was a splendid pageant, as may be supposed.

The French leaders, Marshal de St. Arnaud, General Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon, were all there, each surrounded with a brilliant Staff; Lord Raglan and the Duke, with their several Generals of Division; the Admirals Lyons and Dundas; and the French forces, active and brilliant, with their steady phalanx of intrepid, indomitable Zouaves, already excited almost to fever by a thirst for action, and each, as it were, like the war-horse of the Man of Uz, seeming to smell "the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,"—showed admirably.

The troops occupied an immense space; but from the great inequalities of the ground, it was impossible to follow all their movements. They marched past in quick time, and, saluting Omar Pasha and Lord Raglan, dropped the standard to the Duke. After which a cry arose of "Vive la Turquie! Vive l'Angleterre!" but as the French had not then fought by the side of their Allies, the cheer seemed not so heartfelt as it would doubtless be now.

The cantinières were a very pleasant part of the spectacle. Some were mounted, and others on foot, in rear of their respective regiments; and their semi-masculine attire and glazed hats, with the crossed colours of the regiments painted in bright colours over the number, were as effective as they seemed to us original.

Omar Pasha was in a blaze of jewels; he seemed perfectly panoplied in gems; and had it not been for the fez, a head-gear which effectually spoils every dress of which it forms the apex, nothing could have been more gorgeous, or become better the Turkish leader than his dress on this occasion. There was something better in it than an exhibition of mere Eastern and barbaric pomp; and brilliant as the French were, with their blue and silver, scarlet and gold, and costumes of Afric, still the point was Omar Pasha, who seemed to focus the whole body.

But, leaving the matter of dress, it was scarcely possible to imagine three leaders more perfectly types of their several nations than St. Arnaud, Omar Pasha, and Lord Raglan. And in saying this, I am considering Omar Pasha not as an Austrian, but as a representative of the people whose liberties he defends. He then, as the Turkish leader, appeared grave, worn, impassive; the Mar-

shal was full of fire and gesticulation; and Lord Raglan looked, as he always does, a courteous English gentleman, with the steady, firm bearing of an accomplished and intrepid soldier.

It was amusing to note too the *bonhomie*, so characteristic of the English sailor, which appeared in the greetings of the Admirals to the Duke. There was a frank, cordial "How-d'ye-do?" style about them that was quite refreshing, and which seemed fully understood and responded to in the same spirit by the jovial Duke.

Omar Pasha did not remain long at Varna. The following day he went on to inspect the advanced troops at Devna (or, 'the place of mills'), and soon returned to Silistria.

Looking down from our camp the day after the review, I saw what at that time was quite a novelty —a private carriage dashing along the road by the lake, accompanied by outriders at a hard gallop. It was Marshal de St. Arnaud, on his return from having accompanied Omar Pasha to Devna.

Creaking carts, dragged by obstinate, drowsy bullocks, at the rate of two miles at hour, including stoppages every ten minutes, had so long been our single idea of rural transit in Turkey, as far as vehicles were concerned, that the Marshal's handsome carriage—a dream as it were of Longchamps

and the Bois de Boulogne—could hardly be believed in. Cinderella's good fairy seemed to have been at work, and I should scarcely have been surprised to see the equipage turn into a creaking araba, covered with mats, and hung round with water-bottles, even as I looked at it.

This vehicle, however, had no connection with any of the vagaries of the court of Queen Mab, for I frequently saw it afterwards at the door of the Marshal's house in Varna: and the manner in which the charioteer managed to guide it down Cadogan-place, round Regent-street, and back to Belgrave-square, proved, if proof was wanting on such a point, that the French are the most ingenious people on the face of the globe. Imagine Cadogan-place, one of four cross streets leading into Belgrave-square, Varna; each about five feet wide, a foot of which on either side is taken up with a rugged way, pleasantly considered pavement. The corners are guarded by blocks of stone, larger and more misshapen than all the rest, and projecting further out; and then, having put the last touches to the picture, by means of a few dogs lying in all convenient holes, reverence the talent, which allowed the Marshal's coachman to come along at a brisk trot, and pull up smartly at his master's door!

The condition of the Marshal's health rendered his carriage necessary however; and Madame St. Arnaud also, with her daughter, had accompanied her husband as far as Therapia, where the ladies were at this time staying. Madame Youssouf had also joined them, the General being in command of that picturesque, harum-scarum, dishonest, "ragged-robin" sort of band, the Bashi-Bazouks. General Youssouf, I was told by a French officer who had long served with him in Algiers, and spoke with great admiration of his talents and courage, had incidents in his history of no common order. Born in Italy, he had been captured by pirates in his childhood, and sold to slavery in Algiers. Emancipated from this condition, he had served in the French army; attained high rank as the reward of valuable services; returned with the army to France, and there married a lady of fortune, family, and accomplishment, who, induced by warm attachment to her husband, had come so far to be his support and nurse, in case of the dangers and miseries of war reducing the General, like other men, to a condition in which a woman's hand might the most certainly bring that succour and comfort the strong with the weak may equally require.

A warm school-girl friendship, said still to con-

tinue between Madame St. Arnaud and the wife of General Youssouf, must have tended to make the association exceedingly agreeable to them at Therapia, where Lady Dundas also remained, residing near the English Embassy.

Indeed, Therapia had become quite a colony of ladies, since the troops had arrived at Varna, and the fleet moved on to Baltchick. The wives of many of the commanders of the navy remained there also, being sure of receiving the earliest news, when the steamers stopped to deliver their despatches at the Embassy, and finding it pleasant to be, where society had for them so many elements of sympathy.

It is not fair however, in this gossip about great people, to omit all notice of a very remarkable leader, no less a person than Madame la Commandante des Bashi-Bazouks! This rather unprepossessing Amazon was a Koordish lady of some fifty summers; though hers was decidedly not a certain age, by reason of the peculiarities, to speak charitably, of her life and habits. She was a dark, wiry, hideous little object, who, armed to the teeth, rode desperately, *en cavalier;* and would, I am afraid, not have hesitated to have enforced her right to a share in any plunder, gained under any circumstances by her "merrie men."

These worthies she had collected from every Eastern nation where an eminent villain flourished, and she was naturally proud of so original and varied a company. True, their gabardines were not of the freshest, nor their morals of the purest; still Madame la Commandante considered them to have talents of a high order, and to be conveniently discumburdened with conscience or discipline. They were her "merrie men," and she was proud to present their services, as such, to the Allied Armies.

At Scutari, Madame had, in the midst of a brilliant review, dashed up to lay her services at the feet of the English General. She had done the same to the French before. She loved to be *en rapport* with the brave and great, and never lost the opportunity.

At Varna, the Bashi-Bazouk band were, I am sorry to say, pitched on the low ground, unprofitably near our camp; for the frequent irruptions of these Messieurs were far from agreeable or safe. The power their eyes possessed for discerning unconsidered trifles was marvellous; and their bag trousers, like those of our clowns in a pantomime, were curiously and admirably adapted to second them, in carrying out their appropriating principles.

Now the idea suddenly struck Madame la Com-

mandante that she had neglected a part of her evident duty, in not having presented her band, or at least herself, to the General of the Light Division; therefore, calling "to boot and saddle," the lady, with rather a dirty body-guard, rode out to the camp of Sir George Brown, and arrived there, it was said, at the General's dinner-time. He,—not knowing what on earth to do with a being so wild and strange, weird, and energetic,—hospitably invited her to dinner.

Madame was rather a gourmand: she liked champagne too, immensely; and her entertainment was so far superior to that of the Bashi-Bazouk camp, over whose *matériel* history draws a veil, that, day after day, at "sharp six," Madame la Commandante might be seen careering towards the camp of the Light Division, to become the guest of the hospitable General. This was rather too much; and at length, happily, the eccentricity of the hungry and epicurean lady reached the ears of the French General, and Madame was commanded to restrict herself to the limits of her own camp, and enjoy, with what appetite she might, the goods the gods provided there.

Poor lady!—the order came too soon; for the General of our own Division, who amused me

with the story, declared he would ask her to dinner himself, as a means of luring her from these ante-prandial excursions to the advanced camp; and I, by way of etiquette, was to be invited to meet her. However, General Youssouf ended these agreeable anticipations; and no further opportunity was afforded me of improving an acquaintance with the nondescript Amazon of the Bashi-Bazouks.

There was a Turkish doctor, too, of some celebrity, as I found, at Varna. When I say a Turkish doctor, I mean a gentleman who, of English origin and education, had become so charmed with life in Turkey, that he preferred it to life anywhere else, and, as Achmet Effendi, was generally respected.

This gentleman was, of course, full of information about the land of his adoption, and was really and truly about to marry a Turkish lady; that is, "after the war," as people say,—a somewhat indefinite period, laden with unusual chances, and stretching away perspectively till the eye wearies with the gaze.

The commencement of this romantic love affair is curious. It seems that Achmet Effendi practised in Constantinople, as gentlemen do in London; and, wishing to be known, advertised that

he would gladly give gratuitous advice to all who might desire it, appointing certain times for the reception of such patients. One day (it really is like an incident in the Arabian Nights,)—an old Turkish lady appeared, garrulous to a degree, —a perfect bundle of cloak, yashmak, boots, and slippers; and accompanied by a slight, graceful damsel, closely veiled,—so very closely, that the curious doctor could not obtain even a glimpse of her face. Twice only the lady appeared, followed by this delicate, mysterious form; and the third time was accompanied by a third figure, muffled with equal care.

The poor doctor was nearly distracted with curiosity. He paid the old lady the utmost attention; and begged that, independently of the usual hours fixed for the reception of persons requiring gratuitous advice, she would attend him at any time most convenient to herself. On this, one of the younger ladies, the damsel who had last appeared, spoke, to thank him for his kindness to her mother; and the voice was so sweet, so perfectly beautiful, its tones so rich, its cadences so varied, that the benevolent but too susceptible doctor fell deeply in love with the veiled *incognita*.

From time to time the mother came, attended by these daughters. To hear the tones of voice

he had learnt to love so well, became a daily necessity to the worthy doctor. He learnt that his patient was a widow, and these girls her only hope. Ere long Achmet Effendi had told his secret to the mother, and asked her daughter's hand! It was arranged, that on a certain day the girl with her attendant should cross in a caique to the great Champs des Morts, at Scutari; where, unveiling, the lover should see his prize in strictest confidence, and make his proposals to her in person. It was done. After a few turns taken in the dark shades of these cypress-woods, the pink cloak and snowy kashmak of the Moslem girl appeared. They met: the lover forgot the sweetness of her voice in the exquisite beauty of her face; and, before she again crossed to the Golden Horn, the daughter of the Prophet was the affianced wife of Achmet Effendi, and, as I said before, they are to be married—after the war.

This gentleman lives in Mohammedan style, and dines in the Turkish fashion. He invited one of our Staff medical officers to dinner, who described the repast to me as having a perfectly Oriental character. The dishes were very numerous and very small; everything that was not sweet, was sour; and the variety and abundance of sherbets seemed to baffle enumeration. The guests sat on divans;

and, before dinner, little basins of perfumed water were handed to them, in which they dipped their hands, and dried them on embroidered napkins. These napkins, by the way, are not to be bought at Varna, but they abound in the bazaars of Constantinople, where they are usually embroidered, and fringed with gold or silver; they are extremely elegant, although one is surprised at the application of such delicate and costly fabrics to purposes which imply the necessity of the washerwoman's art. This difficulty however is provided for in the manufacture of the embroidering thread, which endures washing admirably; and is used constantly, both for the purpose of decorating finger-napkins, and the head-dresses of the Greek ladies.

Achmet Effendi was a great favourite with many who had the pleasure of his acquaintance at Varna. And though he evidently had adopted Turkey as his home,—much as Clot Bey, the French physician of Mehemet Ali, had adopted Egypt,—and though he had been fascinated by the "musk-shedding tresses of beauty," as Hafiz has it, of the sweet-voiced Turkish girl,—it was evident that the Effendi had retained many of the old affections of his native land, and that, instead of shunning the society of his countrymen, as some people similarly situated do, this amiable and

clever man felt particular pleasure in being of use to them, and liked to talk of the green fields of his native land, though his tastes had led him to prefer the flowery hills of Turkey. It seems that this taste had been acquired during a pedestrian tour, made as a botanist, and in search of intelligence and pleasure. He had met with health and hospitality, and, beginning to study Turkish, found the language, as connected with Arabic and Persian, full of interest; so he determined to rest in the land of the Moslem, sheltered by the protection of the Sultan; and though he is not yet exactly a "great" man, he is certainly a very interesting one, even apart from the little episode of the cypress-grove of Scutari.

CHAPTER XIV.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

I NEVER could quite comprehend how people, with any hope of success, talked of trout-fishing in the Devna Lake. Its separation from the Black Sea, by means of the strip of marshy ground, was so narrow, that I always fancied the water must be a great deal too brackish to tempt into existence those delicate fish. I confess I never tasted any of the trout, and I am afraid did not quite believe in them; although many idle-minded piscatórs averred the fact, and said, that if they only had good lines and proper flies, the Wye and the Usk would be as nothing to it. How we all feel, at times, how much we could do, if we "only had" something or other! What sketches we might make, if we "only had" pencils, block-books, and India-rubber! What valuable additions to litera-

ture we might produce, if we "only had" pens, ink, and note-books! and so on; forgetting that it is the proof of genius to be independent of these things, and of energy to supply the want by any material most ready. Some of the cleverest sketches have been made with hot iron on oak panels; and of Benjamin West, as we all know, it is said, that he supplied the want of a "Winsor and Newton's best sable" with a few hairs robbed from "poor pussy!" However, no Izaak Walton among us attempted flies or lines; consequently, whatever trout there might be, kept the secret to themselves; and bad as our dinners had become, we had no hope of a "nice little dish of fish" to help them on.

The lake was valuable to the cavalry for the washing and watering of their horses, but it did not, I fancy, add to the healthiness of our locality; although it was observable, that while we remained near it, the health of the men was good, and it was only when we moved further back that sickness commenced. This might however be attributed to the time of year, the chances against us strengthening every day. The French officers who visited our camp near the lake were earnest in their objections to its site, and talked much of the well-known African experience of General

Canrobert, the effect of which had been to induce him to select the French ground at the greatest possible elevation, and away from the supposed malaria arising from the lake. "You may feel safe enough here," said a Staff officer of Prince Napoleon's; "but the position is excessively unsafe, and your general prostration may be sudden and fatal." Still the air seemed so clear, the view was so charming, the position so convenient, as affected the horses and baggage animals, that, as long as we seemed free from evening damps, our medical officers left us in peace upon our pleasant leafy knoll.

The weather was becoming hot however, and unfortunately the men began to bathe. The soldier has seldom any idea of precaution in this matter, either of health or safety. He will bathe in India with the rays of a tropical sun beating on his head, indifferent to the certainties of fever; or will encounter rocky shores in England, ignorant of tides, and incompetent to resist their influences. We had now been but a short time at our pleasant position by the lake, when the alarm was brought of a man of the 28th being drowned; and in a little while the poor fellow was laid in a tent that had been hastily pitched to receive his lifeless body. This was the first fatal accident that had

occurred in our brigade, and it was very saddening. The poor fellow had been a brave man, earnestly looking forward to a perfect performance of a soldier's duty in the field; and to be thus cut off from among his comrades without glory or renown, when he seemed so capable of earning both, was one of those cross-accidents of life which man, in his imperfect knowledge, is naturally apt deeply to deplore.

One feature connected however with the sad accident, gave us all a very warm and pleasing feeling towards our friends the French. A soldier of Canrobert's Division saw the accident, and at once threw himself into the water and made towards the sinking man. Twice he dived and brought him to the surface, and was nearly exhausted by his efforts, when a second Frenchman swam at once to the rescue of the drowned and the drowning, and brought them to the shore.

That night the little grave was dug; from time to time our men, passing, stopped, drew near, looked sadly in, and went on their way. That night one voice less answered the roll-call upon the Turkish plain; and as the lark sang her earliest morning carol, one* who is himself now numbered with the dead, read the funeral service over that

* The Reverend Mr. Mockler.

poor fellow, who, to our narrow view, appeared to have met a fate so cruel and untimely.

And now, the chord having been struck in a sad key, a very interesting circumstance may be alluded to, which occurred at Varna a very short time before the death of this poor man of the 28th.

Captain Wallis, who died from a fall from his horse soon after the arrival of the Allied Forces at Varna, was to be buried in a little sort of cemetery near the sea, where one or two Christians were already laid. Before the funeral party started, a Turkish band was observed hurrying across the plain in the direction of the cemetery; and when the troops arrived, they heard a wild, pathetic sort of melody, which the Turkish musicians were playing in honour of the dead. It was said to be strangely touching, that low wail of sorrow; and as the ceremony continued, the Turkish musicians from time to time played airs so sweet and sad, that our chaplain, who spoke of it, said that he had never been more strangely affected than with the deep solemnity of this Moslem compliment.

Soon, attracted as they always are by any bustle or excitement, a party of Zouaves arrived, followed by groups of Bashi-Bazouks and Algerines: many hundred soldiers of the Line, belonging to the French camps, were of course assembled; and all the mem-

bers of this large and motley crowd stood reverently and silently around, hushed into the deepest stillness.

The ceremony commenced, and every eye was fixed upon the chaplain. As they observed him bow his head in reverent homage to the name of the Christian's Saviour, the Turks, Zouaves, and even the Algerines, followed the obeisance. To the Turks the word was familiar, as the name of a great prophet, whom they hold in respect only second to their leader Mahomet; but with the Algerines the matter was different perhaps. The mercenary troops of Africa, and yet less the Bashi-Bazouks, make religion but little their study; and the action with them, as an imitative one, was simply the result of the influences of the moment, originating a feeling of propriety, respect, and sympathy.

Captain Wallis was the first English officer of the force who had died at Varna. He was beloved and regarded by all who knew him personally; and those who were acquainted with him only by report loved him for his reputation. He was a good man and a brave officer; and even in his brief sojourn in the place where accident, as it seemed, had struck him low, he had earned golden opinions from even men formed of such moral material as those in the

mixed crowd who sought to honour him in his grave. Moreover, order and gentleness pervaded the entire mass. Common sympathy with the universal and inevitable, excited the best feelings of men ordinarily indifferent in peace or ferocious in war, and drew the Turk, the Arab, the Syrian, and the Englishman together, sympathizing with and respecting each other.

Considering the circumstances of position, and the large numbers of persons assembled, cases of accident and of offence were particularly rare. Not a single robbery had been committed in the camp, although the Bulgarian shepherds were constantly strolling round with their flocks. Groups of French soldiery sauntered through our camp, gazing in at every tent with curious eyes; and very questionable Turks were perpetually bringing in ponies or mules for sale.

Just below us, again, were the tents of our commissary, and this emporium of course collected round it numbers of bullock-drivers and camp followers, a class usually not remarkable for strict principles of honesty; still, though books and writing materials were left open in bowers, kitchen utensils remained unguarded at fireplaces, and towels dried at their leisure unprotected on the bushes, they were all uninterfered with;—a case

similar to what I remember in Cutch, where one might, as in the times of good King Alfred at home, hang a purse on the trees, and find it again in safety. The peasants of half-civilized countries seem to have the advantage in a sense of honesty; it appears to belong to the conquerors from a refined and Christian people, to introduce a different system; and in time, no doubt, the Bulgarian peasant will learn dishonesty as well as his visitor, and our property be no more safe in the rural quietudes of Bulgaria than it would be in the shaded lanes of England.

Speaking of offences, our young interpreter met his dismissal here. From time to time he had been considered guilty of little acts of peculation, taking percentage on articles he bargained for, and showing the same indifference to "change," which at one time formed a strong feature in our railway *buffet* arrangements. At last however it appeared that our "interrupter," as some one called the youth, being unfit, by reason of his ignorance, for the society of the officers, had taken affectionately to the men, and given them somewhat too abundantly of the fermented grapes of Tenedos. Therefore, as an acquaintance with the customs of the Court of Bacchus being a form of education the English soldier was not sufficiently ignorant in

connection with to render it desirable that the interpreter should further instruct him, the services of the youth were considered likely to be used with greater advantage to himself and the public in some other arena; and so we lost his services on the very day that he was to have been a guide to certain hives kept on the hill-side some six miles off, and said to contain delicious honey. This we believed; forasmuch as the great variety and abundance of the wild-flowers was likely to keep the bees in excellent working humour, and to give to their honey a flavour as delicious as that of Hybla, in which, it is said, one may trace the particular flavour of nearly every flower known in the Grecian Flora.

Reasoning after the fact however, it was as well we did not go; inasmuch as a French officer, who rather thought well of his appearance, riding over these hills, encountered our honey-producers as they were moving from one of their factories to another, and the poor gentleman had reason to rejoice that night that he was not engaged to escort a Parisian belle to the Opéra Français; for in sooth no *vinaigre de toilette* could have rendered him presentable, nor Rachel herself have won him to forget his pangs.

One morning our camp was much excited by the dashing in of a Bashi-Bazouk, who, with his short

stirrups, sharp bit, and fiery little Koordish horse, made a great spatter among the tents. He had come to complain to somebody, he did not know who, of an outrage, and was so excited that the hair was nearly shaken from his head; the pendulous sleeves of his posteen fluttered wildly behind him, and the rags which formed his costume threatened to separate from one another every moment.

Some one, whose tent-ropes he had especially outraged, came forth to inquire and remonstrate; on which the Bashi-Bazouk sprang from his horse, and commenced a series of gesticulations perfectly terrific to a nervous person. Yet, as the explanation was given in a Maronite, or an Urmean, or a Dara-en, or some tongue or other, of which provincial dialect we were profoundly ignorant, the injured man rushed on his horse again, and dashed over the plain, bounding from side to side, seeking a safety-valve for his rage, till he looked in the distance like the forked lightning of the drama.

We hoped he had gone. Certainly he had, but only to return in a worse form. He brought an interpreter with him, who spoke the remarkable language of that land, for which our friend was probably too good; and it then appeared that the Bashi-Bazouk charged one of our men with robbing

him of five francs; and he seemed desirous of not only having that sum rendered him again, but the offender—soul, body, and uniform—given up to his views of immediate vengeance.

Here was a difficulty; and the complainant appearing to believe it originated in the interpreter, expressed his opinion of him in that decided and pithy way common to this fiery class of auxiliaries. It was therefore necessary to restore him to his own people as promptly as possible; and the interpreter was told that proper investigation should take place, and restitution and punishment follow, as circumstances might warrant.

A court of inquiry was ordered for the following morning, and the presence of a French officer, in command of some portion of our gallant friends the Bashi-Bazouks, requested, with such witnesses as he might consider proper. The officer however came without these worthies. He was a peculiarly agreeable man, full of intelligence, and acute in observation, as French officers, I think, usually are; and he ended proceedings at once, by saying that the charge was absurd,—that it was most unlikely that any robbery had been committed,—and if it had, that the Bashi-Bazouk must certainly have stolen the five francs ten minutes before from somebody else. Such in fact is the character of

the Bashi-Bazouk, that, as Massinger has it, "he'd rob the wisest rat of a cheese-paring," or "be so true a thief, that he'd steal from himself, and think he had got by it."*

One of them at this time absolutely stole a chest from the tent of a French Staff officer in the broad sunlight. "Defend me from my friends!" at least, if they take the form of our respectable friends Messieurs les Bashi-Bazouks. And I recollect being excessively diverted at the horror of the elegant Frenchman, on appearing before a court to identify his chest, when he discovered the "vile uses" to which his "ordonnance," or military servant, had put it in the hurry of packing; and the revelations of private life afforded, through the appropriating passion of this terrible Bashi-Bazouk.

The remnant of the poor women who remained with the regiment, after those who were at Gallipoli had sent in their names as desirous to return to England, seemed to do tolerably well in our first camp at Varna. They attempted to wash for the officers; but as there was neither "blue," starch, ironing-boards, nor irons, their labours were not very effective: cleanliness even was not always attained; for although the poor women worked hard at the side of the lake, when dry the

* *Vide* 'A Very Woman.'

linen had to be folded on the ground of the tent they occupied. And as this tent was common to nine other persons of both sexes, and the men tramped in and out as they pleased, spotless purity was unattainable, and a sort of black pattern on a buff ground was more or less apparent over all our linen.

One day, while looking from the camp towards Varna, a lady, as she seemed, came ambling along the road with straw hat, flounced dress, and the gayest possible shawl. One became quite nervous. It was months since such a morning visitor had appeared; and though the French officers and Bashi-Bazouks had become indifferent to us, the idea of receiving a lady was quite alarming. However, there she was, drawing nearer every moment, making evidently to our tent. Servants were called, seats demanded, an impertinent intrusive fowl driven hurriedly out of the "green drawing-room,"—to the evident amazement of the said fowl, who generally roosted there at night, and lounged in the shade all day by the side of the gutta-percha water-basin; however, we were to be civilized people again now;—a lady was coming "to call."

Imagine, then, the surprise, when passing boldly on we discovered in that alarming rider our friend Mistress O'Flanagan, of Tchifleck memory, whom

last we left "lamenting," like Lord Ullin's daughter, not however on the calm sea-shore, but in the Turkish prison of Gallipoli!

How she had escaped the transport in which she was ordered to be sent to England, no one knew. Clever and ingenious as the authoress of the 'White Slave' romance was, she had not only effected her purpose, and got a passage in a French ship, but she had, by some means or other, attired herself in the latest French fashions. Indisputably her talent was great; and, rightly applied under proper training, the abilities of Mrs. O'Flanagan, in another class of life, might have rendered her an admired and brilliant member of society. As it was, she was simply considered as an impudent and dangerous camp-follower; and the order was at once given to take her back to Varna under a guard, and the officer was to see her placed on board a transport in the harbour bound for England, which vessel she was not to be allowed to leave until it there arrived.

The men who were charged with her safe convoy had no taste for this order. They liked the woman, and admired her energy. To express this, the soldiers appointed for her guard each filled his can with Vin de Tenedos, to see at parting to whose she would put her lip.

Arrived on the shore, the men gathered round with kindly words; and many a friendly and loving message was entrusted to our ex-cantinière, for transmission home to wife and comrade. Mrs. O'Flanagan was true to herself; she took the cans as they were presented, and, putting her lips to each, drank the men's health. Safe in the ship's boat, the guard left her, giving three hearty cheers as it pushed off, with Mrs. O'Flanagan in the stern. And, as it is sometimes said, "We could have better spared a better man," so the men of the whole regiment, I believe, regretted the disgrace and punishment of the author of "The Romance at Tchifleck."

CHAPTER XV.

PEASANTS AND SOLDIERS.

"WELL, we're off tomorrow morning!" "Off where?—to the Crimea?" "Oh no; only to the other side, under the hills." And it absolutely followed that the medicos, having begun to doubt the lake, recommended to move ground. Now the only disagreeable thing I know, connected with camp life, is the necessity for these moves. And it *is* a necessity, independently of any lake or sanatory reason of that kind. A camp soon becomes littered and dirty; wood fails, often water; change of air is good; and the men are improved by practice in tent-striking, baggage-moving, and so on;—it is all perfectly right, but, like many other right things in this world, that one's reason perfectly approves, it may, for all that, be eminently disagreeable. For half a day the sufferer is left without resource or employment, for every-

thing must be packed up. One's rest is disturbed by the servants having delayed all these arrangements to the last moment; and, as if this was not enough, before dawn, in the dark, damp cold of the morning, one is awakened, to stand about in the dew, hungry and shivering, till the baggage-carts are off and one's horses saddled. Now it is very true that, as the sun rises, and one rides over a fresh country, becomes interested in new scenery, and finds the animal spirits rise with the morning breeze, the exercise, the speculations on the character of the new camping-ground, and the inspiriting music of the military bands, the misery of the past hours are forgotten, or merged in novelty and anticipation. But to suffer all the prefatory pains and penalties of a regular "march," and then only to move one mile, to ground that has formed our landscape in perspective for a month, really seemed the acme of suffering. Of course I remonstrated,—"So easy to move over quietly in the afternoon;" but this would not do—the General would not have it so. Soldiers were not "to move over quietly" in afternoons, but to follow a system; and so, being half-stunned by the reasons of quartermasters and adjutants, "rules of the Service," and so on, I was compelled to admit how reasonable, right, proper, and all that

sort of thing, it was, to be kept awake all night, and then get up at three o'clock in the morning in the cold, just to breakfast over the way. But while I did so, and allowed first my chair, then my table, to be taken from me,—while I asked from time to time for my pencils, my books, my ink-bottle, and my portfolio, and sat down in despair on being told they were "just packed up,"—I yet determined to remain where I was till the evening, and, defying the tent-strikers,—though allowing them to take my house from over my head as they might,—find refuge in my bower.

Perhaps, when I discovered that the milkman, with his goats and sheep (for we drank sheep's milk constantly), had not taken my view, but quietly driven his flocks to the other side,—when I saw runaway baggage-ponies, fond of their old quarters, careering round with no one to check the free exuberance of their spirits, and hungry dogs prowling about the deserted kitchens, or harassing the forgotten chickens,—some little sense of being wrong intruded itself; but, as it would not do to pass a condemnation on my own pertinacity, I waited where I was, and defended myself and my bower as I could. And really, had it not been for the employment so afforded, that long, hot day would have been quite insupportable.

The wickedest mule in the whole regiment was my companion. She was tethered to a bush, under a supposition that her services would prove valuable in removing the few articles that yet remained in camp. This pleasant animal had been handed over for baggage-use by the Commissariat; and, from the first hour of our acquaintance, had, in the most spirited way, announced the firm principles of freedom, by which her every action was influenced. The men fancied that by force and violence these characteristics might be subdued; but they were mistaken. Cajolery was then tried; and it was amusing enough, while the act was merely a "rehearsal," to see the attempts made to convert the will of our baggage-mule. Some dozen soldiers surrounding her, she would allow the bridle to be put on quietly enough, and the surrounders triumphed; but then came the pack-saddle, and, long before it could touch her back, the creature commenced her series of objections. The rapidity of her kicks, bounds, rearings, bites, and curvettings soon dispersed the crowd of her enslavers; and as she then stood, tossing her head in the air, it was impossible not to admire the animal, despite her villany, she looked so young, so handsome, and so defiant.

During the day, numbers of Bulgarian peasants

strolled up, and helped in any way they could. They are a simple, healthy-looking race, and I am always interested in nomadic tribes: I like to see human nature, even with any, however faded, vestiges of it original freshness.

In all their intercourse with us, the Bulgarians were kind and honest. They are fearfully oppressed by the Turks, and look hopefully, I think, on our presence. Their clothing and villages are wretched; the first being of sheepskins, the latter of basket-work and mud, like the boats of the ancient Britons.

Those who were in our camp seemed amiable and artless; they were rather fair in complexion, and had considerable colour in their cheeks, although the country is marshy, damp, and unhealthy. They wore a round fur cap, instead of the Turkish fez; and though the materials of their costume were poor and ragged enough, some taste appeared in the arrangements of the colour. The full trousers were of brown goat's-hair, and one or two men of a better class had light-blue waistcoats over a loose white shirt with hanging sleeves, and a crimson cloth, like that of the Maltese, wound round the body.

Their existence, as members of the Greek Church, under Mohammedan rule, must be irksome indeed.

They seem to live much as the agriculturists of India do,—on the produce of a little land, not caring to cultivate it beyond a certain point; as the sure result of apparent prosperity would be heavy taxation. The villagers now seemed charmed with the present aspect of affairs,—expecting protection and improvement of condition under a French or English administration, *vice* Turkish. And it is as well; for the Bulgarian does not hesitate to say, he would rather be governed by the Czar than by the Sultan. Poor benighted individual! he has not tried the Czar yet. He had better "bear the ills he has, than fly to [knouts] he knows not of."

When people live as the Bulgarian peasant does,—in a state where a Tartar may come into his house any day, and with his own will and a long whip drive him out of it,—when any Turk as poor and dirty as himself, merely because he is a Turk, may eat up all he has, and pay him the usual tariff of blows in exchange,—one cannot expect that his religious opinions are of an order that would tend to promote much party spirit in the Church. Still, there is the germ of good. A poor villager,—for even the Aga, or head man, deserves no more than such a title,—is glad to talk of better things than he knows at present. He likes to listen to the

story of his children learning at a village school, and good men bringing them tidings of mercy. He would oppose none of these things; and nods and smiles when they are spoken of, just as a worn, tired, aged man might do when a kind neighbour opened his window to let in the air and sunshine.

Knowledge and freedom are as air and sunshine to the oppressed, until misery has utterly debased them; and so it is pleasant to know that the poor peasant of Bulgaria does not love darkness for its own sake, though he lies fettered and imprisoned in it now.

Their language is, like that of the peasants of Roumelia, the ancient Hellenic, but degraded into a mere patois,—having just so many roots of words in common with the old Greek, as not to render communication without an interpeter quite impossible to a classic.

To their superiors, the poor cart-people about us seemed always most grateful for any little kindness,—a bit of bread cast to them, an old garment, or a coin of trifling value. But the soldiers would not believe in them at all; and though, when leaving this camp by the lake, a Bulgarian ran from his bullocks to help our servant fold a tent,—loitering and smiling kindly when he had

done so, as if to give further aid,—and I remarked, how willing the people were to aid—"Yes," was the answer, "when they can't help themselves."

Now this was unjust, for the man might easily have passed by on the other side. However, during my camp experience in Turkey, I never saw oppression exercised by the soldiery towards the peasants, or personal coercion used. On the contrary, the people seemed to like our men, who called them all, as individuals, "Johnny;" and would give them little articles of various kinds, worth nothing, but new and curious to the receivers.

Whenever the milkmen came, or the lemon-sellers, or the delightful man with cherries, one never heard differences nor altercations; the people disposed of their property to advantage, and rode away on their donkeys, looking back smilingly, and repeating, "Buono! buono!" when invited to "come again, Johnny."

After sunset (and really my digression requires apology) I condescended to mount my little pony; and, shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, like those worn by the ladies at Nice, made my way over the stunted vine-stems to our new camp under the hill.

Most disagreeable it was. No shade; the

ground all rugged and bare; vine-stumps tripping one up all round the tent; and the whole place speaking of heat, dust, and desolation. Not the smallest attempt had been made to put the tent in order. The three pigeons and turkey poult sent me the day before from Baltchick, by a French officer who thought I was starving, had upset the water in the centre, and were now employed in fluttering about, and spattering mud upon my bedding and boxes. The old black hen, who had scrambled up with numerous flutterings towards the looking-glass, was essaying to balance herself thereon, as on a cross-perch to the tent-peg; a too movable one however to promise an abiding-place for the night's roost.

The tin cooking-pots, blacker than usual, and crammed full of what had never been in cooking-pots before, stood all about; the six-dozen-chest dining-table had returned to its first condition of rough plankhood on the transit; and just as I was standing in the centre of this, my drawing-room, a General of Division, accompanied by his Staff, rode up to call on me!

What would persons to whom, when a stranger calls, it is agony to reflect that the drawing-room fire is not lighted, and that the housemaid, careless creature, has left her pail in the passage,

have felt then? The idea is too serious to rest on; but happily, in Turkish camps one learns a valuable amount of apathy in such matters. The General complimented me on my possessions, and the *dindonneau* held up his head, and was introduced as the last arrival from Baltchick, the place of the Fleet.

It was getting late however, and the remainder of the effects tarried; vapour rose over the lake, the sun set, and yet no dinner!

Servants were despatched over the fields to get some news. The mule! the mule! nothing would induce her to be saddled,—nor bread, nor blows, nor apples; and not only that, but the merry-hearted creature had danced about among the baggage, till not a willow-pattern teacup remained to prove the luxury of the past.

The double-poled hospital tent had a little knoll to itself,—a dirty, disagreeable place too. But, oddly enough, such was the excitement arising from even this change (proving how right it was to make it), that it had the effect of bringing out some half-a-dozen patients, who seemed previously to have had a very fixed idea of remaining on the sick-list for ever. A soldier has a variety of motives for going into hospital, quite apart from the requirements of illness: parades are very apt

to disagree with him, brigade parades particularly; and the art with which he can keep up appearances, even with his medical officer, is ingenious to a degree.

At our hospital here, in the middle of July, we had some forty or fifty men sick out of a regimental strength of between eight and nine hundred. The cases then were principally fever. The men were not employed in working in trenches as they had been at Gallipoli, where their backs and arms were covered with great blisters from undue exposure to the sun. Yet, occasionally, parties were required to land horses, and so on, at the other side of the lake; and, when thus engaged, were not only exposed to the sun more than was at all good, but also dined much too often with Duke Humphrey for their health! An officer, occasionally, in command of these fatigue-parties, remained all day without food; and of course, under a climate so exhausting as that of Varna, evil generally ensued from, what Combe would consider, such a breach of natural law.

Then, our rations were getting very bad. No lambs "doomed to bleed today" could be pitied after the manner of Watts; the innocents might frisk and play in other lands, equally indifferent to their chances, whether in connection with poets or

mint-sauce. Here we had the toughest mutton, the most "stringy" beef, the hardest pork. Vegetables were as traditions,—we did not believe in them. And the bread, much worse than it had been at Gallipoli,—or "Gallypolly," as the men called it,—was a mixture of half-baked dirt and corn, about the colour of thick gingerbread.

There was no certain allowance of malt liquor or spirits for the men; occasionally, they had the wine of the country, never good, and generally deserving condemnation as very much the contrary, being sour and unwholesome. At this second Varna camp, some porter once came up, and the men were allowed to purchase a pint apiece, which cost them three halfpence; but these luxuries did not last long: and if our people could have lived as the Turks do, on a good "pilaff," and taken to coffee and "hoshab" as beverages, they might have done better than with the feasts of the Barmecide, wishing for impossible English luxuries. At first, the hospital was deficient altogether in sick comforts: there was neither sago, arrow-root, nor any material for making gruel; neither a bottle even of port-wine. The deputy-inspector at length sent six of these; but it will be seen that, if the sick man in hospital could not eat his rations,—that is, if he had no appetite for

elderly mutton, caoutchouc-like beef, and super-saline pork,—the alternative was obvious.

The water too was always questionable; and I shall never forget the intense enjoyment that an officer appeared to feel on quaffing a single bottle of soda-water that remained from a little stock I had brought up from Constantinople. Rice was sometimes procurable; but the sick were unfortunate in having, as usual with them, a cook unable to improve on his materials. Now uncooked rice, whatever a high-caste Brahmin may think of it, as a food almost too delicious to be indulged in with spiritual safety, is not sufficiently succulent and well-flavoured quite to suit the English taste, especially if the person dieted on that useful vegetable product be in a high fever, and enduring the agonies of a parched tongue. However, so it was; and thus rice was not considered a very useful item in our *carte*.

The medicine-chest was well supplied; and there were lint and bandages, drugs solid and fluid, in abundance. The lack was of comforts,—those things which often do more for the recovery of the sick than the skill of the physician. Our hospital wanted wine, gruels, broths, puddings, good bread, pure water. It wanted good cooks to make some of them, good nurses to administer all. Our

nurses were untaught regimental orderlies, one to each ten patients; and the cook, I am sure, could not have made an eatable bread-pudding if his life had paid the forfeit of a failure.

It may be asked, where were the women of the regiment all this time? why did *they* not act as nurses?—A very natural inquiry, and one that would suggest itself to any non-military person, who might have become aware of a large number of women, the wives of soldiers, having been allowed to accompany the army to Turkey, and being then in the camp with their husbands. Several of these women had been cooks, as well as nurses, in the families of officers at home; but it is not the system to allow or encourage them to be useful in an hospital. The soldier, as he did here, lies on the ground upon a bed of cut grass, and takes his tenth-share of the attendance of an ignorant, unpractised soldier like himself; and the women are washing in the sun, or drinking to drown misery, or quarrelling about the right to some wretched shelter, or doing some bad thing or other, most likely, to which their whole previous training, in the condition of soldiers' wives, and the suffering of their present state, urges them.

How much wiser it would have been to form such women as were allowed to accompany their

husbands into a band, or "administration," as the French call it!—to have given specific duties to classes,—made some needlewomen, some cooks, some nurses; to have given them encouragement, and the reputation of having a character to support; to have provided proper shelter for them in the exercise of their duties, proper protection against the evils prominent in their position; and so, by adding to their comfort and rendering them responsible for the due performance of womanly duties, have originated an idea in these women's minds of the true value of character, and of the real importance they might be of, if acting their part in the great drama of war about to be played.

If every regiment had taken this view, and judiciously acted on it,—as soon as they left England, employing the women in hospitals, under the control of the medical officers, as in training-schools, till the Forces left Varna for the Crimea, and then storing them, as it were, under proper superintendence, at Scutari, Gallipoli, Therapia, or the Dardanelles, until their services were again required,—what immense good might have been done! what enormous sums saved!

We, in Turkey, should not have witnessed vice going hand-in-hand with misery. We should not have seen the rays of a burning sun beating down

on the heads of our unhappy women, and driving them, half-frenzied, to intoxication for relief. Our ears would not have been assailed by the language of blasphemous despair, and utter recklessness as its result. Nor should we here in England have had our feelings harrowed by accounts of the want of woman's hand to raise and succour, and by knowing how much *has* been endured before the aid that benevolence afforded could possibly reach its object.

I take immense blame to myself for not having endeavoured to originate some such plan at Varna, or at least of getting some of our Staff doctors to listen to it; but I was apt to avoid the evil, rather than try to remedy it.

At this Camp, for instance, I only thought of the hospital as a very objectionable neighbour; so, mounting my pony again, I rode across two or three fields to a charming little plateau, just under the hills, shaded by trees, and surrounded with vineyards. Once there, I could not return to the old hen, and the cooking-pots, and the unmade beds, and the dusty field; so having begged a "fatigue party," in half an hour I was established in one of the very prettiest spots a bell tent was ever pitched in.

CHAPTER XVI.

VARIETIES IN A VINEYARD.

We were pitched just under the hill crowned by the Second French Division, under the command of General Canrobert, the most popular of all the French leaders. He had distinguished himself much in Algiers, and is a kind-hearted, intelligent, straightforward, good-natured man. His appearance is much that of a healthy English country gentleman; and though General Canrobert can be a little fiery at times, there is a *bonhomie* about him which secures popularity in an army constituted as that of the French.

Our immediate ground was surrounded with vineyards, interspersed with large walnut-trees: the walnuts and the grapes were alike green at this time, August being their season; but the freshness and shade were delightful; and the view,

though not equal to that secured by the plateau on which the French were encamped, still had its items of attraction.

The lake was *à la distance*, with the opposite promontory as its background. In the curve of the bay stood Varna, with the General Hospital as its most prominent object. Then came the camps of the French Artillery, the Bashi-Bazouks, and the Ninety-first French Regiment close on our right. Behind us were the regiments forming our own Brigade, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique,—an immense crowd, pitched close against the oak-wood, more than a mile beyond us.

There was more bustle than we had calculated upon when selecting our position. We found that a little footpath in front led to the reservoir in the vineyard which supplied us all, French and English, with water; and that a steep rocky path over the hill, in the rear, was a footway to the camp of General Canrobert. Besides this, we had numerous little serpentine lanes and paths about us, chosen by the villagers as short-cuts to Varna. Persons who take lodgings on the Boulevards at Paris, or in Regent-street, or such as like railway-hotels immediately on "the line," will see at once the charms of our position. For myself, I would have preferred more retirement; but so it was, and the

opportunities for seeing varieties of men and manners were certainly very great in our home in the vineyard. We were also ourselves interesting to the passengers, and gave them, no doubt, many new ideas. It was fortunate that Turkish horses, however old or weak, are extremely sure-footed, or the accidents to many of the Devna and Varna elders would have been terrific,—twisting round in their saddles as they did, for half a mile, while progressing over the worst road, in hopes of seeing more of the strange dwellers in those tents.

The French soldiers, till they got right ideas, generally mistook our tents for the regimental canteen, and myself, no doubt, for the cantinière *en demi-toilette*. One very jolly Zouave once came in, I remember, and insisted on placing himself on the edge of one of the beds there, to recount the whole romance,—as he seemed to consider it,—of his first joining the army in Algiers; and talked most enthusiastically of "ce cher Canrobert" on the hill.

The bower idea,—improved, corrected, and enlarged in the second edition,—was again acted upon here. I had a most magnificent boudoir of this kind; a noble walnut-tree being its support, and stretching its green branches shelteringly over the roof. This was charming: the living canopy

promised such unchanged green; and the rustling of the leaves was pleasant, while their agitation cooled the air. Most of our people followed my arrangement here. The Lapland hut was found to be a delusion; and the wood was so abundant, that the bowers could be made much larger and thicker than we had had them by the lake.

There was wood enough upon the hill for all required purposes, and the orders were strict not to injure the fruit-trees; but to protect promising walnut-branches from the axe of the military bower-maker, not disposed to "spare that tree," would take ten times the influence of the combined order-books of the Allied Army. I did the best I could,—walking about with my large hat and umbrella, wherever green leaves seemed thickest,—exhorting and remonstrating; and many a bright green bough flings its strength yet into the air, rescued, not by the order-book, but my efforts, in appendix.

In the vineyard immediately behind my bower, on which my window indeed opened,—or, more properly, the aperture that stood for such remained open,—was another noble tree; and under this the good owner of the vines had placed a seat. I suppose it was intended for a seat, though I confess it was exceedingly difficult to sit thereon;

and the side of a German bed approached the nearest to it of anything I know. I thought this rather odd, in a land of divans; however, the French band of the Ninety-first considered themselves particularly well under that tree; and all day indeed, long after the practising-hour of eleven had passed, a solitary being, playing that instrument whose practice so eminently seems to demand solitude,—the cornopean,—might be seen, deeply sunk into that remarkable seat, his little music-books spread around, and the leaves of the 'Marseillaise' mingling with the leaves of the walnuts.

The courtesy of the French, as I have said, was apparent everywhere. An instance occurred in this place. On one occasion, when illness rendered the cornopean especially unsoothing, I walked up to the player, and told him of our being sensible of the disturbance. The man immediately hastened to collect his books, lifting his *casquette* continually, with, "Ah, Madame, how sorry I am! an officer is suffering, and *I*, with this unhappy instrument, have made him worse; I beg a thousand pardons." The man did not end here: he told his comrades; and the next morning, as the band of the Ninety-first passed, the bandmaster, as he saw me, expressed his regret at not knowing the

fact of illness sooner, and begged me to believe he would practise as far away on the hill as it was practicable.

The thunder-storms here were fearful; the lightning seemed to rend the skies, and then rain fell in torrents. The bell tents were water-proof; but the state of the ground was terrible. Slippery mud surrounded us, into which our feet sank ankle-deep; and the poor servants, who had no tents at all, were half-drowned. Of course, fires, under these circumstances, could not exist. It was fortunate that the storms generally came on of an evening, or really, between the rations and the storms, we should soon have been but a skeleton band. I was amused by a second-class Staff surgeon one day inquiring, how I thought he had been employed the evening before; and on my suggesting that he had probably been at Devna, or trying to catch glimpses of Greek ladies, or visiting the French camps, his answer was, "No; I was, single-handed, trying to pitch a bell tent, with the mud a foot deep, the rain pouring in torrents, and the lightning blazing round me." The condition of these Staff surgeons at Varna was pitiable. Away from their regiments, they had no military servants, and no other could be got. Every available Greek, Turk, or Maltese,

who might have come up, was engaged as an interpreter, and so on; consequently a poor doctor, besides attending to the sick, was every man his own footman, cook, groom, and *camérière*. In the morning, as one of these surgeons told me, who was attached to the General Hospital at Varna, he was obliged to mount his pony, having already cleaned, fed, and saddled the same; then he rode forth to get forage, which he brought home behind his saddle. Next, with sleeves above his elbows, he filled water for his bath, lighted his fire, and made breakfast, put his tent in order, and dined as he best could. All this time too he was supposed to be employed in active hospital duties, or riding about the camps, as he might be required.

My friend began to question whether the authorities considered the titles of a Staff surgeon and a gentleman synonymous; and he literally would have been worn out, "used up," and starved, had not a French soldier volunteered his services, and two French officers proposed to form a mess, or "*popote*," with him. Nothing is more favourable to an idea of comfort, than forming one in a French "popote." All day long, French soldiers were passing our tents with poles over their shoulders, from which, with long needles thrust through the foot, dangled scores of tortoises that they had

collected, and of which they were about to form savoury messes. These creatures were in abundance here. They came in and out of my bower most familiarly, if any notion of familiarity can be united to an animal of such solemn habits as this species of the tardigrades possesses. Our soldiers never seemed to make any use of them, except by converting an old shell into a soup-ladle; or by making the outer mantle of poor baby-tortoises into handkerchief-slides,—a practice held in much abhorrence by the French, who would have as soon killed "a nest of young partridges out of the shooting season," looking, of course, on every baby-tortoise slide as so much soup and cutlet spoilt. The truth is, as the old adage goes, "practice makes perfect;" and the Frenchman, always in a training-school of war, understands the means and appliances of making himself comfortable therein. Generally, this practice is popular,—occasionally, otherwise. I was riding one evening on the heights, and particularly wished to avoid a brigade parade that was going on somewhere or other. To effect this, I asked an Algerine the means. He did not know much of French, but guessed and pointed, and eventually led the way from the exciting neighbourhood. As he went, he chatted freely on in the few words he had gained

out of a variety of languages; and I collected, that "war now and then was all very well, but that the French were always at war, which was too much. After they had beaten the Russians and entered their city, he should go back to Algiers, and get, if he could, into the English service, because they only fought now and then." The Algerine was an artless, civil, chatty creature, and had the fashion, common to all the Algerines of whom I ever asked a question, of coming up to one's horse's head, looking intelligently up to give their information, as well as they could; and while doing so, patting and fondling the horse with all the apparent love for that animal that so eminently distinguishes the Arab.

The Algerines look so well too, in their dark-blue embroidered jackets, orange gaiters, and white turbans, that are so much more becoming than the fez. Really the Turk deserves to be done away with, even if it were only that, among his other evils, he perpetuates the wearing of that hideous, senseless head-dress, which heats the head, without in the slightest degree protecting it, or defend the face and forehead from the rays of an Eastern sun. But "what can we say," as the Persians have it, but that the Turk is an absurd creature from top to toe,—politics, manners, and opinions, —fez, frock-coat, and slippers?

An order appeared here, warning the men against eating unripe fruit, which they are in the habit of doing, like little children: soft green walnuts seemed as irresistible to the Allied Army as young apples are to our nursery heroes; and the result of the indulgence was, of course, sickness among the troops. How often a poor climate suffers in reputation from indiscretions of this kind! Men plunge into a lake under the burning sun, and are taken delirious to their camps. They eat to excess of green fruit,—drink cheap, unwholesome country wine,—are kept out under heavy marching parades, with a rising sun of sickening force, and then, when the hospitals are half-filled, reports appear of the badness of the climate, and the necessity for a move. I believe ordinary precaution would keep the English soldier as free from disease,—except during the existence of an epidemic,—as the peasant in whose land he serves; but the men are mere children in habit, and, like children, are apt to enjoy most the evasion of those orders which the experience of their superiors induces them to give.

The French however began about this time, the 20th of July, to suffer more than we did. After roll-call the men in many cases slipped away under the tents, and strolled about the hills in search of

tortoises, or *vivres* of some kind. By this means, confused by the number and similarity of the tents, they lost their way; and scarcely a night passed but one or other of these unfortunates would come prowling about our ground, or be found lying asleep in the dew, to be carried to the hospital of the nearest camp.

One night, particularly, I remember a circumstance in point. The dew was very heavy, and all the flies of Varna seemed to have taken refuge in our camp: the canvas looked like a closely-spotted black and brown cloth. About an hour after midnight, I heard a strange unpleasant rustling among the grass outside; and, not certain whether it was a Bashi-Bazouk or a wild cat,—for both creatures had a knack of wandering about tents at night, to see what was to be had,—I appealed to the disturber in the usual way, "Who 's there?"—a question that would have conveyed about the same idea to both Bashi-Bazouk or wild cat, supposing either of these midnight rovers to have been there. The answer however came in French: "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu, je suis perdu! Je suis un Chasseur d'Afrique, et je suis perdu!" This condition of agony we relieved by calling a servant, and sending the poor lost Chasseur down to a French picket, whose watchfires burned immediately below us;

and he was restored, I hope, to his own usual equanimity and the service of the French army.

The French officers averred that some Englishmen adopted the dress of the French army for the purpose of committing robberies. It might have been so.

At any rate, I was standing a little removed from the sleeping tent one afternoon, and observed a French soldier, as I thought, coming up from our camp, who, when he saw me, seemed to be taken with the action of rather considerable inebriation, rolling from side to side in a way not authorized by the impediments of the furrows and vine stumps of the way. By degrees he reached our hillock; and, after strolling and reeling about for some little time, he finally sat down, resting his back against our tent. On this I called my servants, and the man started up, evidently concealing some article of clothing under his coat. Our people gave chase, but he ran steadily and nimbly up the hill, until joined by a couple of apparent comrades from the French camp, who were leaping down the hill as he ascended it. The man was stopped, and an examination took place, for some time without any result, the French abusing our people, and protecting the man; at last out dropped from between his shoulders the stolen article, and then

the French were the first to collar and force him down the hill. To my utter astonishment, when I desired them to let him go, the culprit in broad Scotch replied, "Thankee, Ma'am; I'd been drinking with a comrade, and didn't know a bit what I was at." "C'est un Anglais!" shouted the French, "un vrais Anglais!" and they walked away, saying, "You were too good, Madame; a soldier begins ill by being a thief—he will live to be shot."

The French regiment encamped immediately below us had a charming band, and the General of Division went evening after evening to hear it: it was composed of between fifty and sixty instruments, and all were well played. The camp itself was a pattern of cleanliness and orderly arrangement. The tents were double-poled, opening in the rear as well as the front; and, from the top being broad and flat, instead of being brought to a point, as our bell tents are, the indwellers enjoyed an amount of coolness unknown to us.

The bands of our regiments had fallen off lamentably in Turkey, and really I felt quite ashamed of our exposition in that way, when the Colonel of this very Ninety-first rode up when the band was playing, and began talking to the band-sergeant in excellent English. Very few indeed of the French officers spoke English, but this gentleman had

married an English lady, and paid her the compliment of acquiring her language. Two or three other officers of various regiments had married my countrywomen, but none of the ladies appeared to be living; the answer to the question of where the wife was, being always, "Mais, malheureusement, elle est morte."

The Varna plain around us bore record to the war of 1828 and 1829. Small fortifications crowned the rising ground, and these again were interspersed with tumuli, supposed to cover the bodies of those Russians who died here of the plague before Varna was ceded to Russian gold.

Several curious remains of arms, ancient pottery, and so on, were found; and an officer of our regiment, who takes great interest in antiquarian pursuits, in digging the hole designed for his kitchen, found a very remarkable coin, representing a warrior in the Roman costume, dragging after him by her hair, as his captive, a kneeling woman. The general impression was that the captive represented Zenobia; but, as the coin was sent to England, the matter is perhaps decided by abler numismatists. In the oak-wood too, near the encampment of the Chasseurs, an inquiring mind might be amused by the effort to seek for old Russian spent balls, many of which would reward the exertion. It was an

interesting place altogether, considering the position the Russians *had* held there, and our own now; and we always regretted that Sultan Mahmoud had, in 1834 to 1846, rebuilt it, as the most important fortress in his dominions, as, by that means, it was less easy to trace its points of history connected with the Russian attacks upon it.

The reservoir that we all depended upon, away in the centre of the vineyard, presented a curious scene, with the English and French troops gathered round it; the picturesque French, with their knowing-looking little red casquettes, blue scarves flying loosely from their necks, wide red trousers, and merry laugh; the Algerines, full of antics; the Zouaves, sturdy and active. Our men, not quite so good-humoured, and encumbered always by their dress, yet worked away kindly with their new friends. The first thing a Frenchman did, was, laughingly, to take an English soldier by his stock, and, shaking him by it, point to his own flowing scarf; then he would raise his arms, and give them a whirl, as defying the Englishman to imitate him; next, shake the pockets of his great trousers, and show the abundance of their contents. All this was done however with the most perfect kindliness; and, though I rode frequently to this pool,—amused with the

groups there,—I never heard any approach to an expression of bad feeling between the men.

The old gentleman, lord of the vineyard there, however, thought this gossip might as well cease, and the use of the water too, as, I fancy, he feared destruction to his vines; notwithstanding the care the soldiers of both armies really took, to keep upon the little paths, and avoid any wanton injury to the Turk's property. One day however the supply failed; and it was then found that the vine-dresser had quietly cut off the water, some miles higher up, and turned the stream into another channel.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S CAMP.

HAVING a very agreeable acquaintance on the Staff of the Prince, commanding the Third Division of the French force, it was agreed to start very early in the afternoon, and mount the hill. At this time, the sun, even for riding, had become intensely hot, and it was four o'clock before we could venture to leave the tents; and even then the heat was as great as I have felt it in India at the same hour.

How the ponies managed to get over the ruts and the stones of the lanes, and the vine-stumps of the fields, I really cannot imagine, with those round, flat plates of iron on their feet: sabots and gutta-percha soles seem as nothing to them. But yet, though the horses leap and spring about, urged by their cruel bits, in a marvellous way,

and slip over the stones of Turkish towns as if they were on a Glaciarium, still, as I have said, I never saw a Turkish horse fall; on the contrary, their capacity for recovering themselves, after a stumble, is perfectly marvellous.

The road we went today was a great trial. It began, after the fields were passed, by a fine broad way, turning round by the Old Fort, and communicating between Varna and the hills. Here, as usual, were sign-posts erected by the French, designating the camps of their several Divisions; and the road abounded with groups of French soldiery.

The aspect of matters seemed to promise a specially long exercise in equitation. We had ridden some three miles without the vestige of a tent, and before us was a scarp rock, thickly wooded at the summit, the base lost in a deep valley, and intersected by a narrow path, that looked particularly perilous to any rider who had made too sociable an acquaintance with John Barleycorn. I even thought that many of the valuable lives of those we had passed were in considerable jeopardy, with that steep winding path and deep abyss, unless, before the ascent was made, our "tricolour" friends altered the angular character of their peripatetics. Tedious it was, even to the steadiest traveller; and turning back, as Bunyan's Timo-

rous and Mistrust did from "Hill Difficulty," we inquired, like them, for other ways.

A Zouave pointed one out across a bridge, and over a pretty park-like slope, that seemed to lose itself in forests of oak-scrub. He assured us this would lead to the Third Division, and we followed it hopefully.

Soon the path became narrow, excessively steep, and very rugged; the boughs were frequently interlaced over the road, and hung so low, that one was compelled to bend to the pony's neck, to force one's way. This was troublesome enough; but, just as the way became narrowest, steepest, and most rugged, behold, a train of arabas,—all wood, of course, axle-trees and all,—stopping on the way before us! An araba "stops the way" more effectually than any known vehicle; inasmuch as they always journey in line, and the whole line suffers detention should an accident happen to the centre one of the party. Such was the case now,—the third araba having been reduced to exactly the same state as a native cart in India was once described to me as being in, when "three wheels would not move, and the fourth was totally repugnant."

My experience in such matters induced me to force a road among rocks, boughs, stones, any-

thing and everything, rather than wait for the arabas; and, in a short time, we gained a few scattered sheep-pens and farms on the edge of the plateau. Here, the view over the hill,—its waving corn-fields and almost innumerable tents, with the Black Sea and the plain of Varna below us, with the immense lake, and the pretty encampments on the opposite hill,—was indeed magnificent; and we lauded the taste and wisdom of the French, in selecting this high ground for the encampment of their great Divisions. As it followed, however, sickness first commenced with them, and was the most fatal. The camp of the Third Division yet lay a long way off,—some three miles from the brow of the hill, and we were obliged to ride across several corn-fields to gain it. The French soldiers were strolling about in all directions, their brilliant red trousers and casquettes contrasting well with the bright-green barley; and it was pleasant to see, that, free as the men appeared to be to choose the scene of their exercise, no outrage had been committed,—no waste of property wantonly caused. Some loss must of course be inevitable to the poor peasants, by the occupation of their country by so large a force as that of the Allies; and the Turkish Government is precisely that sort of government which it is a

pleasant fiction to term paternal; for even the step-paternal sense would be infinitely too good for it. Therefore, the poor people will doubtless suffer heavily, both in the failure of corn and grapes. They knew, nevertheless, the orders of Prince Napoleon, and never forgot to complain in person when outrage was committed.

The camp was very large. We arrived first among the cavalry. The lines were formed of "bowers;" each horse was picketed in a bower; and these long double avenues of green stables were the prettiest things I had ever seen of the kind. The French lost fewer horses than we did in proportion. Our chargers had no stables of any kind, and suffered terribly at Gallipoli and Varna, both from the sun, the dews, and the flies, who drew blood with the least bite: our horses were nearly maddened from this cause. The best we could do, was to dig square pits for them to stand in, with some little protection of rugs and mats. But almost all the horses we brought from England failed; and the officers replaced them with Turkish horses, which were strong, cheap, and capable of enduring the climate. General Eyre lost a splendid charger at Varna after a few minutes' illness only; and a horse of one of our officers died at length, after intense suffering, from uni-

versal swelling of the head, as if from the bite of a snake, though there was no appearance of anything of the sort. These strange accidents were common with us, but the French appeared safe: whether this arose from the superior hardiness of their animals, the greater care observed, or the better management, is not evident.

The men in the Prince's camp seemed all engaged in either work or recreation—active recreation. No one seemed lounging about or idle: some were labouring, others playing long bowls, or other games involving bodily exertion. The only exception that I saw was that of a great red-whiskered Zouave, who, having possessed himself of a very little nestling of some kind, was endeavouring to make a sort of camp-follower of this small bird, who hopped after him and round him, and backwards and forwards, by command, as it were, in a most absurd way,—setting us all a good example with its evident satisfaction in the item of Turkish bread.

The Zouave, "bearded like a pard," seemed a little out of harmony with his amusement; and yet it was pleasanter to see, and more harmless, than the employment of one of our women at Gallipoli, who spent her time in robbing the nests of the sweet larks that abounded there, and then grum-

bled because "they were such miseries, all legs and singing." The Zouave at last took up his pupil, which nestled gladly in his bosom; and I felt the sturdy soldier had a gentle heart, and hoped that, when his day of suffering came, some tender hand would give him a cup of water to soothe his agony.

The camp of the Third Division had a most rural aspect: one might have fancied it May-day in the olden time, and that a great festival was being held. Every tent had its "bower." The camp was divided by palisades of leaves; branches and foliage doubled the canvas in quantity; and, wherever they could with propriety be placed, gay little tricolour flags fluttered among them. We had but one morsel of red silk in the whole camp; but the yards of tricolour expended on the French Division would have attired a whole *corps-de-ballet*, even according to the reformed taste.

The tents were generally of the admirable form I have noticed so often—flat at the top and open at the rear; and in front of several were elevations of mud, which formed seats or tables, as the case might be.

We appeared to have ridden over an immense tract, and through miles of tents, and yet we saw nothing of the encampment special of the Prince.

At last, a little way apart, we espied it, surrounded by a *kanaut*, or wall of leaves, within which was not only the tent of the Prince, but the smaller ones of his Staff, and among them that of our friend.

The only elevation in the tent way which I had ever seen at all like that occupied by the Prince was in the representation of "Henry the Fifth" under the management of Mr. Macready. I cannot describe it, but it had that canopy-like embroidered dome, and long sloping sides all decorated with an arabesque pattern in red, which I had considered, with all my experience of the tented field, a style peculiar to the drama. At the corners were the little tricolour flags of course, and outside the leafy wall stood a couple of smaller tents, of the same dramatic form as that of the Prince, between which moved a servant also, strongly suggestive of the individual who, in the performance of his duties on "the boards," always appears to occupy so agreeably the attention of our galleries.

The Prince did not mix so generally or cordially, it was said, with his officers, as was habitual with General Canrobert; yet he was always approachable, and had the reputation of being a studious rather than a clever man. He was said to wake soon after midnight, and, lighting a reading-lamp attached to his bed, devote some five hours before

he rose to the study of science, particularly chemistry. He is slow in manner, and not remarkable for general intelligence. In appearance, though strikingly like Napoleon I., he is heavy and stolid-looking, his eyes being deficient in the expression so remarkable in those of the great First Consul.

The bands of the regiments play alternately during the evening, as the Prince is said to be especially fond of music. The "Administration," too, regularly practise; and rehearse, every morning, glees and solos, which they are called upon, in turn, to contribute to the amusement of the Prince after his dinner. This practice of, under every circumstance, looking for and cultivating external amusement, is peculiarly French. In our camps nothing of the kind was ever heard of. The band occasionally played, but very seldom and very badly; and as to parties of our soldiers being told off, to exhibit their vocal talents and taste for the recreation of their officers, that happily was never attempted. General Canrobert, before he left Scutari, had found it so dull without a ball-room, or *fête champêtre* of any kind, that not approving of the tranquil quietude of the ladies at the "Sweet Waters," he declared that on arriving at Varna he would originate a "Jardin des Fleurs," and make all the Greek ladies "dance and be happy." The good

General however seemed to see the difficulty of the attempt, and did not risk the humiliation of a failure. Not but that the Greek ladies, and the Turkish too, when they had once shuffled off prejudice and yellow boots, would have enjoyed a *deux-temps* of all things, and not been averse even to a polka.

However, there was absolutely a theatre got up in Prince Napoleon's camp,—a very droll and amusing affair indeed. The men had erected it of the old material,—walnut, not wood, but leaves,—and had all sorts of devices for scenery and decoration. *We* always said, "What 's the use? we shall move directly," when anything was proposed, even so simple a matter as stabling the horses; but the French set about every plan they could devise at once, and carried it into execution. Thus there was a theatre, decorated with arms, and all the turban-cloths and waist-scarves that the Algerines, glad enough to form part of the audience, would contribute; and the Zouaves acted, and droll enough they were. They composed their dramas too, as well as acted them; and they were usually rude satires upon existing circumstances, full of coarse humour and rough mirth. The officers encouraged these performances by their presence; and the men, sure of their efforts pleasing their superiors, exhi-

bited freely all the accomplishments they had,—singing, dancing, or practising tricks of jugglery, *tours de force*, and so on, they had learned among the athletæ and gipsy tribes of Algeria. A good deal of the Arab character was apparent in all this, blended with the French. Their style of theatricals reminded me very much of the *impromptu* plays—the acting charades, as it were, I had seen the Arab boatmen introduce and enjoy so heartily in old times upon the Nile;—telling histories of the Conscription in a drama, mixed with all sorts of rude jesting, and clever though broad caricature.

The Czar of course was very prominent as a hero on "the boards" of the "Prince's Theatre." In one drama, that met with immense applause, and was announced for frequent repetition, a windmill was introduced, constructed, with much cleverness, with bayonets and turban-cloths, a few brushes, and so on. A sack was brought in, by a man supposed to be a Russian, who emptied it into the windmill, and then screamed out that he wanted the contents back, as they consisted of the Czar! But the Zouaves told him to wait; and then grinding away, a quantity of dust, the remains of the Autocrat, reduced by French power, was shaken out to the Russian, who anon capered about, and danced

a round with the Zouaves, to show his sense of the value of emancipation from the yoke of a tyrant.

Childish as all this may seem, the French commanders know its value. The minds of the men are amused by it; the occupation caused by the necessary preparations employs time that might be given to evil habits; and it improves good feeling between officers and their men. There is a kind of originality and cleverness, too, often displayed by the soldiers, that, in lack of better things, tends to amuse the officers themselves; and I have often thought how much more cheerful the French camp was, with its glees and theatre, than ours, where two or three officers sat, almost in the dark, in their tents, writing letters, or unemployed, except by a cigar, and the men were lying idly about, or crouching round the green-wood smoke of our kitchens, grumbling at the delay in our military operations, canvassing the acts of their immediate superiors, or finding fault generally with all about them. These recreations and indulgences form a material part of the absolute discipline of the French army, and the men certainly seldom appear to abuse it. They have commonly much intelligence, and seek to gain information on what surrounds them.

A French cavalry officer of the Third Division,

who had been ordered to Baltchik and Rustchuk to report on the road, villages, supplies, and so on, in anticipation of the advance to the Crimea, told me, that on the way, about five miles from Baltchik, he met a Zouave; and on his asking the man what brought him so far, alone and on foot, from camp, the Zouave said he had begun to doubt whether the army would not return to France, and so, having a great desire to see the Fleet, he had obtained three days' leave to do so. On inquiring about his means, it appeared that the man had only a morsel of brown bread, in his great trousers pocket, the remnant of all his support; but that, he said, he dared-say would keep him till he got back, as, if he walked fast on his return, he might arrive in time for dinner! Now this man was highly complimented for his zeal; and so it is the policy of the French officers to excite their men to endure privation, and exercise their observing faculties.

As the sun set, we urged the necessity of a return to camp; but the Staff of the Prince urged our dining at their "popote," and, as an inducement, carried us to their kitchen, a combination of stones like our own; but among them we saw wonderful things. A leg of mutton roasted; a coffee-pot full of soup, with real vegetables in it; and we were

assured that there should be boiled rice and custard too, a dish only fit for a lady, if we would but stay. All this was very tempting; but we feared the fall of night's shadows, with that rugged road before us. Our friend accompanied us however; and, so guided, we got round easily by the outskirts of General Canrobert's Division, the only annoyance being the quantities of giant moths, which attacked us in clouds just under the fort, as we descended the hill. These creatures swarmed about us like bees, got into the ponies' ears, and made them almost frantic. They beat round our heads, and knocked against our faces, ever, as we drove them away, returning to the charge in greater numbers and with greater vigour. They were like the locusts of the East; and instead of affording the merciful and poetical advice, "Fly away, pretty moth, to the shade," one most devotedly wished for a strong wind to blow these torments all into the Black Sea, there to perish with the least possible delay, unpitied and unsung.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BELGRAVE SQUARE.

By about the 25th of July matters began to take a serious appearance among us. The Third French Division, after losing several men, to avert the panic that was beginning to seize upon the troops, moved away, some thirty miles off, for change of air and scene. The dews became very heavy, rain was common, and our storms of thunder and lightning were more frequent and more violent. To imagine anything more wretched than our tents now became, was scarcely possible. They had no time to dry under the hot sun before the rain recommenced, so that the atmosphere strongly resembled that which would be enjoyed by hanging a room round with wet linen, lighting a large fire therein, and spending the first half-hour on a stool in the centre, one's feet supported on a wet sponge;

and if the reader will oblige me by trying to realize this idea, a very tolerable notion will be formed of our indoor comforts in the camp at Varna. Outside, matters were still more deplorable. The mud was of the kind adhesive; it clung about one with the tenacity of old prejudices; shaking it off was out of the question. How the servants managed at all, I have no idea, sliding and sinking in all this weary mire; and how the tough old fowl, or the morsel of mutton, was ever boiled in the dirty water, or brought to us in that smutty pan, day by day, remains quite an open question. Of course the bread had still more of Turkish soil, and still less of Turkish corn in it, than of old. And as water seemed to clear itself at the expense of making percolators of all the solids that it came in contact with, of whatever nature, the bread of course so dulled the fires that were intended to bake it, that our ration loaf resembled rather a block of soil from a Lincolnshire fen, than any portion of the staff of life. In fact it became uneatable, and I was glad to get a haversack filled with the last remnants of some ship biscuit, offered by our kind-hearted quartermaster. I am not a gourmand, but really, when I recollected that there was a land in which people ate half-quartern white loaves quite as ordinary things, had "best Dor-

set" day after day, drank infusions of souchong, with saccharine deposits instead of pipe-clay, I was inclined to wish myself in that land. I began to wonder, too, how I should deport myself sitting on chairs, instead of *à la mode Turque*, upon the ground; what would be the sensation of lying on a bed, instead of on a bare canvas stretcher, the legs of which were perpetually coming out of their sockets, or breaking off; how I should feel when I put my garments into drawers, instead of hanging them all up round a tent-pole; and what I should say to morning visitors, when asking them to sit on ottomans and in *bergères*, instead of begging they would find a convenient stone, or balance themselves comfortably upon a tent-peg. Now this sort of thing was all very well, and agreeable enough, as long as matters went merrily, as they had done at Gallipoli,—as long as the climate was good, and cheerfulness and health surrounded us; but now we were all getting dispirited: the disease that walketh by noonday was among us. Calculations were being made between the English and French officers, of the relative proportion of sickness in the two forces, and it seemed greatly to prevail at present in the French. The officers wore Smyrna scarves wound tightly round their waist under their frock-coats; great attention was

paid to the rations of the men, who had well-baked white bread provided, and they drank the *vin ordinaire* of France, of good sound quality, that the French had brought with them. Still matters were bad, and two of the Staff officers of the Prince Napoleon were in hospital, and the men falling ill by hundreds.

At this time, too, sickness reached our own tents; and the wretchedness of the climate and our position fell heavier than before. It became absolutely necessary that our own patient should be removed into Varna. But here two difficulties arose; the one concerned conveyance, the other shelter in the town. Now it will seem extraordinary, no doubt, that an army should have been sent to Turkey, liable to all sorts of accidents, even if not actually employed in the field, and yet that no carriage for the sick was provided. Yet such was absolutely the case; and a poor officer from Devna with a broken limb, had been sent jolting in on an araba only a few days before, to the intense suffering, as may be supposed, of the unfortunate patient. The French were provided with a sort of covered litter, open at both ends, to be borne on the shoulders of men; and they had also "les ambulances"—mule-litters, which formed either bed or chair, balanced on either side, and

attended by men, who carried water and comforts for the sick. We however, anxious as we were for our sick friends, could only look for the chance hire of a native cart, in which they might be jolted over rough roads and across furrowed fields to the shelter that was required.

But the shelter was the second difficulty. Day after day I rode in to the English Consul, who was good enough to employ a dragoman to hunt up vacant houses. Day by day I wrote begging letters to every officer I knew in Varna. Day by day our friends went in, came out, and reported that which was an echo of the rest,—"No room; not a place, or the corner of a place, anywhere." What was to be done? The "bower," rotting with the wet, sent forth a dead-leaf smell that seemed itself capable of producing fever; occupation of that, as a relief from the hot vapour of the tents, was therefore not to be thought of; and it was at length, when danger had reached its height, that with a grateful heart I answered the note of a Commissariat officer, offering me one room in his billet, with the use of a lobby; the same kind friend himself suffering severely from illness, but yet determined, as long as it might be possible, to do his office duty. He also sent us an araba, and with the best covering and bedding we could make,

the patient was laid in this most miserable conveyance; and the poor, simple, kindly-mannered Bulgarian bullock-driver was cautioned and entreated to proceed as carefully as possible. No one could have been kinder than this old man was, perpetually calling our attention to the slipping of a blanket from the rude canopy we had erected, and gathering green boughs to fix in the side, with a view of keeping off flies, and producing coolness. Still the way was sadly rough. Stumps of vines perpetually caused terrible jolts to the rude cart-wheels; and although the poor Bulgarian went in front of his bullocks, holding the yoke to ease them down the sides of the little trenches we had to pass, the journey was quite enough to have caused violent fever to any invalid so exposed. We were but two miles from Varna, yet, although leaving the tents at four o'clock, we did not arrive till half-past seven. Outside the sally-port, in a cloud of dust, and amidst a din of tongues indescribable, we had to wait while a line of commissariat carts passed in one way, and a troop of French cavalry, with their led horses, passed out the other. Once in the town we were stopped continually. Mules, horses, ambulances, commissariat carts, all obstructed the narrow ways; and I had almost given up hope of ever emerging from the labyrinth, when I saw a

little orange-coloured board on the front of a house with "Belgrave-square" written upon it, and knew that our abiding-place was there. At length then, with our poor patient nearly dead with exhaustion, the araba stopped before the large wooden gates that enclosed the courtyard; and the servants, lifting the patient in, laid him on the wide rat-eaten locker, intended for the support of divan cushions, in the principal apartment of our friend's billet. We have seen what Turkish houses were at Gallipoli: we will now see what Varna had to boast, remembering however that we are speaking of no less a place than one of the best mansions in a *locale* whose superiority had seemed to justify the title of "Belgrave-square."

The heavy unsightly wooden gates which formed an entrance from the rocky avenue yclept "Cadogan-place," opened inwards upon a stony courtyard, with its offices, and a small garden up in one corner, which had a gate and palisades, as if considered of immense importance; within the limits of this "ring fence" were two hollyhocks, a poppy, a rose-bush, and a vine. No doubt the flora would have been more extensive, but that the amount of land could not support any larger draft upon its resources. The offices were not considerable. There was a small intensely dark shed choked

with rubbish, traditionally said to be a stable; next it was a kitchen, *i. e.* a small room with an open fireplace opposite the door, and three stones in it, nothing more; within this a butler's room, but this retreat was so filled with pack-saddles, filthy posteens, chibouks, and rugs of doubtful cleanliness, that I must leave the details to the imagination of the reader, as I honestly confess I had not the courage to make those personal observations which are required for a full, true, and particular description of that questionable sort of caravanserai, for interpreters, carters, cooks, pony-keepers, and other varieties of Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, Italians, and Maltese, who might from time to time have occasion to tarry there, in connection with their duties to the officers in occupation of the house.

From this stony court rose a wooden staircase, exceedingly on one side (an apparent institution in Turkey), and considerably ventilated by rat-holes. This sort of ladder "with the latest improvements," led to a broad landing-place, where an immense deal of clatter and chatter was always going on, and one wondered where it all proceeded from. At the back, very much indeed in the dark, were a couple of wooden-barred windows, and at them generally appeared some half-dozen pretty rosy Greek faces, the property of the daughters,

great and small, of the old lady who owned this tenement. On the entrance of the troops into Varna, eyes of appropriation had been cast upon this mansion; and therefore, although the proprietor was permitted to remain in its darkest chambers, the upper part was devoted to the requisitions of the Quartermaster-General. From this landing, stairs of newer wood led to a door,—so very new that it had warped in all directions; and as it would never shut, but only bang about to and fro on its hinges in a high wind, one was almost sorry that the kind Greek widow had not added its expense to her daughters' dowry. Well, this door, whose chief use seemed to be to push backwards and forwards a large stone set to keep it steady,—"opened," I was going to say, but intruded upon would be better,—a lobby, with three comical windows in it, and three doors equally droll, that led to an equal number of the most awkward apartments possible. The humour of the windows consisted in the sashes being accustomed not only to open in the ordinary way, but always to be taken off the hinges and set down against the wall, as if the glazier was coming to mend them; and if this was not done, they set up such a "clatter *versus* patter" among themselves, that the glazier would indeed very soon have been necessary to remedy the inattention.

The doors were droll, because all more or less harmonized with the character of that of the lobby, and had, when physical force compelled them to their proper objects, latches of a construction so complicated and peculiar, that only a Greek could open them. It was therefore very possible to be imprisoned for hours in one's own room, more particularly if the prisoner could not speak the patois of Varna; because if he did shriek from the window under such circumstances in an unknown tongue, a Turk would only look up and pass on, under the belief that shrieking from windows was one of the prevalent customs of the English people. The apartments were sufficiently awkward too, as I have said; and it had been well had their objectionable qualities been comprised in that explanatory word. The awkwardness consisted in their having a great open space on one side, that looked into a neighbour's room, a long sloping wooden locker under the windows, and a huge wooden press opposite to it, with large doors that luckily *did* close with wooden buttons; as, in the night, the palace of the good King of England, before Whittington earned the Mayoralty of London, must have been tranquil, comparatively speaking, to the interior of this "Rotten Row" of rats.

But I have said it did not end here. And really, terrible as the subject is, unless I approach it, the

reader can have no idea of what our sufferings were at Varna. The ceiling of the rooms was of new wood, like the doors and press, and the walls fresh whitewashed. Nothing could be purer-looking than they were; and after what we had heard of the barracks at Scutari and of Turkish houses, we congratulated ourselves on our mansion in Belgrave-square, Varna, as *that* at least was *clean*.

Sorely wearied, I went to bed. Patter, patter, patter! What could it be? Surely it rained, and the leaky roof allowed the drops to fall on my face and coverlet. To ascertain the fact, the lucifers and candle came into requisition; and then a scene appeared which I thought even a Turkish house could not have produced. The walls were covered thickly with vermin of the most objectionable class, the white coverlet showed hundreds, the planks of the floor seemed to pour them out in streams; and when morning came, and I described what seemed a horrible sort of phantasmagoria, my friend laughed a wild sort of half-frantic laugh, and said, "Oh! you must sprinkle Italian powder over the floor and bed, and suspend a tarpaulin over-head." Neither tarpaulin nor powder had any effect; and though at last I tried placing lighted candles round, till I could have fancied myself one of the royal family lying in

state, before I left Varna, I was half-maddened from want of rest, the hideousness of the midnight hours being increased by having for our opposite neighbour the commissariat baker. This individual owned a shed, open in front, and covered with a mixture of tiles and charred beams, several of which last dangerously projected over the footpath. About four o'clock in the afternoon this important person was wont to light the fires of his oven, which immediately poured forth volumes of smoke, there being no particular chimney to the building, but every aperture acting as that useful accessory. As night wore on, batches of bread were run in on slides, and then raked out again with long shovels; and as this necessarily required labourers, and the labour was monotonous, the chief baker and his assistants beguiled the time by talking. The amusement could not be called conversing, inasmuch as everybody talked together, laughed together, scolded together, and hooted together; this, combined with the heat, the smoke, and the noise of the raking, was quite enough to prevent rest, even if our internal economy had been better than it had; and I am afraid I was scarcely sorry when I learned that the devastating fire at Varna had included that distracting commissariat bakery.

For some time past sickness had prevailed so much in our camps, that all who *could,* at once came into town, while soldiers soon filled to overflowing the General Hospital at Varna.

Now, the General Hospital at Varna is exactly the kind of place that one intuitively feels it would be impossible ever to get well in. Its site is at the entrance of the town furthest from the sea; and it is an ugly whitewashed place, situated among heat, dust, beginnings and endings of camps, and every disgusting accompaniment. It is *said* to be clean; perhaps it is. I was never in it, but an assistant-surgeon told me that during his tour of duty there, he sat up all night with his trousers turned up to his knees, whisking away the fleas as they frisked upon them: imagine this, to a patient laid low with burning fever, and the thermometer at 94°! It was a terrible place, and the sick had not half medical officers enough to attend them. The assistant-surgeons were worked nearly to death, as many will bear me witness; and numbers of soldiers went in there who never saw a doctor, and were so sent on board a vessel in harbour used as a floating hospital. It was terrible to reflect, too, on the fearful scenes that must have taken place in that hospital in 1829, during the plague. In the month of June, a

thousand patients a week were brought in; and on one day, the 25th of June alone, three hundred persons died. Then only fires were at length made from the bones of the dead, and a series of horrors followed, that one hopes the poor soldiers in that hospital knew nothing of, or they would fearfully have added to the miseries they endured there.

A short time after we had arrived in our friend's billet, an officer came down from Shumla so weak and emaciated that he could hardly stand. He, too, had been jolted for nights and days in an araba: a large bottle of cold tea, and a handful of rice boiled in bad water, his only support.

His servants had left him, and his wretchedness was extreme. There was no medical officer at Shumla, and he described the place as dirtier and more miserable than Varna. He, poor man, occupied one of our rooms, and suffered as I had done. A friend however in the commissariat called on him, and in the afternoon sent us a magnificent present, consisting of half a loaf of real white bread, and a small baked rice-pudding. Luxuries were creeping in. I astonished all the party by telling them I had really seen an officer's servant carrying a baked shoulder of mutton in a dish with potatoes round it; but no one would believe in the potatoes, notwithstanding it was Belgrave-

square, and we had a houseful of inspectors and deputy-inspectors behind us, and the Quarter-master-General himself just round the corner in Cadogan-place.

The windows of our house presented strange scenes from time to time; for what with Belgrave-square being a sort of Quartier de St. Germain to the French, as well as being the resort of all the English of rank, while it appeared to be also the direct road to the Greek cemetery, the varieties were remarkable.

There were officers of the English Staff, *chefs d'escadron* of the French, soldiers of the Line, orderlies with post-bags belonging to the different camps, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Spahis, Bashi-Bazouks, Zouaves; then came the interpreters,—Greeks, Italians, Poles, Turks, dragomen who could speak everything, Irishmen who could speak nothing intelligibly; Turkish ladies in brown cloaks and white mufflers; French wives of restaurateurs in caps, ribbons, and shawls, like the "*bonnes*" of Paris; soldiers' wives in pasteboard bonnets and curtains, such as English children wear in home gardens, with, during the day perhaps, one energetic lady, in broad-brimmed wide-awake and holland habit, determined to see as much of Turkey and her husband as Lord Raglan and the Rus-

sians would let her. These groups were gay, brilliant, and cheering to look on; and as there was a tempting road over the way, which everybody thought led somewhere that they wanted to go to, and then found it ended in a dust-heap and two blocks of stone, one was sure of seeing the effect of the fronts of the uniforms, as well as the backs.

All this would have been amusing, and a great relief to the wretchedness of our indoor life; but it was marred by the frequent howling of the Greek priests, which having attracted us to the window, we looked down on funeral processions, and saw children, girls, and men in the prime of life, attired in their usual dresses, and extended on a bier, decorated with artificial flowers and tinsel, as the manner is in the Greek Church. I really wish the Archbishop at Bucharest would make some alteration in this matter, for it is as unseemly a spectacle as that common to the Brahmins of India, where the corpse, before burning, is attired in festal robes, seated in a chair, and paraded about the bazaars, with torches, incense, and the music of the temple,—a sight occasionally most appalling, as the reader may imagine.

Varna is a most difficult place to find one's way in. I compassed a tolerable knowledge of the Consul's, the Post-office, and Mr. Grace's store

at last; but it was only after losing my way every evening for a week, and riding round and round Varna. At length I fixed on landmarks, aided by the Turkish plan of colouring the houses.

I knew that to get to Mr. Angell's, the Postmaster, I must go on till I came to the large bright blue house with the glass windows, turn round by the pink one with the lattices, and proceed till I saw the French sign "Rue de la Poste." I knew that to get out by the Bay, I must wind round by the dingy brown edifice and the tricoloured flag, till I arrived opposite the great yellow mansion that faced the sally-port next the sea, and so on; but it requires as much care as in a wood not to lose oneself in Varna, and it is certainly a most miserably ridiculous town. Perhaps some one may think of Genoa in connection with my landmarks, and recollect the sort of pink gaol of a house the pleasantest writer of the day describes, as that which was prepared for his reception there; but I beg to say, that Varna is as unlike Genoa as any two things can be unlike each other, and that, though there are pink houses, all other *couleur de rose* vanishes as one sallies forth on an evening ride, to thread the ways and inhale the fresh dust (for air there is none) of the second city in Turkland. Belgrave-square, taking the geometrical de-

finition of a figure with four equal sides, and all its angles right angles, had certainly no claim to the title. It was more the shape of a snake's head, taking, for the body, the long narrow lane of which it formed the widest opening. Opposite to us, as I have said, was that rest-destroying bakery; and next to it, a great house, the upper part plank, the lower mud and pebbles, in which were little windows with wooden rails and shutters, and some queer arched pigeon-hole sort of apertures, frequently occupied by some very sweet, smiling, rosy little Greek faces. And we used to nod at one another, the Greek girls and I; and they were so courteous in their manner, and amiable in their gestures, that I was strongly reminded of some beautiful Roman girls who had a house opposite mine in the Via di Ripetta, and quite charmed me by the grace and courtesy so remarkable in all their acts, connected with me as their neighbour. I am afraid, that under the abode of these houris there was a slaughter-house; and opposite to this was a strange, uncouth erection, all scaffolding, the lower story of which was huge rough stones and mud, the greater wooden beams of the upper part standing far out into the street, and flinging a strange, Chinese sort of pattern of cast shadows upon the rough street below them.

Such was Belgrave-square, Varna, and the streets leading to it. Cadogan-place, and others with equally high-sounding titles, were as narrow as they could be. At least, I presume, that where one stout gentleman can scarcely squeeze along, and two thin ones with difficulty can pass each other, ventilation is not considered an object; and there is as little waste of building ground as even a Cubitt could desire. Then the couple of huge stones stuck into the dust, about half a foot from each other, in the centre of the streets, would appear an evident institution, emanating from some ancient Turkish Tattersal, for creating a perpetual demand for horses; were it not, that the little Turkish quadrupeds are much too knowing to be betrayed into a condition of broken knees by any such tricks, and so amble over them, with a sort of dignified *insouciance* pleasing to observe, just as the Cairo donkeys amble over doorsteps. They are capital little animals, these Turkish ponies, and a very good one may be bought for three or four pounds.

There is only one pleasant ride out of Varna, and this leads away by the sea, to the foot of the range of hills on which the French were encamped. Riding out one evening by the sally-port, opposite the Consul's house, the scene was quite charming,

reminding one for a moment of the autumnal scenes of England. The sun was setting, and shed its rich light on sheaves of ripe corn,—hedges full of flowers,—vineyards with pretty pleasure-houses in them,—and way-side fountains, richly sculptured, where bearded old Turks, very dirty and picturesque, were watering small donkeys laden with green forage. The scene was a charming pastoral. I had no idea that the neighbourhood of Varna could afford anything so pleasing; and after an agreeable ride, I turned back by the shores of the Bay, and a little Turkish encampment, where two parties, perched on the ground, seemed eminently recreated by watching some twenty powerful, fine young men, playing with immense glee the somewhat unmilitary game of "Puss in the Corner."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE 'CARADOC.'

THE troops were expecting to move either to Anapa or the Crimea every day. There was great excitement; no one knew what was on the *tapis*, and all that could be gathered was, that transports were accumulating in the Bay; that Sir Edmund Lyons, with Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud, had gone a survey on the coast of the Crimea, and returned; that orders had been given for the sale of horses and baggage-ponies at a certain tariff; and the belief was, that a very few days would see the whole of the Allied Forces off somewhere.

The 'Agamemnon' and the 'Bellerophon' were both lying off Varna: Lord George Paulet gave a dramatic performance on board the 'Bellerophon,' which went off admirably, including some of Dibdin's sea-songs; and there was a decided stimulant

given to us all, by the nearer aspect of occupation for the troops. The sickness however increased, and this fact was depressing to a degree.

Lord de Roos was ill, with most of his Staff; patients poured into the General Hospital; poor, ghastly-looking officers came down from Devna and Shumla, and were seen crawling along the stifling streets of Varna, supporting their wasted frames upon sticks and crutches. Servants became more scarce; character was never thought of; and, let a man be what he might, sick officers disputed over his services, and paid whatever he chose to ask;—ten pounds a month in one case, I remember, was paid as wages to a man who, his former master stated, had robbed him of nearly all he had. In this state of things, all who suffered, and possessed sick certificates, were most anxious to get away. Those officers who expected daily the embarkation of their regiments, more especially dreaded being left upon a sick bed, without the assistance of their servants or the society of their brother officers. We, sympathizing in this, were of the number of those anxious to quit Varna; but it was not easy. An order was given for a passage, but there was no vessel in which people could embark. The Austrian Lloyd's boat, which comes up once a week from Constantinople,

had just left; all the transports were directed to remain; and so, to our dismay, with the order to go, we were yet constrained to stay and suffer.

The old Greek woman of the house, and her daughters, came up from time to time, very anxious that I should make little sketches of themselves and their attire, which certainly was an inducement to occupation of an agreeable nature,—they looked so bright and pretty, with coloured kerchiefs falling over their flowing hair, and a blossom pinned coquettishly in the folds. I sent for a merchant in Varna, and bought several of these kerchiefs of thin coloured muslin, printed with borders of bright flowers; they are very pretty, and come from Constantinople and Vienna. I also got some tobacco-bags of merino embroidered with silk; but Varna has not much to boast of in the richness of its goods.

The wretchedness we endured, the increasing sickness about us, the lack of wholesome provisions and good pure water, with the fearful condition of the house and the stifling heat, began to render Varna unendurable. I was incapable of any exertion, mental or physical; and the anxiety to leave it became intense. At length the 'Caradoc,' commanded by our kind and gallant friend, Lieutenant Derriman, came in, bringing de-

spatches; and, in answer to a most despairing note, he most kindly proposed to take us to Stamboul. Oh, the relief and happiness of that day!—fresh life and vigour seemed to animate us. Our personal baggage, the little we had, was placed in an araba, and the rest, with horse and ponies, left to fetch what they might; and, in a burning sun, at four o'clock, we started for the Varna pier, walking ankle-deep in dust until we got there. The almost impossibility of getting a boat, however, was another of the difficulties of Varna; and there we remained, almost hopeless, until I espied the 'Caradoc's' boat, which took me off; and, at length, a friend sent the baggage in another, but not until Lord George Paulet, with his usual cordial and condescending urbanity, had proposed that it should go in his own boat.

Oh, the delight of being again on board the 'Caradoc;' of walking on its clean, well-ordered deck, and breathing the fresh, cool air; of sitting in its charming saloon, among books and pictures, morocco chairs, and the comforts of civilized life! We felt rescued, spared from the horrors that seemed about to overtake us; and never perhaps in life have I felt more grateful than I did that first hour on board the 'Caradoc.' We were not alone either; several officers,—ill, emaciated, and

stricken almost to death,—were with us; and all were sad and dispirited.

The noble 'Agamemnon' lay alongside the 'Caradoc,' bearing the flag of Sir Edmund Lyons, and commanded by Captain Mends, one of the gallantest officers and noblest-hearted gentlemen in her Majesty's service. Having had the pleasure of his acquaintance "long, long ago," he pulled off, in his usual cordial way, and came on board the 'Caradoc,' just before a dinner-party commenced on the flag-ship. Lieutenant Derriman joined it; and then I had a long chat with one of the 'Caradoc's' officers, about the drama on board the 'Bellerophon,' the chairs of state set for imaginary ladies, and the taste of the decorations.

After dinner, which I believe, now that I reflect upon it, was a very simple though substantial meal, but which then appeared to eclipse all I had seen of the rare and delicious, Mr. Nasmyth came on board from the Admiral's party. He looked very brilliant in crimson and gold, and spoke of Omar Pasha and the siege of Silistria, to the intense interest of his listeners; after which we soon slipped away from Varna, and in the morning found ourselves at the entrance of the Bosphorus.

It rained heavily during the night, and had now subsided into a quiet but determined drizzle,—

like an obstinate man, who will not put his nature to the expense of a longer passion, but has his own way notwithstanding. The Bosphorus that day reminded me somewhat of the Caledonian Canal, where one is assured the rocky heights are full of interest and beauty; but that traveller is a happy one whom the rain and mists allow to judge for himself.

I am afraid I shall be considered a very unromantic chronicler of experiences in Turkey, because it seems necessary always to represent Constantinople and the Bosphorus as a species of fairyland, that can never be wet, gloomy, or disagreeable, like other places. It was the fashion to hold the same view of Italy some years ago, before the experiences of the many dispelled, with the light of truth, the delusions of the few. Pleasant as Mr. Matthews' 'Diary of an Invalid' was, people did not quite like its common-sense view of matters; and until they had themselves shivered in Turin, caught colds in Venice, and been nearly drowned in the rain at Naples, got fevers in Greece, and fainted under the sirocco at Malta, they could hardly bear to be told that every traveller in the end finds out that each country has its "rainy days" in the sense of Longfellow, its disagreeable and trying circumstances, and that, of many lands,

England, after all, is fittest and best for the Englishman, and perhaps, on the whole, enjoys the healthiest climate.

The truth is coming out now by degrees about Constantinople and the Bosphorus; and such as are obliged to spend the whole year in Turkey, instead of the two early summer months, will no doubt grumble, and expose the climate for what it really is,—one in which as much cold, wet, and storm may be endured as in any other.

The mist cleared a little as we passed the celebrated Cyanean rocks, of which Byron writes:—

> "We follow'd on, till the dark Euxine roll'd
> Upon the blue Symplegades."

I tried in vain to see the "blue" colour of the poet. They were of a dark and very mournful hue, though the white foam dashing between their fissures gained much brilliancy from this cause. The rocks are of no great size, and their caoutchouc-like properties must have been considerable when Jason, after sending a dove to try the passage, steered the Argonauts through with danger and success. Perhaps these rocks, now rising some six feet from the water, had corresponding elevations on the other side of the Bosphorus, and the fabled "dove" was possibly the name of the small

craft that, drawing little water and taking soundings as she went, was sent to reconnoitre the passage down the Bosphorus, and through the rocky passage at the end. All one's willingness to lend an ear to classic story could do no more than this. The village of "Fener Koi," or the "Lighthouse," on the shore behind these rocks, had a pretty effect from contrast: the bright red of the telescopically formed Beacon Tower, with the shining white houses clustered round the base, came out well, with the black rocks as its foreground; and so we went on past Buyukdere, saw the aqueduct and the sardines, Giant's Mountain, with the site of the supposed grave of Joshua, and then stopped at Therapia to deliver passengers and despatches. The rumour was, that quarantine had been established at Constantinople; and many believed the rumour, expecting to evade it, however, by landing here, and quietly going up to Constantinople in a Therapian steamer in the morning, as if they had never seen Varna, and believed it to be a charming summer residence. We quietly went on however, and soon past the prettiest point on the Bosphorus, where the headlands of Kawak and Roumili Kawak, with their fortifications, defend the passage called the Sacred Opening, where stood the temples of the twelve gods, and the mighty edifices once de-

voted to the worship of Scrapis and the Mother of the Earth.

There is so much talked about the existence of Christianity among the Turks of Constantinople, and so many well-meaning people are deluded into the idea, that one scarcely likes to approach the subject at all. However, it is reasonably to be expected that, when Constantinople and Scutari are half-colonized, as they soon will be, by English,—when our nurses and chaplains have homes on the Bosphorus,—and when warm-hearted men and women go forth to minister mercy to the physical condition of those who seem perishing for lack of it,—churches will rise in the land of the Moslem, and we may hear of the laying of the first stone of a Christian temple, whose tower, looking on Roumili and Anatoli, will spread its influences more durably than did the twelve temples, with all their pomp, wealth, and circumstance.

On arriving at Constantinople, we found the aspect of matters much changed. The hotels had plenty of room, and we, as before, went to the Hôtel d'Europe, and absolutely dined, a party of five, at the table d'hôte. There had been no quarantine to fear: the system had been attempted for a few days, but of course worked so badly that the absurdity was its own remedy. Notwithstand-

ing this freedom however, much sickness was abroad; and the master of the hotel told me, that in Stamboul there was plague as well, and they feared its increase from the north terribly.

Of course, this gave occasion to Destuniagni to laud the simplicity and excellence of his *cuisine*, and the eligible position of his house; to both which facts I am glad to add my testimony. The view was magnificent, and the *salle à manger*, as a breakfast-room, most agreeable. It had been taken from the garden, was fitted with windows almost in the conservatory style, and ornamented with large numbers of fragrant and flowering shrubs; and as one sat waiting for some item of the abundant fare provided, it was pleasant to hear numerous little voices chanting the Koran from a Turkish schoolroom, that also looked into our garden.

I do not mean, that it was pleasant to hear little children growing up in the tenets of the Mohammedan faith, but that young voices are cheerful and musical when not attuned to the accents of anger or grief: and learning is a good thing, because habits are acquired which allow the aptitude to be used for good: and the little rosy-cheeked Turks chanting there, like grave elders, the book of the great Arabian, may get a taste for learning

which some day may lead them to the power of refuting its errors.

Our party, as I have said, was small, but the elements agreeable. We had two kind-hearted Prussians, who, with their dragoman, were pleasure and curiosity-hunting all day, and had a remarkable taste for spending the evenings in a dreary place, flanked by the cemetery; which really is the only resort for people in the summer-time at Constantinople. The French would soon alter this; and ere long, I have no doubt, theatres, hippodromes, Jardins Mabilles, and open-air concerts, will flourish in the City of the Sultan, as they do on the Boulevards and Champs Élysées of the gayest city in the world. But until that happens, as Constantinople has no lamps, but plenty of holes in the ground—no "Spanish dancers," but abundance of barking dogs—and as one must advertise one's advent, like a French omnibus, with a light in front, I found it most agreeable to prolong conversation after dinner with any talking traveller I might encounter. I was eminently fortunate here in meeting, day after day, a most intelligent man, who had spent some fifteen years in Turkey, and, to my surprise, advocated strongly the Greek interests,—speaking of the Greeks as an able, shrewd, clever people, eminently fitted

for power and responsibility. Possibly they are. One must not, perhaps, judge of Greeks from the modern Athenians, who rob and insult the traveller in the capital of Greece, or who comport themselves with equal insolence and dishonesty in the islands of the Levant. Yet I own that to consider the Greek as an honest, true, able, intelligent man, was to entertain new ideas; and I withheld myself from their full reception, despite the apparent confidence in their truth, the certain means for gaining experience, and the eloquent advocacy of my clever and agreeable neighbour.

Another change in Constantinopolitan affairs was the "taking off" the military steamer between Galata,—dirty, noisy, jostling Galata,—and Scutari. Caiques could be hired, but, in consequence of the immense force of the double current, unless the day was very calm, the rowers could scarcely make way. They had to go down nearly to the Sultan's Palace first, at the entrance of the Bosphorus, and then pull up; and this, besides taking time, authorized a charge from the caique-men that seemed quite ruinous. Then, the regular Scutari steamer, that the Turkish ladies patronized so much, only went to the town, and we military people did not want a mile's walk in the dirt and dust of that unpleasant suburb.

At length it appeared that there was a Government caique,—a large, richly carved, marvellously gilded affair, about the proportional length and breadth of a bean-pod. Seeing some sturdy men therein besides the sergeant, I concluded they meant to row across; and so, with a couple of officers going over on duty, and three soldiers' wives, I took my seat in this highly decorated and very unsteady-looking successor to the military steamer.

One of the soldiers' wives had brought a little dog with her, that, tied by a string just long enough to allow of the animal's getting under the seats, barked and snapped at whatever he imagined to threaten interference with his free-will and general independence of action; and another woman, who had purchased a duck, carried it under her shawl, and was constantly requiring some one to assist in calming its excited condition and tendency to suicidal flutterings towards the Bosphorus.

In the middle of the stream it blew fresh; and as it blew the right way, our Turkish crew hoisted sail, and away we flew, caique fashion,—very pretty to look on at from the shore, but very remarkably unpleasant when, as a passenger, one has nothing to do but to speculate on probable chances, and mentally repeat "Clarence's Dream,"—"Ah me! methought what pain it was to drown," etc.,—which,

like that fine heroic connected with the Grampian Hills, we all have learnt in early days; and as memory is tricksome, many times and oft this dreadful vision of poor Clarence will force its remembrance upon us, when the value of such submarine intelligence is most questionable.

We were not introduced to a mermaid's ball in a coral cave however, that night; for, though we went desperately on one side, with a man ready to let go the towering sail the moment upsetting seemed inevitable, we did arrive at Scutari, and mounted up towards the General Hospital, in search of a poor sick soldier servant we had left there as the regiment passed from Gallipoli to Varna. It was very hot, and I could not walk so far; therefore it was proposed I should remain under the verandah of the unoccupied cavalry stables in front of the Scutari barracks; and, to make my condition more agreeable and safe, I was placed under the guard of an ugly-looking little Turkish sentry, whose duty it appeared to be to see that nobody took [illegible]y the stables, or rooted up from between the [illegible]es a pair of heavy wooden benches that ran the length of the building. Weary and exhausted with the heat, I sat quietly down, admiring the clean look of the bright gravel at my feet, and began to meditate on the probable effect the military

occupation of Scutari would have on the religion and civilization of the Eastern and Western world. Gradually, as one is apt to do when meditation takes a grave aspect, I looked down; my dress, a yard deep from its hem, was covered with black spots, and the black spots changed places and formed varied patterns: I looked at the sentry: at every turn he stopped, shook his white trousers, and proceeded as if this action formed part of his duty there. I sprang up and tried to rush from the place, then remembering all I heard of the impossibility of occupying the Scutari barracks. I had forgotten the sentry however; the man shouted after me; then came running, and, as I could not speak a word of Turkish, he grounded his musket, and would not move till I returned, and this was repeated every time I tried to make my escape. The soldier, true to his training, where women were concerned, thought that his duty was not only to protect, but to keep me prisoner, should any desired independence of action begin to evince itself.

The terrors of the caique were as nothing compared to the miseries of that hour; but our servant came down to see me, and, though much emaciated, talked cheerfully of going to "Tipperary once again, and telling them all about it." So, as the

verandah horrors faded, the caique's recovered their influence; and to return, we hired an unassuming little affair, without sails or masts, which, rowing quietly past the Maiden's Tower, soon landed us at the arsenal steps, among the saddle-horses and dirty arabas always standing there for hire.

The most lovely fountain in Constantinople is here; and Mr. Robertson, the clever photographist, has brought out its detail of fine sculptured work in a way that puts one for ever in good humour with his art, unsuited as it is to give an idea generally of the scenery of the Bosphorus, where atmosphere and colour form the chief beauties. Round this fountain too are always groups of porters, Turkish women, fruit-sellers, and so on, whom one may see revived, as it were, in the pretty sketchy water-colours of Preciosa, whose works every one knows who has once walked up to Misseri's Hotel, and looked into the shop-windows at Pera.

CHAPTER XX.

A TURKISH HAREM AT SEA.

The same difficulty of leaving Constantinople presented itself that we had met with at Varna. We had an order to go, but no means for going. True, the 'Conrad,' a transport, laden with sick, was waiting to proceed to Malta, but this could hardly be considered an eligible opportunity for an invalid, whose chief object was to avoid intense heat; and no heat can be imagined more intense, than is to be found in the cabin of a crowded vessel in the Ægean at this period of the year.

Thus we were detained at the Hôtel d'Europe till the starting of the French steamer 'Le Caire,' the unhappy vessel in which, on her upward voyage, mortality had been so terrible from cholera. We were not aware of this when our passages were taken, for the 'Caire' had gone up

to Varna; but we found afterwards that the Ambassador had expressed his regret at the necessity even of the Queen's messenger returning in a vessel, whose *prestige* was of a character so mournful.

Having some few days to spare, we travelled over the bazaars again; admired the lights and shadows of the corn-mart, with its great wooden gates and dark footway, the sunlight capriciously streaming in upon us from the roof-windows; and then we wandered on among the embroidered slippers, and the padded looking-glasses, and the gold and silver of the table-covers, the spangled handkerchiefs, and the richly worked tobacco-bags; and when tired, sat down on the carpeted board of a merchant's store, to gaze upon the passers-by.

Here they come, jolting in a clumsy araba, richly gilt and softly padded. How fat and fair they are, these Turkish aristocrats! and how they laugh and chatter, as, stopping before the yashmak store, the Armenian merchant brings out his muslins! The black horses, with their gold and silver bossed harness, and the grave coachman, and the very dark gentleman on horseback, and the loud-voiced women-slaves, all seemed used to it. But the pasha's ladies are not satisfied.

The merchant, cunning rogue! knew they would not be from the first; so, when they have drawn each a little circular looking-glass, set in blue or red velvet, embroidered with seed-pearls, from these cushions, and have ascertained that the surmai on their eyelashes, the henna on the tips of their ears, and the French rouge on their cheeks, are all there, and properly softened by the medium of the Tarlatan yashmak, the ladies, yellow boots and all, roll out of the carriage, and shuffle in, arranging their cloaks as they go, to the little dark room, where it may be supposed better goods are to be seen by candle-light. If we followed the ladies there however, we might find them differently employed. We might find them listening with deep attention to an astrologer, who, by order, has cast the horoscopes of his fair visitors, and is now prepared to tell them exactly what pashas their daughters will marry, whether their sons will rise high in the affairs of Egypt, and what are the chances of their being supplanted in position in their husband's harem.

The ladies affect this sort of thing immensely; and there is an old astrologer of such renown, who lives out close to that wonderful tank of fried fish, that the ladies will attend his leisure

for any length of time. The fried-fish miracle every one knows, of course;—how the worthy hermit was employed in cooking, with some choice mullet half-ready on the gridiron, when news of such an astounding kind was brought, that, in a pertinacity of unbelief, he declared, that he would as soon believe it as that the half-fried fish should spring from his gridiron into the tank. In a moment, away went the mullet, frisking and jumping, swimming and splashing; and there, to this day, they may be seen, with the marks of the gridiron on one side, all red and brown; and they will eat bread, as if they never had been fried at all, if the visitor will only give a few piastres to the holy man in charge to buy it with. Of course no one could expect to see a miracle, and be given bread into the bargain!

It is quite a mistake to suppose that Turkish women, though slaves, have not their own way. They enjoy a great deal of liberty, as we have seen, in the bazaars, at the Sweet Waters, shopping at Pera, and on board steamers. They are quite ignorant, but exercise authority not the less on that account. Their tempers are unchecked by educational training; and while their object is, to preserve the beauty of their persons, and, as they suppose, increase it by artificial means, they

are determined not to forego an iota of their own privileges, some of which, as part of the harem system, are very considerable. In all these matters the ladies make common cause; and the gossips, nurses, and female merchants, who make it their business to go from harem to harem, keep the ladies of each well acquainted with what is going on in another; and should the desire for any particular possession or indulgence be so excited, and the lord of the harem be disposed to raise objections, his life is not a happy one till the caprices of the ladies are satisfied; and though a Turk may be a very dignified-looking individual mounted on a magnificently caparisoned horse in Stamboul, he cuts but a poor figure with his wives and slaves in the harem, where perhaps a hundred and fifty sharp-voiced ladies, with iron heels to their slippers, make common cause; and he is glad to surrender at discretion, amidst a shower of abuse and morocco shoes.

A Turkish husband is terribly henpecked at times, poor man! as most men are when united to irrational, uneducated women, with vivacious tempers. Men have been known to shrink, and abandon their stronghold of independence even, before the steady, pertinacious attacks of even one lady of this description; surely then, the poor

Turk, even if only for this cause, deserves commiseration. What he may suffer too, as the ladies of the harem gain the idea of the "rights of women," it is fearful to think of; one trusts he will at once see the necessity of teaching the ladies to use their liberties aright, with true modesty, kindliness, and a sense of due responsibility in the social circle. The Circassians have abundance of spirit, more so perhaps than the Georgian ladies. And people still in Constantinople remember the Circassian slave, who, becoming to a certain degree educated and intelligent, and quailing from the degradation of her position, left her master's house, and commenced an honourable and useful career. And when the pasha, in a spirit of admiring generosity,—for he had loved her well, and was of a nature higher than usual,—sent her the jewels he had presented to her, she ground the gems to powder, and so returned them.

The price of a Circassian slave in Constantinople, when I was there, was about fifty pounds. The barter had been forbidden, till a Russian General again permitted the disgraceful practice. The state in which the poor creatures arrive is generally fearful, and it is a profession in Stamboul to recover the beauty of these fair speculators; for indeed many of them are so, and long for this

condition of slavery in Turkey, as a means of acquiring wealth and influence, ambition being one of their ruling passions.

On the 5th of August we went on board 'Le Caire,' and I was at once told I could not occupy the ladies' cabin, inasmuch as it had been set apart for the accommodation of the harem of the Governor of Mitelin.

The decks were crowded with officers who had brought off their invalid friends, and we were waiting for despatches. The unhappy history of the 'Caire' began to be bruited abroad, and people wondered what would be the first accident by which her sad reputation was to be sustained. The Varna mails were put on board by the Caradoc's boat; then came the French mail, and then Mr. Smyth, with the Constantinople bag; and his boat carried back a large number of our visitors. Last of all, just as the 'Caire' started, the captain of the 'Emu' left us; and in a moment more every head was over the side, every heart beating, for his boat had upset, and in a second, with his face pale, and the wet hair streaming over it, he was seen clinging to our ladder. The 'Caire' was promptly stopped, and the gallant sailor saved; and then people asked, "What next?" The beginning certainly was disastrous. At dinner we ascertained who were

our passengers. Most of them were sufferers from Varna, looking wan and weary. As they said, "Le retour de Varna" would make but a sad song. Then we had poor Colonel Ferguson of the 79th Highlanders, looking manly and well, with his Highland scarf over his shoulder; and though an invalid, who had suffered severely from fever, yet he seemed at ease, and dined with comfort. Our Captain was a very gentlemanly and agreeable little man, although he had written much in advocacy of Communism; and with a handsome wife and daughter, and some property in France, strangely enough was the supporter of a system whose tendency is to subvert all right and order, and which commonly finds most favour with those who have all to gain and nothing to lose.

At dinner, of course the conversation was principally of Varna, Shumla, Silistria,—Silistria, Shumla, Varna; while accounts of personal suffering illustrated the themes. In fact there was not much to say of any other kind, but to describe the wretchedness of these places, and the miseries they induced. The army was unoccupied; all about Silistria had been talked over long ago; and though, now and then, some one would relate how a poor captain in charge of supplies was hunting up Lord Cardigan, who himself was hunting up

Cossacks, and how at last the mules stood still till his Lordship came round on them, as the only chance of fulfilling their mission, with some little anecdotes, half sad, half humorous, anent which there was not much said of a memorable kind, for really, in our miserable plight, self became the immediate subject of interest.

The night passed,—a hot, weary night; and we were off Gallipoli, when a cry arose! The femme-de-chambre rushed wildly up on deck, and entreated some one to go to the English Colonel, who had madly rushed from his berth. Poor gentleman! Kind hands placed him on his bed, his faithful servant wept by his feet; but in almost as few minutes as my pen records the sad history, that fine and gallant officer, who but a few hours since had been among us with cheerful converse, hoping once more in health and strength to tread the heather of his native land, lay—a corpse upon his pallet. The Colonel's servant, a fine athletic Highland soldier, warmly attached to his master, sobbed over his fate like a little child. His brave heart seemed as if it would break with sorrow; and perhaps a sadder sight was never seen than the passage of that shore-boat over the waters of the Sea of Marmora, in which the soldier, bowed down with grief, supported the lifeless body of his beloved

and respected master, with his military cloak and Highland plaid rolled around it.

It was a sad day. We left Gallipoli in the afternoon, and the door of the late Colonel's cabin was closed. There was an evident effort to pass to other themes; but the effort commonly ended in silence, and we betook ourselves to books and writing, father than to conversation.

After passing through the Straits, the weather had become much hotter—scarcely endurable; and though the sun's rays were fierce, yet, under the awning, it was cooler on deck than in the saloon, in consequence of the trifling breeze that occasionally sprang up. Our passengers therefore carried up pillows, cloaks, and other comforts; and there, with such books as 'The Roving Englishman,' or some other of Routledge's shilling volumes, shared the comforts of the stern locker with some three or four French officers,—very gentlemanly men, but passengers in the second class, as it is not etiquette for any French officer under the rank of Major to take his passage in the first. When we went up in the 'Thabor,' we had no less a person than Monsieur Polignac, grandson of the Prince Polignac, in the fourth class! but he was a corporal in rank, and as such remained on deck with the rest of the men of the Fifth Léger.

The Pasha who owned, as husband and master, the flock of ladies on board, was attired in a lavender-coloured merino cloak, lined with fur, and a fez, which, considering the thermometer at 110°, seemed rather an ill-chosen costume. Two of the occupants of the ladies' cabin were very young, and the third was the mother of the youngest wife. Whenever I entered the cabin, it was strewed with pipe-sticks, little coffee-cups in filagree-silver holders, and gold cases for perfumes. On the floor stood numerous porous vessels for water, in silver saucers, and on the piano a range of gilt bottles for holding sherbets,—bottles decorated as we see the little cases for attar are, that come home to us from Persia and Stamboul. The ladies came on deck for a short time during the day, and wore silken envelopes, like the *saree* common to the Hindoo women; these, instead of yashmaks, they drew closely round their faces, shading them more effectually than if they had worn the fashionable Tarlatan veil. They sat quietly on camp-stools by the taffrail, with French parasols to protect them from the sun, and looked down into the water, seldom speaking to one another or noticing the groups of slaves upon the deck; while the Governor sat at the opposite side with his brother (a very stupid-looking gentleman), both smoking

long cherry-stick pipes, with the most stolid indifference. A Turkish husband never notices his wife in public; it is not etiquette for him to appear sensible of her presence, nor can he allude to any circumstances, under which he may have seen her.

The deck of the 'Caire' was strewn with cushions of every form and colour that could rest the body and refresh the eye; and on these reclined Turkish women, veiled with yashmaks, some employed with pipes, some with looking-glasses, all provided with large cotton umbrellas, and attired in merino cloaks of various delicate colours, edged with black, and lined either with white silk or that of a bright contrasting colour. The finest-looking woman of the party was the mother of the Pasha's three children, two of them little girls, and the third a most insufferable little heir to the Pashalic, who, after fighting and roaring on deck, was taken down to his father's cabin, thence to emerge in a sort of harlequin suit of rich satin, green and red, with silver embroidery; drab trousers, with broad gold-lace down the seams; yellow morocco boots, and gilt spurs. This attire, by increasing his self-esteem, seemed to make the little "horror" more fractious; and he invariably vented his ill-humour on his handsome mother and her companions.

The Governor's family had brought their own cooks on board, and japanned trays were constantly appearing laden with little saucers, in which were piled bits of water-melon, toasted bread, confections, olives, and some wonderful little messes of rice and sauce, which seemed very agreeable. The Pasha had his trays brought into the saloon after sunset; and, his meal ended, he indulged in a tumbler of sherbet, with rather a considerable addition of maraschino.

In a morning, very early, the ladies took tea, with toasted bread: the manner of serving it was curious. The tray was set down in the midst of the group, generally near an elderly lady, seated on a Smyrna rug, who smoked constantly, kept a silver-framed looking-glass under her pillow, and was rolled in a huge cashmere shawl over her cloak, feeling, like the Pasha perhaps, that 110° is but a chilly temperature. A cup of tea was then made intensely sweet—"thé sucré," as it were,—and then four or five ladies seated round the tray would soak a bit of toast in it by turns, eating the same quite sociably. The ladies all slept on deck, rolled up in coverlets, and huddled together; and for morning toilet, they simply refolded the yashmak. However, as their share of the voyage was short, the henna on their fingers had scarcely time to become

saffron-coloured before they arrived at Smyrna. The preparations for the Pasha's departure were immense. Great saddle-bags were strapped together, monstrous bundles, and quite a Pantechnicon full of pipes, beds, and embroidered cushions, were handed into the boat. The looking-glasses were in full requisition for the arrangement of clean yashmaks; and it was most amusing to see how the ugliest of the Negresses made her companion stand before her, stretching out her cloak like the wings of a monstrous bat, while the Negress scientifically arranged the folds of a yashmak over her ebon features. At length all was ready. The Pasha has partaken largely of melons and maraschino, and for the last time the little Pasha emerged from the cabin, in a frock-coat, drab trousers, a gilt leather belt, and a sword, the exact pattern of his father's, only not grown up. Before leaving the 'Caire,' the six-years-old demanded a cigarette from his mother; and his small sisters following his example, the whole party sat down, and smoked cigarettes, with about the same amount of satisfaction that English pets would have found in lemon drops, sugared almonds, or chocolate bâtons.

Until a certain age, little Turks are coaxed and spoiled in the harems, where, notwithstanding their baby years, these small people have intelli-

gence enough, in the absence of all other learning, to get a knowledge of their own positions and value in the social circle, and prove their precocity in the art of tyranny by treating their mothers as slaves, and showing masculine authority by scolding, pushing, and slapping her companions on every possible occasion.

It was a great relief to lose the Governor of Mitelin and his family,—that is, as soon as the decks were washed, *bien entendu*;—and nothing of any particular interest arrived to us, until we landed at Malta, where the heat was oppressive to the last degree; and had it not been for the iced lemonade, the iced water, the ice-creams, and the boating excursions of an afternoon to Sliema and so on, I really do not know how one could have lived through it. I felt our escape so far had however been great; and though, as the Ingoldsby Legend has it—

"Some get run over by coaches, and some beyond the seas
Get scraped to death with oyster-shells beyond the Caribbees,"

still, notwithstanding the chances of foreign travel, we had immense reason for gratitude when, having escaped Varna and Gallipoli, we found ourselves once more in the Strada Tresoreria, Malta.

CHAPTER XXI.

A FEW WORDS ON TURKEY.

It would be particularly pleasant to be able to say anything original about that old tumble-down institution, "the Ottoman empire." But I really am afraid one can only speak of it as an amusing fellow-passenger of mine on board the 'Thabor' described (in the words of a friend, of New York) his early stage of convalescence, after severe illness:—"I am," said he, "powerfully weak, but cruelly easy." So with Turkey. In its constitution and government it is "weak" enough, even unto death; but it is "powerfully" so, by reason of its geographical and political position. Its own very weakness, under these circumstances, gives it the power of two great nations for its support; and France and England pour forth blood and treasure to preserve the balance of power, by means

of Turkey. The Turks however seem "cruelly easy" through it all;—as apathetic, indolent, and stolid, as ever. No one, in strolling about Constantinople, would ever suppose that, but for the Allies, the Czar might, even now, be setting the old seraglio to rights, and having the gardens put in order for his children to play in, when they were recommended change of air from St. Petersburg. The simple idea would be, that Sultan Medjid, in acknowledgment for past kindnesses, had allowed the French and English forces a highway through his country, to settle some quarrel of their own somewhere or other. We, at home, are highly excited by every placard, paper, or print, that tells us anything of the seat of war; but in Constantinople, I believe the streets might be lined with every map and lithograph that the Strand and Ackerman could produce, and none would raise their heads to inquire what they were.

The Turk, indolent by habit, with his intelligence dormant, and referring the past and future to "destiny," is not easily to be awakened from his lethargy,—and he must either radically change or become a nonentity, before any good can arise in Turkey. The Turk never repairs anything;—the object falls to pieces, and then he replaces it. He will not repair his own constitution; it must

fall in pieces; and what may replace it, is another question.

The position of Constantinople is the most valuable in the world, as affects the interests of commerce, and it is the most beautiful in the world, as concerns scenery; yet its commerce is nought, and its scenery is marred by the filth and misery of its interior.

The country is magnificent; the soil teems with the capabilities of produce; where wild herbs and flowers now carpet the earth with their brightness, crops could be produced in far greater abundance than would be required for the use of Turkey and its existing population, varied even as that is. The Turk himself can only be a soldier or a tax-gatherer; and the Bulgarian or Greek knows, that so soon as their farms or fields wear an aspect of prosperity, then the Turkish tax-gatherer, the agent of a corrupt and cruel despotism, will demand such tithes from his possessions as will leave him poor indeed. Oppressed and ground by this system, the peasant-agriculturist cares only to labour for the supply of actual want, and healthful industry is paralysed. Beyond this,—a man's property is never safe: as is the case in India under some of the native governments, no sooner does land improve, than the whole property of the

owner is liable to confiscation: he may be turned forth, with his wife and little ones, a beggar, to commence his career anew; and should he dare to rebel in such a case, he holds but a very doubtful tenure of his life. It will be seen therefore that the peasant learns to curtail his wants, rather than to meet an increasing desire for luxuries and comfort; and while corn, and wine, and oil might gladden his heart, as the reward of industrial enterprise in such a land as Turkey, he eats a morsel of black bread and a bit of water-melon, and trusts that the haughty Turk who ambles past has observed how poor he is.

We have seen what the ploughs are, and the arabas; and know that, though we may slip about on decayed cabbage-leaves, and stumble over fowl-coops in the principal streets of Galata, there is neither in Constantinople, Varna, nor Gallipoli, a market of any kind. Adrianople and Bucharest, no doubt, are equally unprovided; and the latter, we are told, is the filthiest city in the world.

Besides the richness of the external layers of that part of the surface of the earth now mis-governed by the Turk, its lower stratifications are even more valuable, and are said to abound in minerals of almost every description. During my stay at Constantinople, a practical engineer from

the north of England was employed in making inquiries on this point, and seemed satisfied that coal might soon be found in sufficient quantities to supersede the use of charred wood,—an immense desideratum, to say nothing of steam communication, when one thinks of the winter-snows and rain of Stamboul.

The population of Turkey is very varied. If we stand on the Tophana bridge, in the early morning, Jews, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, French, Italians, and English, will pass us every moment. The Arab is going to sell his drugs; the Jew, his diamonds; the Armenian is anxious about his bank; the Turk is calculating chances for his opium; the Frank seems in a hurry about everything; and the Greek hopes to overreach them all.

There are many schools at Constantinople, but the instruction consists in teaching small folks to bow backwards and forwards, like old Ulemas, as they mutter the Koran, and to write beautifully,—not for the sake of disseminating new ideas however, but simply to produce a certain number of signs of them, in graceful curves. Science is never taught, as the priests are too knowing to undermine the Koran; and art of all kinds is forbidden.

The Turk hitherto has not felt any particular

desire, as a "Sonnee," to inquire into the truth of the Moslem faith, and so become a true believer on conviction. It has not been advantageous to himself that he should. The Sultan says, "Believe in the Koran, or die;" and although the Turk, sitting within the iron ring of destiny, does not seem more enthusiastic about life than he does about anything else, he, on the whole, perhaps, prefers to live.

This alternative in its full force however was given in the "good old times." At present a few chinks in orthodoxy might exist unnoticed, and unpunished. The Sultan's own opinions perhaps are not very strict; and now that the Mosque of St. Sophia is thrown open to the public, and only two resolute old true believers to be found, amidst all these changes, still reading the Koran under its pulpit, some promise seems to dawn of improvement in the affairs of Turkey.

No one can respect more than myself *sincere* belief, and practice in accordance with that belief, whatever it may be. In this case the good is in the disciple; and if evil exist, it is in the system, not in the man. Still, it is impossible not to lament over any condition of things, any belief, that opposes knowledge, learning, and progress, cherishes antipathies, and fosters lack of charity. The Ule-

mas, or wise men, as they are called, of Turkey, fear knowledge among the people. The Imaums, or priests, stimulate the hatred of the Moslem to the Christian; and the Muftis, or lawyers, have so shackled the land, that between the three, Turkey, as far as political wisdom, liberality of feeling, and industrial impetus is concerned, remains just in as barbarous a condition as she was in the first portions of her history, when invasion followed invasion, and siege followed siege.

The period is come for great changes in the history and character of Turkey and its people. In past time no "Frank" could be a landholder there, but we may now look at no very distant epoch to the settlement of French and English as colonists in Turkey, and that, under their efforts and enterprise, her lands, rich and beautiful as they are, will develope to the full their long-treasured resources.

Whatever good arises in Turkey will be forced upon it from without; it will originate in what Dr. Chalmers called "the expulsive force of a new idea." The elements of decay, not of greatness, are within; and these must crumble and be lost, and the new life spring up from among their ruins.

There is now an immense population from the West pouring into Turkey. Not alone soldiery of every rank, and of varied faith and countries,

but chaplains, men of science, nurses, and English ladies of high rank and tender nurture, of refined habits and warm womanly sympathies. It is impossible to believe, that, war once over, and the integrity of Turkey secured, her shores will be left, and her cities vacated, without mighty changes having arisen there.

Between the Turkish ladies and our generous-hearted Englishwomen intercourse will arise, friendships commence. The Mussulmans and Circassians will see, wonder at, and at length desire, not only to enjoy the freedom, but to imitate the habits of these Christian ladies. The Turks themselves may learn, that a frock-coat and cloth trousers do not express civilization, but that there is something more; and mighty as he fancies himself, in his apathy, stolidity, and indolence, the Turk may discover at length what a miserable mistake he is, and begin to think that, after all, he has wasted more time than has been exactly good for him in smoking and reading the Koran.

Turner, in his amusing work 'The Vindication of the British Bards,' tells us, that the three things that improve genius are, "proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion." Now this seems to strike at the very root of all hope as affects the character of the Turk; because, though the

Koran obliges him to be honest, forbids him to be false either in word or in deed, it yet opposes all exertion; and so, even if he *have* any modicum of capability or "genius," its improvement is out of the question.

What then can arise? The Turk hates the Greek, despises the Englishman, abhors the Christian and the "Giaour" in *any* shape. Yet the Turk, as he now is, will soon become impossible. A few may "sit in sick misery," and pine in fatness; but the majority will begin to escape from Ulemas and Imaums, and, while they sip their coffee, have their doubts of them. Self-interest will have its weight. The Turks will see great and enriching matters going on in art and science, and will not allow a trumpery old prejudice to stand in the way when they might share a few advantages. Then will come the love of pleasure. I have seen the Turks in Cairo in paroxysms of laughter in the *parterre* of the theatre, a clever French farce acting on the stage; and by degrees, the gentlemen of Stamboul will find, that sitting upon a divan, with an amber-mouthpieced pipe between their lips, is but a dull business. Lads will begin to laugh at their elders, and to cultivate science; next, they will laugh at the Ulemas; and thirdly, they will scoff at the Muftis. These will

be the first stages of progress. The next will show better things,—learning, order in thought, inquiry. Meanwhile, amelioration will be going on in the evils of the social system; intercourse with the good, the wise, the gentle, will teach the Moslem charity;—and so, and so, gradually and progressively, we hope the force and pressure from without will change the character of the Turk, and not leave him as he is now, a wonder, a jest, and a stumbling-block to the Eastern and Western world.

If such is not the case,—if the Turk has not enough depth in his nature to allow the seeds of improvement to fructify and bring forth good fruit, to the equal benefit of himself and his neighbour, then the Turk must become a nonentity. It is impossible that the Allied Forces can leave Turkey,—that men of science, teachers of religion, soldiers, and groups of our kind and courageous countrywomen, can quit the shores of Marmora, leaving Turkey to close up again, in all its folly, darkness, and degradation. That fair land has better things in store for her than to be crushed and blighted by the same cruel despotism that has so long shed its withering breath over her mountains and her plains, her flowery prairies, and the banks of her lovely rivers. War, with its terrible incidents, is not for ever; and when Peace, with her pruning hook and

scythe, her arts and learning, at length dwells safely on the shores of the old Propontis, then may arise on the site of filthy Galata a noble city, worthy its position, and the Fire Tower of Pera may at length find rest, when it is surrounded by houses and factories, libraries and schools, which would defy all the lucifer-matches in Christendom to destroy them.

Only one class of the inhabitants of Constantinople could possibly suffer by an improved condition of things; and this would be the Society of Dogs. What they would do without the rubbish of the perpetually falling or burnt-down wooden houses, without the holes in the streets and the little *soupers* they arrive at about midnight, one does not quite see; but, like all wise creatures, we presume they would direct their habits differently, and so find comfort and employment; or, like the Turks themselves, if continuing in a state of obstinate decadence, they must become nonentities,—remembered only as a bye-word among the cities of the earth.

It has been remarked, that Constantinople gains daily upon the traveller's eye and heart. I quite agree in this idea; but the more one feels the beauty and truth of the description given by Mr. Rose—

"A glorious form thy shining city wore,
'Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,
With minaret and golden dome between,
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore;"—

so one must more and more keenly feel its degraded and wretched condition, its rank offences, its political weakness, and its moral condition of inevitable decay. Yet we add, and add it reverently, although in the words of the Moslem's Prophet, "Allah kureem!"—God is merciful;—and we hope it may not be always thus.

THE END.

JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR, PRINTER,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

00032836

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016